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for Australasia

October

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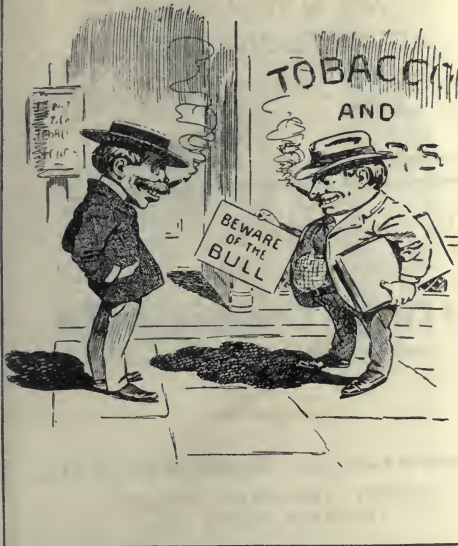
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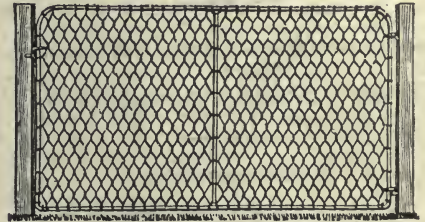
MURDER WILL OUT.—I.
 Sykes: "My wife says she's going fishing with me, and this is a little ruse I'm working up to prevent her wanting to go again. You know how womenfolk scare the fish!"
 (Continued on page iii.)

"CYCLONE" WOVEN WIRE GATES.

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Made of STEEL TUBE, with Malleable IRON FITTINGS; with Galvanised Steel Wire woven to the frames.

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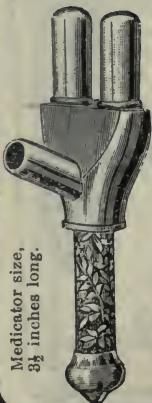
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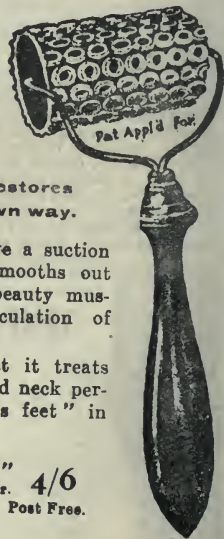
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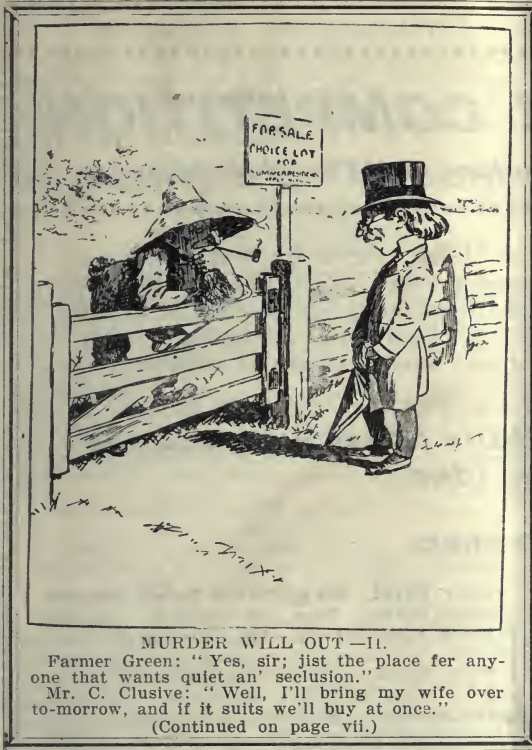
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THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR

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Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become Chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

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"J. BLAIR.

"Westminster, Bridge-road, S.E., London."

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RELIEVED BY ONE DOSE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE. CURED BY TWO BOTTLES.

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"Dear Sir,—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and the cough was so distressingly bad at nights I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice, and tried other 'remedies,' without avail. I tried yours, and never had a fit of coughing after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles I feel I am a different man, and the cough has vanished. You may depend upon my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted.

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"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—D. A. PACKER, Quiera, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."

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"Please send me half-a-dozen of your Bronchitis Cure. This medicine cured me in the winter, and has now cured a friend of mine of a very bad Bronchitis.—A. ALLEN, Ozone House, Lorne, Victoria."

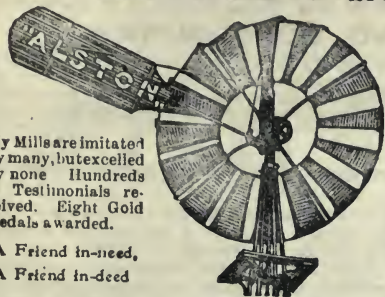
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for its preservation, is—

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MURDER WILL OUT.—III.

Sykes: "Come on. You insisted on coming; now I hope you'll be pleased."

Mrs. Sykes: "Oh, save me from these perils!"

(Continued on page ix.)

30 Days' Free Trial.

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Specially adapted to the first three months of life.

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For Infants over six months of age.

No. 3 Food is strongly recommended for Convalescents, Invalids, the Aged, and all requiring a light and easily digested diet. The "London Medical Record" writes of it that—"No Better Food Exists."

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ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., LONDON, ENGLAND.

Complete Foods, STERILIZED, and needing the addition of hot water only.

To be prepared for use by the addition of COW'S MILK, according to directions given.

Kaye's Worsdell's Pills.

BEST FAMILY MEDICINE.

They Purify the Blood, and as a Mild but effectual Aperient are unequalled, and beyond this, they brace up the nerves and set every organ in healthy action, thus ensuring complete restoration to perfect health.

They are a CERTAIN CURE for INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, LIVER and KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, Etc.

For Ladies of all Ages they are invaluable. Sold by all Stores, 1/8.

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CURED INSTANTLY BY

Bunter's Nerveine. SLEEPLESS NIGHTS PREVENTED.

PREVENTS DECAY. SAVES EXTRACTION.

Gives Permanent Relief by painless constriction of the Nerves in decayed teeth. Neuralgic Headache and all Nerve pains relieved.

GORDON STABLES, ESQ., M.D.R.N., says: "Nothing can be better; it banishes all pain and saves the tooth."

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All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections and Fevers of all kinds.

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, etc.—"I have often thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I used to be a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT.' I did so, and the result has been marvellous; I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have a headache or don't feel just right. Yours truly,——(August 8, 1900)."

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on a Disordered, Sleepless, and Feverish Condition is simply marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—See capsule marked Eno's 'Fruit Salt.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS IMITATION. Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., at the 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

A BOX OF BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.

A complete library for the children, of the best nursery rhymes, fairy-tales, fables, stories of travel, etc., that have ever been written for the little ones, illustrated with 2,000 drawings. Each set consists of 1,500 pages, in 24 books, bound in 12 volumes, printed on stout paper, with stiff cloth covers, and enclosed in a strong, handsome, cloth-covered cabinet.

No greater happiness could be granted to your little ones than an introduction to these characters, and the host of queer animals—to say nothing of giants, fairies, and other quaint folk—that people this child's fairy-land.

And no other children's library supplies the means as effectively as a Box of Books for the Bairns. Children's literature of every land has been laid under contribution. Every page is illustrated, and the drawings throughout, numbering over 2,000, are original, and executed solely for this series by the well-known children's artists, Miss Gertrude Bradley and Mr. Brinsley Le Fanu.

The Empress of Russia, in acknowledging receipt of a set for the little Grand Duchess, writes: "I am enchanted with the admirable pictures."

Sent Post Free to any address in Australasia on receipt of 10/-.

"REVIEW OF REVIEWS" FOR AUSTRALASIA,

167-169 QUEEN STREET, MELBOURNE.

For mutual advantage when you write to an advertiser please mention the Review of Reviews.



MURDER WILL OUT.—IV.

Mr. C. Clusive: "Goodness gracious! Elizabeth, let us flee from this horrible place. I wouldn't have it for a gift, let alone buy it."

(Continued on page xi.)

GOOD HAIR FOR ALL.



HOLLAND'S MARVELLOUS HAIR RESTORER

Has gained a world-wide reputation for arresting the premature decay, promoting the growth and giving lustre to the hair. If your hair is falling off, try it. If it is thin, try it.

Price 3s., 4s., 5s. Postage 9d. extra.

HOLLAND'S PARASENE,

For Eczema, Ringworm and all Parasitical Diseases of the Head, and for making Hair grow on Bald Patches.

Price 5s. Postage 9d. extra.

HOLLAND'S NATURALINE for restoring Grey Hair to its original colour.

Acts quickly, naturally, and effectively. Price 5s. 6d. Postage 9d. extra.

Consult E. HOLLAND for all Diseases of the Hair.

Sold by all Chemists and by Washington Soul & Co., Pitt-st., Sydney.

E. HOLLAND, Hair Specialist,

193 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

"A PERFECT Food for Infants."

Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN,
Editress of "Baby."

Over 70 Years' Established Reputation.

Neave's Food

For INFANTS and INVALIDS.

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—
LANCET.

"Admirably adapted to the wants of infants and young persons."—Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

Ex-President of the Royal College of
Surgeons, Ireland.

USED IN THE
RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

GOLD MEDAL

Woman's International Exhibition,
London, 1900.

Manufacturers: JOSIAH E. NEAVE & CO,
Fordingbridge, England.

RUPTURE CURED WITHOUT

operation, pain or dependence
upon Trusses.

The only humane treatment
Immediate Relief and Permanent
Cure is obtained by my improved
combined treatment. Send for
Treatise, "Rupture and its Cure."

SURGEON LANGSTON,

M.R.C.S., ENG.

129 COLLINS STREET, MELB.



Throw away
your Truss.

Vitadatio

RHEUMATISM AND SCIATICA CURED BY **VITADATIO.**

Stawell,
July 14, 1903.

Mr. S. A. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—It is with great pleasure I testify to the wonderful effects of VITADATIO as a medicine. For over twelve years I suffered from Rheumatism and Sciatica. I became so bad that I was on the point of giving up my employment, which I might state is that of engine-driving. After trying several remedies, which failed to give me any relief, I was induced to give VITADATIO a trial, with the result that after taking twelve large bottles I was perfectly cured, and now, after four years, I can, without fear, testify to its permanency. I would strongly urge anyone suffering as I did to give it a fair trial.

I remain,
Yours gratefully,
G. W. DARE.

HYDATIDS ON THE LUNGS. DRIVEN OUT OF THE SYSTEM AND CURED BY

VITADATIO.

Frank Street,
Off Munro Street,
Coburg,
March 27, 1901.

To Mr. S. A. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—For the benefit of suffering humanity, I make this statement. Five years ago I was very ill, and was reduced to a shadow. The doctor who was

treating me said I was suffering from consumption and he could not cure me. In the beginning of the year 1898, Mr. Thompson, who was for many years overseer in the Printing Department at Pentridge, and who had to give up that position on account of suffering from consumption, and who had derived great benefit from VITADATIO, advised me to call at your institute, 47 Bourke Street, and consult you. I did so, and you advised me to give VITADATIO a fair trial, as it was a sure cure for me. I commenced with the medicine, and in a short time my disease began to pass away from my system. I persevered with VITADATIO for some time, gradually getting stronger, and eventually I became quite well, and gained (1½) one and a half stone in weight. It is now three years since I left off taking VITADATIO, and it is a proof that the disease has entirely left the system, as I have not had a return of the old trouble. I shall be pleased to give any further information about my case to anyone calling at my address.—I remain, yours faithfully,

ELIZABETH J. WILLIAMS.

INDIGESTION AND DEBILITY CURED BY **VITADATIO.**

New Plymouth,
October 11, 1901.

Mr. S. A. PALMER.

Sir,—Being a sufferer from Indigestion and Debility I was recommended to try VITADATIO. Since taking a few bottles I have thoroughly regained my strength, and have much pleasure in forwarding you this Testimonial.

C. BENNETT,
Leech Street,
New Plymouth.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS:

S. A. PALMER,

Head Office: Clarendon St. N., South Melbourne
(Retail Depot, 45 and 47 Bourke Street).

Correspondence Invited. Write for Testimonials. All Chemists and Storekeepers.

The Price of the Medicine is 5s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. per bottle.

For mutual advantage when you write to an advertiser please mention the Review of Reviews.



MURDER WILL OUT.—V.

Farmer Green: "Sonny, do you know who tacked them 'ere signs on my trees?"
 Sonny: "That man up to the creek, fishin'. He done it last evenin', an' give me a nickel not to pull 'em off." (Continued on page xv.)

SYMINGTON'S

Mother
& I
drink it

EDINBURGH

Coffee Essence

Hudson's Eumenthol Jujubes

(REGISTERED).

THE GREAT ANTISEPTIC REMEDY

AN IDEAL REMEDY,
 Containing no Cocaine or other
 Poisonous Drugs.

**For Coughs, Colds, Sore
 Throat, Loss of Voice.**

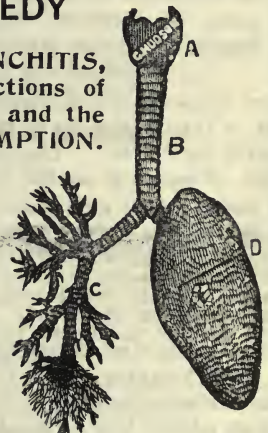


Ask for HUDSON'S, and take no Substitute.

**For INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS,
 ASTHMA, and all Affections of
 the Throat and Lungs, and the
 PREVENTION of CONSUMPTION.**

**Use Daily to Strengthen
 the THROAT, VOICE,
 LUNGS.**

**The "AUSTRALASIAN MEDICAL
 GAZETTE" says:—"Of great
 service in affections of the voice and
 throat."**



- A.** The Larynx, or organ of voice.
- B.** The Trachea, or Wind-pipe.
- C.** The Bronchial Tubes of a dissected lung.
- D.** A lobe of one of the lungs.

May be taken daily by old and young. Their Antiseptic Properties prevent Fermentation of the Food, and are thus helpful in Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, in tins, 1s. 6d.; or wholesale from all Wholesale Druggists. If they cannot be procured locally, send 1s. 6d. in stamps of any province to the Sole Manufacturer, G. HUDSON, Chemist, Ipswich, Australia, or to the Sydney Depot, 5 and 7 Queen's Place.

THE QUEEN OF AUSTRALASIAN COLLEGES!

Methodist Ladies' College, HAWTHORN, VICTORIA.

"If there is a College in Australia that trains its girls to be ladies it is the Methodist Ladies' College."—A Parent in New South Wales.

"The best praise of the College is that it trains its girls in character. This is what a parent values."—A Victorian Parent.

PRESIDENT - REV. W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

HEAD MASTER - J. REFORD CORR, M.A., LL.B.

THE COLLEGE consists of stately buildings (on which nearly £40,000 has been spent), standing in Spacious Grounds, and furnished with the latest and most perfect educational appliances. It includes Gymnasium, Art Studio, Swimming Bath, Tennis Court, etc.

THE ORDINARY STAFF numbers fifteen, and includes six University Graduates, making it the strongest Teaching Staff of any Girls' School in Australia.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—The Visiting Staff consists of eighteen experts of the highest standing, including the very best Teachers in Music, Singing, and all forms of Art.

BOARDERS are assured of wise training in social habits, perfect comfort, refined companions, and a happy College life.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING.—Each Boarder attends the Church to which her parents belong, and is under the Pastoral Charge of its Minister. Regular Scripture teaching by the President.

The following are unsought testimonials to the work of the College, taken from letters of parents received during 1901. They are samples, it may be added, of scores of similar letters received:

A parent whose girls have been, for some years, day-girls at the College, writes:

"Now that their school years are coming to an end, it is a great pleasure to me to be able to say what I hope will be the life-long benefit they have derived from being alumnae of the M.L.C. Their progress amply repays my wife and myself for any sacrifice we have made to secure them this great advantage."

A country banker, whose two daughters were resident students, writes:

"I am satisfied that my daughters have the good fortune to be where they have every advantage that talent, tone, and exceptional kindness can give to school-girls."

From a country minister:

"The College was a very happy home to our girl for the two years she was there. She is never weary

BOARDERS FROM A DISTANCE.—Girls are attracted by the reputation of the College, and by the pre-eminent advantages in Health, Happiness, and Education it offers, from all the Seven States.

SPECIAL STUDENTS.—Young Ladies are received who wish to pursue Special Lines of Study without taking up the full course of ordinary school work.

UNIVERSITY SUCCESSES.—At the last Matriculation Examinations, fourteen students of the M.L.C. passed, out of seventeen officially "sent up," and two of the unsuccessful missed by only one point each! This is the highest proportion of passes secured by any college. There were no failures in Greek, Algebra, French, German, Botany, Geography, and Music, and only one in English and Physiology. Thirteen "Honours" were obtained in English, French, and German.

telling us of the great kindness and care she always received."

A South Australian lady writes:

"I wanted my girl to be brought up amongst lady-like companions, and to be happy; and I must congratulate you on accomplishing what is not only my desire, but what, I am sure, is the desire of hundreds of other mothers as well."

From a parent whose daughters have been day-students:

"I look upon the M.L.C. as a real temple of purity, kindness, and happy girl-life."

The "Young Man" (England):

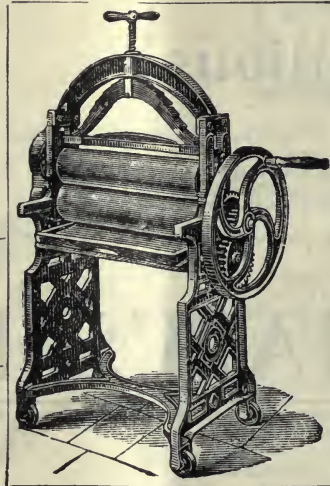
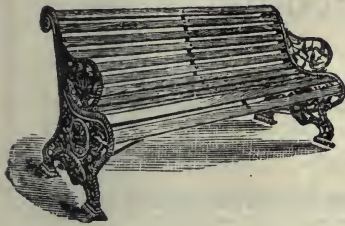
"British readers will probably have but little idea of the national importance of this institution. It has earned the reputation of being one of the best High Schools for girls, not in Australia only, but in all the world."

SEND POSTCARD FOR COLLEGE HANDBOOK, WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

WASHING,
WRINGING
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MACHINES.

AGRICULTURAL
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Correspondence Invited.

MAKERS OF
HIGH-CLASS
LAUNDRY
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Sole Australasian Agents :

JOLLY BROS.,

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Is one of the Best and Most Favourably Known of the Illustrated
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It has a wide circulation throughout the Farming, Pastoral,
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Are You Bilious?

Everybody is so at times. It interferes with work, pleasure, and happiness; in many cases it makes life a burden. The fault is with the stomach, liver, and kidneys. An occasional dose of pills will remove the evil if you take

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

The Remedy for the People.

In boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions; containing 56 and 168 pills respectively.

"SEMPER EADEM,"
WHICH, LITERALLY TRANSLATED, MEANS "ALL THE SAME."

THIS IS WHY THE LION BRAND

THE LION BRAND.

I defy all
to
approach
it.



CONFECTIONERY IS SO POPULAR.

Only the Finest Ingredients used.
They are the Greatest Favourites with the Children.

Manufactured only by JAMES STEDMAN, 451 Clarence St., SYDNEY.



MURDER WILL OUT.—VI.

Farmer Green: "You jist come along with me to the lock-up. I'll teach you to interfere with a man selling his property.—"Lippincott's."



ACTS LIKE MAGIC!

Has Never Been Known to Fail to Cure Horses of
**SPLINTS, WINDGALLS, SPRAINS, SORE BACKS, SORE
SHOULDERS, BROKEN KNEES, GREASY HEELS,
STRAINS, SWELLINGS, Etc.**

EVIDENCE.

Sebastopol, March 4, 1902.
Dear Sirs,—We have used Solomon Solution for a number of years, for sore backs, girth galls, sore shoulders, greasy heels, and for all kinds of wounds and sprains in horses and cattle. We have great pleasure in recommending it. No stable should be without it.

Yours truly,
D. HANRAHAN & SONS.

SOLOMON SOLUTION CURES.

Price 2/6 and 5/- jar.

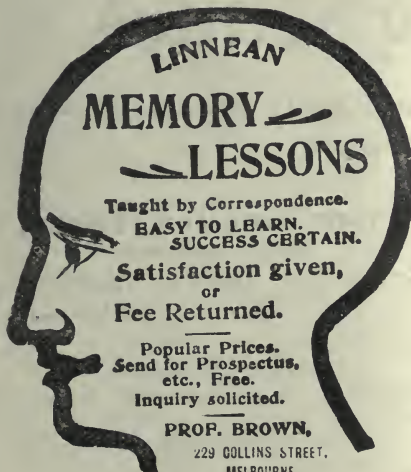
Obtainable of All Chemists, Storekeepers, Saddlers.

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SOLOMON COX & SON,

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I give over 600 practical illustrations of how to memorise, with rapidity and certainty, history, geography, foreign languages, chemistry, physiology, ledger folios, names, addresses, and the theory of music, counter point etc. **The almanac for the year memorised in three minutes.**

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"REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA," October, 1900: "Professor Brown has combined the good points of the best systems which have been tried in America and England."

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Have far and away the **LARGEST SALE OF ANY CORSET**, British or Foreign, in the World.

Compel the approval of Corset Wearers everywhere.
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Combine unique principles of Corset manufacture.
Of their kind the most popular competitive speciality.
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POOR LETTER "H."

Tenor: "Oh, 'appy, 'appy, 'appy be—"

Prof.: "Stop! Why don't you sound the H?"

Tenor: "It don't go no 'igher than G!"

[From Phil May's "Punch" Sketches; 2s. 6d. Gordon & Gotch, Australasian agents.]

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MR. HOWARD FREEMAN.

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A man diseased is unfitted for the duties, the responsibilities of life. He lives beneath a cloud through which the sunshine of Happiness cannot enter. Thousands of men in Australia to-day, physical wrecks, who have given up Hope, consider themselves incurable. To these we say

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No man can afford to trifle with a symptom, which is a warning, a herald of future danger. No man should neglect his health.

NEGLECT IS THE PRECIPICE UPON WHICH

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[From Phil May's "Punch" Sketches.]

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The only condition is that if your answer is correct you purchase one of our Solid Sterling Silver chains to wear with the watch.

SEND NO MONEY; simply send the answer, and enclose stamped and addressed envelope (2d.) to

**Manager, E. W. and J. Co.,
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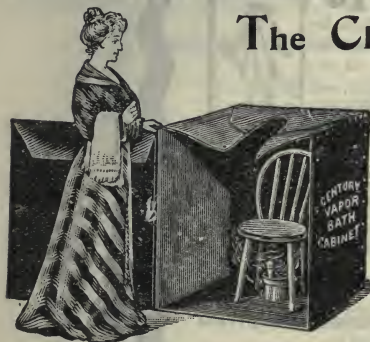
so that we may inform you if you have won. There is no need to cut this out.

MISS M. E. S. HAYDEN, Holy Cross Convent, Cooma, writes us on June 1st, 1903: "Watch arrived safely, and I am quite delighted with it, also the chain, which is pretty and uncommon. I showed both to several of my friends, and they were unanimous in pronouncing both beautiful. Thanking you very much," etc.

MISS C. E. BLACK, Wairoa, N.Z., writes: "Received watch and ring; very much pleased with both. I think they are just beautiful."

English Watch and Jewellery Co.,

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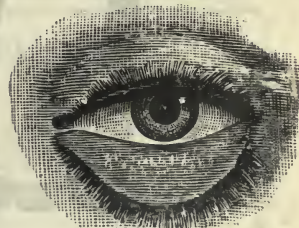
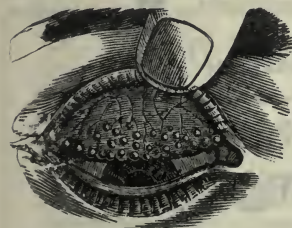
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T. R. Procter would remind his Patients throughout Australia that, having once measured their eyes, he can calculate with exactitude the alteration produced by increasing age, and adjust spectacles required during life without further measurement.



Procter's Universal Eye Ointment as a family Salve has no equal; cures Blight, sore and inflamed Eyes, Granular Eyelids, Ulceration of the Eyeball, and restores Eyelashes. 2/6, post free to any part of the Colonies.

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All Remittances must be made by Postal Note.

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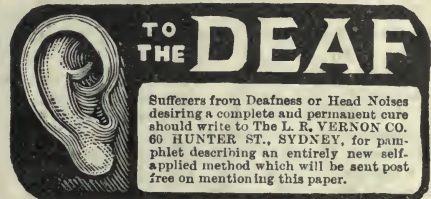
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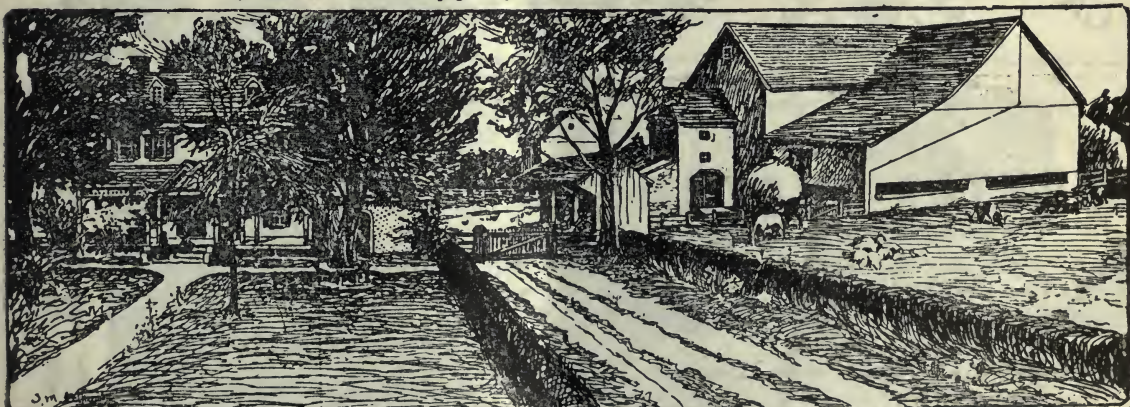
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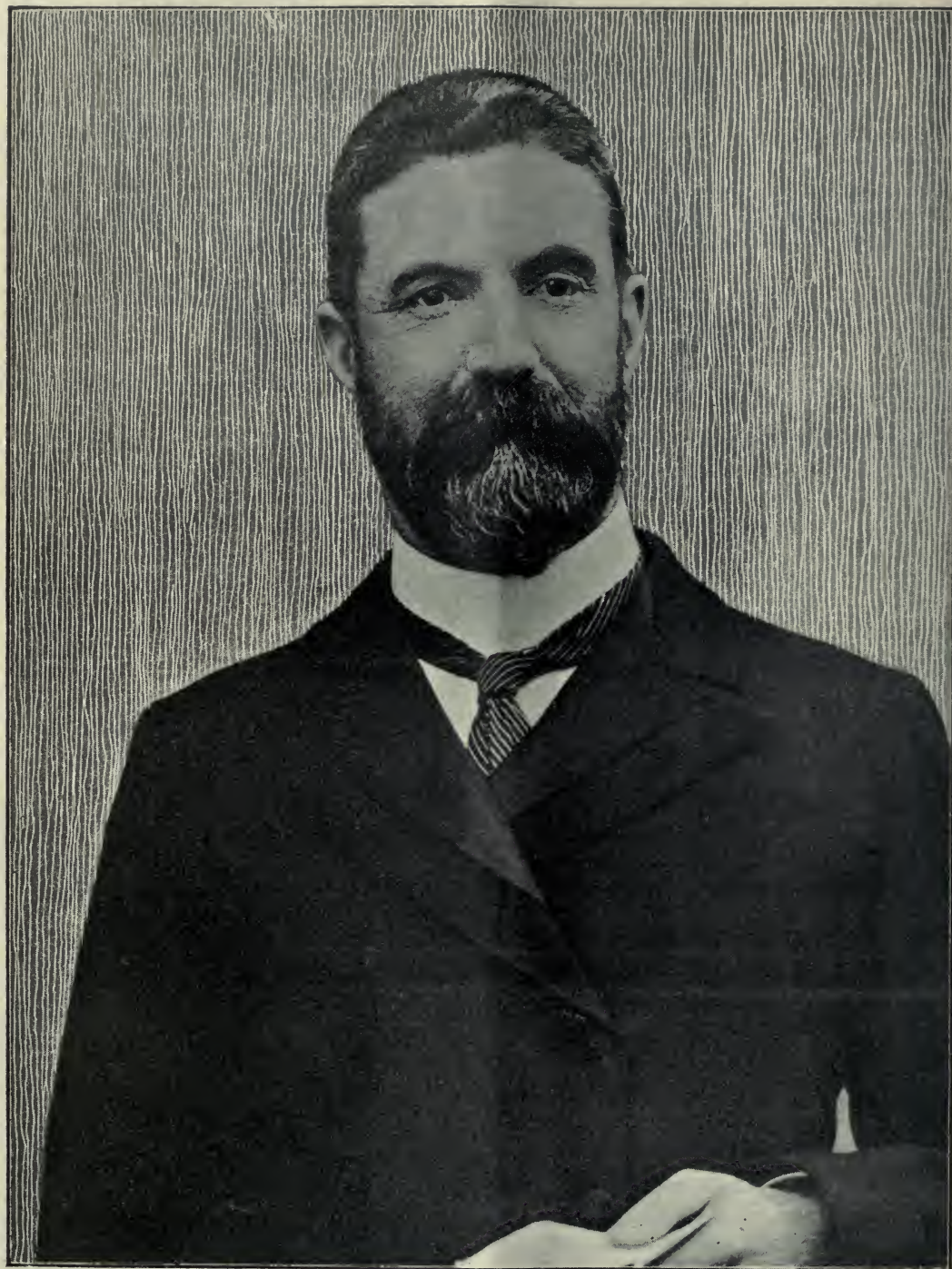
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Sears, Photo.]

The Hon. Alfred Deakin, Australia's New Prime Minister.

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Editor: W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D.

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OCTOBER 20, 1903.

Price, Ninepence.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

A Dying Parliament

By the time these lines are read the first Federal Parliament will have come to an end, and honourable members, tired of even their own speeches—to say nothing of the speeches of each other—will be hastening back to their constituencies. The first Federal Parliament has some real titles to historic respect. It set the Commonwealth in actual movement. It passed the first Federal tariff, created the Federal High Court, and almost succeeded in fixing the site of the Federal capital. It had many parliamentary virtues. It sat for more hours, delivered more speeches, recorded more votes than perhaps any other Parliament in British history, save the historic Long Parliament itself. Its monument in "Hansard" is of stupendous dimensions. If translated into granite on any scale of reasonable proportion it would outbulk the Pyramids! The members of the first Federal Parliament are entitled to grateful respect for at least the virtue of diligence.

Groups

The faults of the first Federal Parliament lie on the surface; and in many respects they are not so much faults as misfortunes. It was afflicted with a helpless leader, in the person of Sir Edmund Barton, and with a Cabinet composed entirely of lawyers, and—it may be added—all of them leaders, as well as lawyers! It has been a Parliament, too, of groups, without any genuine cohesion. It never crystallised into unity. There was, perhaps, less of Federal sentiment in the Federal Parliament than in any other part of the Commonwealth. Hon. members were governed by loyalty to their States first, and to the Commonwealth

afterwards—a long distance afterwards. Only in the case of one party in the two Houses were State lines forgotten; this was the Labour party, in which the sense of class interest effaced all geographical lines of separation. This fact gave the Labour party its strength, and explains the paradox of the situation that in the most democratic legislature within the bounds of the British Empire the fundamental principle of all democracy was inverted, and the minority ruled! In a total membership of seventy-five the Labour party only counts sixteen. Yet the sixteen have ruled the seventy-five!

The Next House

The dominance of the Labour party will probably extend to the next Parliament; it will last, indeed, until the slow-moving common-sense of the community at large realises that the dominance of any one class is an injury to every other class. But in other respects the next Federal Parliament will be an advance on the first. It will be less under State influence, for what may be called the Federal consciousness is certainly, if slowly, evolving. It will have, perhaps, fewer conspicuously able men than the present House; for lawyers in full practice and the heads of great mercantile houses find that they cannot make the sacrifice of time and money required by attendance in the Federal Parliament. But the States now understand, as they never did before, the power the Commonwealth has, and the extent to which all State interests may be affected by Commonwealth action. So the choice of representatives will be watched with much greater care and keenness than was the case in the first Federal election.

An Ended Career

Sir Edmund Barton, after characteristic spasms of irresolution, at last accepted a seat on the High Court bench, and his political life has come to an end. In a sense, nothing in his Premiership became him so much as his leaving it. He might, if he had chosen, have made himself the first Federal Chief Justice; but he gave that great post to Sir Samuel Griffith, and took the second place on the bench. There is in this a touch of magnanimity which is characteristic of Sir Edmund Barton. As a party leader Sir Edmund Barton has been an almost absurd failure. He has drifted, loitered, slumbered, been pulled this way or that way by smaller men than himself; and, like a bit of driftwood on a stream, has turned with every eddy of the current. His leadership is a jest everywhere, and nowhere is the jest broader, or more frankly admitted, than in the inner circles of the Federal Parliament itself. Sir Edmund Barton shone as the leader of the Federal Convention because there his functions were really judicial. The Convention knew no parties; it had no administrative work to do; it was a glorified Debating Society. And as the president of a Debating Society Sir Edmund is unsurpassed. On the Federal bench, too, the better side of his intellect will find a congenial field, and he may be expected to fill not unworthily that great office.

The New Court

The general sense about the Federal High Court was that it was of the nature of a luxury, for which the Commonwealth could well afford to wait. Or, if such a Court was necessary to the completion of the Federal machinery, at least it might be constituted in an inexpensive but admirably efficient manner by the Chief Justices of the various States. That opinion still persists; but, granted that the Commonwealth must have a Federal bench of its own, everyone admits that the personnel of the bench is admirable. A plebiscite would probably have made Sir Samuel Griffith the first Chief Justice, and Mr. O'Connor is not unworthy to sit beside him on the bench. A Court has been created which is charged with great functions; since it must interpret the constitution, indeed, it may well rival the Federal Parliament itself in its influence on Australian history. And in personal force and character the High Court bench is not unworthy of its great trust.

In Search of a Capital

The Federal Parliament struggled with desperate energy to achieve the crown of its labours, the selection of the site for the Federal capital. It is still struggling at that task, indeed, as we go to press, but is not in the least likely to succeed. The House of Representatives selected Tumut as a site; the Senate, it seems probable, will decide on Bombala; and as the two Houses fail to agree, the question of choosing the Federal capital must be handed over as a legacy to the next Parliament. The fight for the capital took place not on the floor of the House, but in its lobbies; and never before has such desperate and ingenious lobbying been witnessed in Australia. Sir William Lyne is a master of that not very lofty art. Two rival sites, Albury and Tumut, are in his constituency, and the problem was how to seem to vote for both sites and so offend neither. Sir William accomplished that feat with perfect success. He voted once for Al-



THE RIVAL SITES.

Tumut is 318 miles from Sydney and 389 miles from Melbourne.

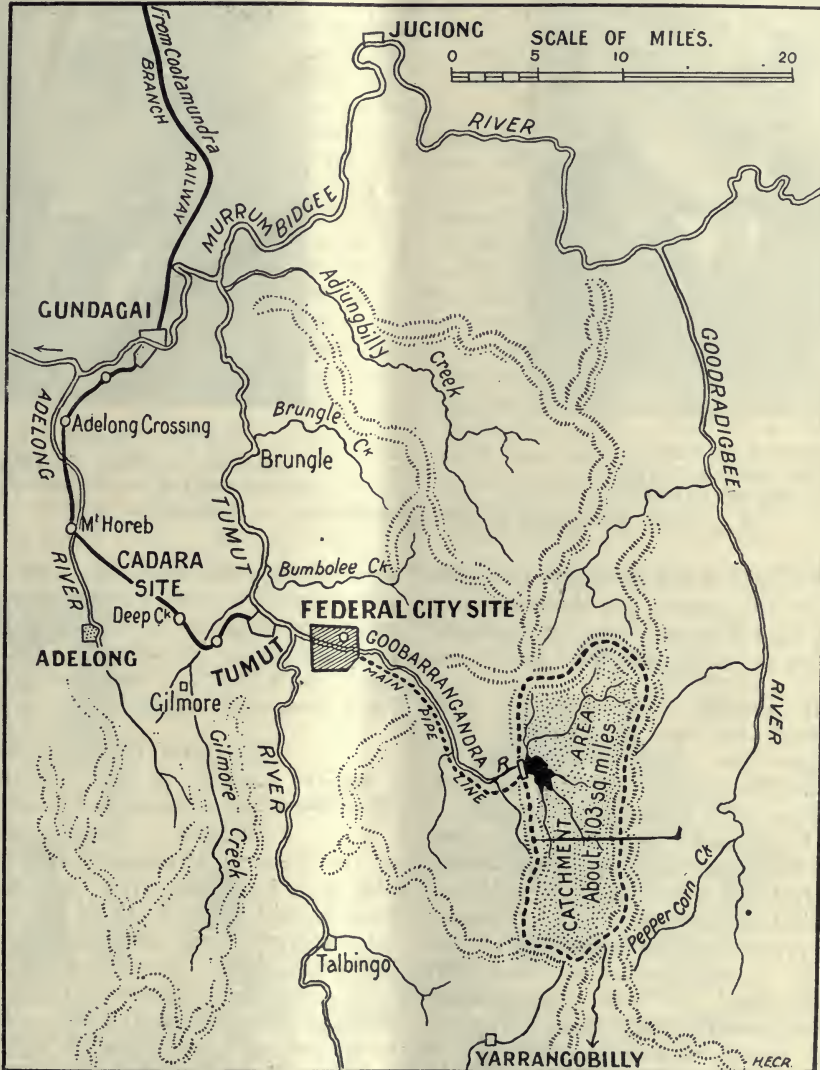
bury—when there was no chance of it being carried—and five times for Tumut; he is thus able to weep public tears of sympathy over the rejection of Albury, and yet rejoice with Tumut. At Tumut Sir William Lyne delivered himself of a broadside of confused metaphors worthy of Sir Boyle Roach himself. He told the rejoicing inhabitants of Tumut:

This district has the first leg-in for the Federal capital, but you must not count your chickens too soon, because there is another stage, and there might be some difficulty. No stone will, however, be left unturned to complete the work, in the interests, not only of Tumut, but of all Australia. I hope that you will not be disappointed.

**Petty
Motives**

The fight for the capital has, in fact, brought to the surface all the worst qualities of the Federal Parliament. It has been the signal for a quite remarkable display of State jealousies. That a new capital city must be created at all is due to the existence of such

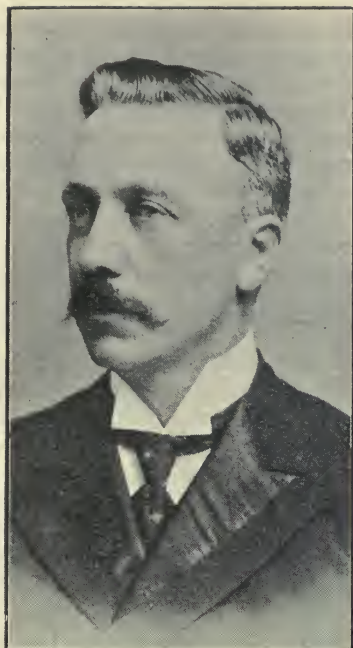
river Murray, so that members might reach it without crossing any part of New South Wales; but as this was coming dangerously near the Victorian border, it was then insisted that it should also stretch on the other side to the Murrumbidgee. The site thus consists of a ribbon nearly 100 miles long by ten miles



TUMUT: THE CAPITAL SITE CHOSEN BY THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

jealousies. When the House of Representatives decided on Tumut, it was agreed to take over an area of a thousand square miles, a plan eagerly supported by the Labour party, as giving the opportunity for an experiment in land nationalisation. It was then arranged that this area of land should stretch to the

broad. The New South Wales Parliament protests vigorously it will never consent to such a slice of its territory being cut off. The grave demand that the Federal capital must have a frontage either to the Murray or to the sea, so that its Parliament can meet without its members being exposed to the risks of transit



Freeman & Co., photo.]

MR. AUSTIN CHAPMAN.
(Minister of Defence.)

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SENATOR THOMAS PLAYFORD.
(Vice-President of the Executive Council.)

NEW MINISTERS IN THE COMMONWEALTH CABINET.

through New South Wales territory, is highly amusing. On the whole, the disputes over the Federal capital show how imperfectly Federal ideas as yet overcome State jealousies.

Mr. Deakin succeeded Sir Edmund Barton as Premier, and there has been a re-shuffling of portfolios, Mr. Drake becoming Attorney-General, Mr. Chapman Minister of Defence. Much unkind criticism has been expended on the new Cabinet. Sir Josiah Symon described it in the Senate as "a Ministry of rehabilitated fragments;" and certainly the vacancies created by the retirement of Mr. Kingston, Sir Edmund Barton, and Mr. O'Connor are filled by less commanding figures. The second Federal Cabinet, like the first, has been constructed on the principle of State representation; and Mr. Deakin would have acted with greater courage and wisdom had he thrown imaginary State claims aside, and chosen his colleagues by the single test of ability. Mr. Deakin himself has fairly earned the Premiership, and he has at least some great qualities for the post. No one in either House outshines him as a speaker on academic and general subjects. Whether, indeed,

he has the gifts, practical, constructive, and administrative—the genius for leadership—which the Premier of Australia ought to possess, remains to be proved. Mr. Deakin certainly has a charm of personality which counts for a great deal in politics.

Sir John Downer follows the example of Sir William McMillan, and announces he will not seek re-election. And the standing peril of the Federal Parliament is that busy and able men in all the great industries and professions will refuse to sit in it. So the Federal Parliament will cease to be a true reflex of the community. It will consist of two classes only: rich men who have retired from business, or poor men who have no business, and to whom the £400 a year is itself a glittering prize. The very spaciousness of Australian geography creates this peril, and it is the most serious danger in the political future of the Commonwealth. The best remedy would be a severe limitation of the time during which the Federal Houses may sit. Under the constitution of the United States, Congress can only sit for a number of weeks; and a similar clause in the constitution of the Australian

**The New
Cabinet****Risks of
the Future**

Commonwealth would be of priceless value. If such a clause existed parliamentary life would still be possible to representatives of every class. The next Parliament, it is to be hoped, will shun the monstrous and unreasonable sessions of the expiring House.

The Great Debate

On the great debate as to preferential trade raging in Great Britain, Australians and New Zealanders still look with a certain detached interest, as of remote spectators. Nothing of the passion of the strife, as yet, has crept into their blood. They have no convictions on the subject, and no real sense that they are partners in the conflict. It is almost absurd, indeed, to contrast the part the Colonies fill in the dialectics of the strife in England, and the actual interest Australians and New Zealanders take in the business. The controversy here is simply regarded as raising on a remote field, and in new shape, the perennial dispute betwixt Free-trade and Protection. Protectionists here sympathise with Mr. Chamberlain because they think he represents their fiscal creed; Free-traders are opposed to him for exactly the same reason. But Australian Protectionists, while they cheer for Mr. Chamberlain, have not the least notion of sacrificing their tariff to assist him. Their dream is to

maintain the existing tariff against English goods, but to raise it twice as high against foreign goods. Mr. Reid, to do him justice, says:

I will fight the Federal election on the proposal to reduce the Australian tariff to a revenue basis, and if defeated I will support a Barton Ministry granting substantial preference—even a 50 per cent. reduction—in favour of British goods, and asking England no return. The mother-land has done enough already.

A Tariff Dream

The notion of Free-trade within the Empire, and a girdle of impenetrable tariffs against the outside world, has many things to recommend it; but while local Protectionists believe in the latter of these two conditions, they are strongly opposed to the former. There is a touch of absurdity, indeed, in the gladness with which Protectionists welcome the triumph, real or supposed, of their principle in other lands. If the modern world were reconstructed on strict Protectionist principles each nation would be a watertight compartment, hermetically sealed up in a tariff against the rest of mankind. The policy of Protection works well for a nation so long as the rest of the world does not adopt it; but if every other State adopted, say, the Australian tariff, that triumph of its own fiscal principles would ruin Australia!



An Outside View

The colonies are used as counters in the great game being played on the chess-board of British politics, and this in a way which on the whole is not very complimentary to us. Mr. Chamberlain contends that unless the colonies are attached to the Empire by some new bond, woven of Customs duties, they will break away from it; a view which is an offence to reason, and in hopeless quarrel with facts. The "Times" publishes a study of Australia, four columns in length, written by a correspondent whom it declares to be an authority on Australian affairs, and designed to prove that Australian loyalty is but a disguised form of selfishness, and will perish unless it is nourished by selfish considerations. A new factor, the world is assured, has emerged in Australian politics; it is the country party. It consists of bushmen; their organ and representative is the Sydney "Bulletin." The bushmen rule the towns; the "Bulletin" does all their thinking for them, and it is using all its influence to kill Imperial sentiment, to break the bond with the Empire, and to launch Australia on a career as an independent republic!

A Great Misreading

All this is, of course, untrue to the point of mere absurdity. It is not true that in all the Australian States a "country party" has emerged which governs the towns. And to describe the bushman as the universal type of the country party is simply ridiculous. The dairy-farmers of Victoria and the wheat-growers of South Australia are social and political types utterly unlike the shearers of New South Wales or the plantation hands of Queensland. With all its faults, too, the "Bulletin" has never preached the doctrine of "cutting the painter." Its formula for wit is to deny to everybody and everything all the conventional forms of respect. It refers to the Commissioner of Customs as "Bill Lyne;" the Minister of Public Works in New South Wales appears in its columns as "Owe'Sullivan;" the Premier of Victoria is "Iceberg Irvine." It is the same variety of wit which insists on spelling "God" with a small "g." And when Royal names and doings are discussed in the dialect of the "Bulletin," it sounds in the shocked ears of decorous Englishmen as though mere red republicanism was being preached. But nothing serious is really meant. And to say that Australians or New Zealanders are likely to "cut the painter" is simply absurd. They are just as likely to commit suicide. Cutting the painter, indeed,

would be but a form of political suicide! Does anyone imagine that a tiny garrison of four millions, without so much as a gunboat, could hold in possession a continent nearly as big as Europe but for the shelter of the great flag of England?

The New Franchise

The next Federal Parliament will have a very wide franchise indeed. It will be elected on a pure adult suffrage; anyone — male or female, married or unmarried—who is over twenty-one years of age, and has lived in Australia for six months continuously, being entitled to the franchise. Here is, roughly, the distribution of voters:

State.	Male.	Female.	Total.
Victoria.	289,280	296,824	586,104
New South Wales ..	303,755	286,032	589,787
South Australia ..	84,715	80,473	165,188
Queensland	124,691	97,409	222,100
Tasmania	42,403	37,993	80,396
Western Australia ..	72,843	42,550	115,393
Totals.	917,687	641,281	1,558,968

It will be seen that in the State of Victoria the number of women voters exceeds that of men voters by nearly 8,000. Taking Australia as a whole, out of every five voters two are women. Women, that is, have now a larger and more direct share in public affairs of the Commonwealth than in those of any other civilised State. What may be the effect of this cannot as yet be imagined; but sooner or later the effect must make itself visible, and it may well give a totally new complexion to Australian politics. The experiment will be watched all over the civilised world with curious interest.

A Catalogue of Blunders

Australians and New Zealanders read with emotions of unspeakable wonder, not unflavoured with contempt, the report of the Royal Commission on the conduct of the war in South Africa. The revelation of waste, of unreadiness, of Titanic stupidity and mismanagement thus made will do much to destroy what may be called the Imperial prestige, if not to lessen the sense of pride and confidence in the Empire itself. That the mother-land should spend £21,000,000 annually on her army, with such results, makes all possible blunders in colonial politics seem trivial by way of contrast. But in the evidence laid before the Commission the compliments paid to Australians and New Zealanders make very pleasant reading. Here are some examples:

Officers who had to deal with them in the field all spoke well of their physique, intelligence, courage, in-



This striking picture, published by the "Daily Mail," gives the gist of the Royal Commission's report on the conduct of the South African War.

stinct for country, and powers of individual action and initiative.

Lord Roberts said: "All the colonials did extremely well—the Western Australians, New South Wales, Canadians, and New Zealanders—they all did well, especially those that came at first. As a rule they did very well. They are very intelligent, and they had what I want our men to have, more individuality. I noticed, particularly, they would find their way about the country far better than the British cavalrman could do. If they could be trained better, they would be still more valuable, for they are most excellent material. Their officers also need to be better trained."

Colonel Remington said: "I would guarantee to take good Australians, and make them into very good cavalry in a month, if one were allowed to work there in Australia. They are good horsemen."

Major-General Plumer said: "The colonials were accustomed to look after themselves, and 'shift' for themselves, and they made the best of what the circumstances provided for them in the way of food and everything else."

Perhaps Lord Methuen's testimony will please Australians and New Zealanders best. He said:

The shrewdest men I ever had to deal with are the colonials; anything they do not know is not worth knowing. They are the Boer's equals in everything but courage, in which quality they excelled him greatly.

Costly Finance

Victoria has come safely, but with slightly depleted pockets, through a perilous bit of finance. No less than £5,000,000 Victorian 4½ per cents. fall due on January 1, 1904, and the London market is in a highly sensitive condition, very unfavourable to any big conversion scheme. This particular conversion of £5,000,000 has been underwritten at 3½ per cent., with heavy premiums which practically bring up the rate to nearly 4 per cent. This represents a net saving of interest of nearly £30,000 a year, less provision being made for a sinking fund. Within the next sixteen years some £24,000,000 of existing Victorian loans fall due, and provision has to be made for sums almost as great by the other Australian States. The time for new loans is past. Australia is entering on a cycle of "conversions," or repayments, and this with the great financial markets of the world in an unfriendly mood. When British consols have sunk from £94 10s. to £88 10s., this is the most expressive sign of the disturbed finances of the world which can be imagined.

The Price We Pay

It is easy to see the general causes which are responsible for a state of things so unpleasant. The gigantic Trust combinations in the United States and in England have practically mort-

gaged the floating capital of the world for a time; while the vast cost of the South African war has helped to produce that result. That capital is just now shy of Australian securities is due, in the main, to two causes: the extravagant finances of New South Wales, and the space in our politics filled by the Labour party, with its eagerness for rash socialistic experiments. The folly of one State affects the reputation of every other State; and so the lunatic finance of New South Wales injures the credit of all Australasia. With our enormous public debts, again, we are practically communities living on credit, and anything which affects our credit instantly makes itself felt at that most sensitive of all points—the breeches pocket. And it cannot be doubted that already there are fewer coins in every Australian pocket, and a sharper strain of anxiety in all Australian finance, as the result of what may be called "wild cat" legislation, and the reputation it has created for us.

Mr. Seddon's Energy!

Mr. Seddon has already a reputation for tireless energy, but a new and amusing light is shed on that quality by the South African papers:

According to some entertaining evidence given before the Public Accounts Committee, no less a sum than £156 9s. 6d. was expended in despatching messages relative to Mr. Seddon's visit to the Cape. It seems that Mr. Seddon sent no fewer than seventy cable messages during his two days' visit. The astonishing thing is that he should have found the time to do so. He interviewed dozens of deputations, settled twenty different questions of purely local concern, such as the dock problem, as well as many others, of which less has been heard, and attended a considerable number of dinners. But in spite of all, he succeeded in despatching seventy cables in forty-eight hours, which works out at about one and three-quarters per hour.

A gentleman who, amidst a whirl of speeches, banquets, deputations, etc., compressed into two days, can yet find time to despatch cables to the outside world, conveying his opinion on things in general, at the rate of one every thirty-five minutes, offers to amazed mankind the most remarkable example of tireless activity on record.

The Cost of It

The final arithmetic of the Great Drought is, in a sense, at last reached. In 1891 Australia had over 106,000,000 sheep and 11,000,000 cattle; and the natural increase ought to have expanded those figures by at least 50 per cent. As a matter of fact there are on Australian pastures to-day less than 55,000,000 sheep, and only 6,000,000 cattle! Here are the figures for three decades:

AUSTRALIAN STOCK.

	Sheep.	Cattle.
1881	65,078,347 ..	8,010,991
1891	108,419,751 ..	11,029,499
1901	72,125,725 ..	8,435,649
1902	54,005,276 ..	6,030,364

Queensland has suffered most of all the Australian States. In 1891 there were more than 20,000,000 sheep in Queensland; to-day that number has shrunk to a little over 7,000,000. The financial loss represented by these figures is nothing less than stupendous. But the drought cycle is apparently ended; and nothing is more wonderful than the magical speed with which the rains of a single good season efface all the scars of a great drought. Wide plains which a few months ago were as grassless as the Sahara, are to-day literally covered with a mat of lush herbage. There is every sign, too, that the wheat harvest of 1903 will be one of the richest yet gathered.

A Yellow Strike!

The Chinese in Melbourne are plainly acquiring all the arts of civilisation. They have organised a trades union; they have gone on strike in the most orthodox fashion; and these pig-tailed unionists demand energetically that employers with non-union hands shall be boycotted. The ultimatum of the Chinese strikers reads like a malicious burlesque of the familiar Trades Hall doctrine. It consists of nine items, as follows:

1. The employers to meet with the executive of the workmen, with a view to raising the rate of pay for piecework.
2. The employers to pay the expenses of carriage (of tools, etc.) involved in the moving in and out of the strikers.
3. Strikers not to be compelled to return to their former employers.
4. The employers to pay all expenses—such as the wages of the executive, provisions, rent, etc.—connected with the strike.
5. No European workmen to be engaged by Chinese employers.
6. The employers' union to withdraw from the "combine" with the glass and timber merchants.
7. Each of the employers in the union (except its four chief officers, who shall furnish a guarantee of £50) to furnish a guarantee of £10 that the employers will commit no breach of the rules of the workmen's union.
8. Each employer in the union to pay the sum of £2 each to the workmen's union, to be used in paying expenses of meetings, etc., in case of future trouble between employers and employed.
9. The employers' union to provide two roast pigs, each weighing at least 80 lb., to be used in the worship of the Joss.

It has a decidedly humorous effect to discover this inversion of the "white Australia"

principle. No employer of a Chinese is allowed to give a European workman a place under his roof! The final demand for "two roast pigs" is supposed to cover a dark theological motive. Some of the masters amongst the Chinese are Christians; they are required to supply these roast pigs for the Joss as a form of recantation of Christianity. The incident shows that labour tactics are capable of strange applications.

Labour Colonies

Many semi-socialistic experiments have been tried throughout Australia, sometimes on a considerable scale; but they have all failed. Human nature is against them. In Victoria there is a labour colony at Leongatha founded by the State, and maintained at public cost. It, too, has proved a failure of a somewhat costly sort; and recently the Minister of Lands sent round a circular to the settlers at Leongatha asking how many of the men were willing to go out to farm work, and on what terms. The replies received were, on the whole, very remarkable:

Some of the men stated that they required 7s. a day and board, while others refused altogether to take any work outside the colony. There are no fewer than sixteen of these, and the reason they assign for their extraordinary refusal of the Minister's offer to find them employment is that they "have not been used to work." Mr. Taverner states that it is his intention to clear these men out of the labour colony.

It is clear that the Leongatha labour colony did not develop any very great zeal for "labour" amongst its own colonists.

Church Union

The movement towards union amongst the Protestant Churches in Australasia is taking unexpected scale. At the present moment the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Congregational and the Baptist Churches have committees engaged in negotiations for union. The Anglican Assemblies in both Sydney and Melbourne have passed resolutions in favour of such negotiations; and for the next few months all the Protestant Churches will be occupied in assessing their agreements and differences. So far, three Churches—the Presbyterian, the Methodist, and the Congregational—have compared their church methods, and report that beneath all diversities of form there is a substantial identity of principle. A more perilous realm will be entered when doctrines come to be compared and weighed. But there has been, even in this realm, a movement which, if it has been as silent and as slow as that of a glacier, has been almost as resistless.

Old doctrines round which once raged the fiercest controversies have somehow lost their scale in the theological landscape. The fires of ancient strife are dead. Good men have

toric episcopate"—or at least the sacerdotal version of that theory—in the Anglican Church will in all probability make any union with other Protestant Churches for the present



DR. G. R. PARKIN,

The Secretary and Organiser of the Cecil Rhodes Scholarship Trusts, who is now in Australia.

come to understand that truth has many sides; and what seems hopelessly contradictory propositions are often but complementary facets of one great truth. The theory of "the, his-

impossible; but meanwhile the drift towards union amongst great ecclesiastical bodies is one of the most significant things in the social landscape.

London, Sept. 1. (By W. T. Stead.)

**An
Eventful
Month**

The month of August, one of the wettest on record, is notable for three things—the death of Lord Salisbury, the election of a new Pope, and the approach of the Russian Black Sea fleet within striking distance of Constantinople. Frenchmen might be disposed to add as a fourth notable occurrence the trial and conviction of Madame Humbert and her confederates for swindling the public by the story of the Crawford millions; but that, although interesting—as a comic opera is interesting—has little bearing upon the progress of the world. Each of the other events are landmarks in history. The death of Lord Salisbury closes the Victorian epoch, the election of Pius X. begins a new chapter in the history of the Papacy, and the approach of the Russian fleet to the mouth of the Bosphorus casts the shadow of impending doom over the deathbed of the Sick Man of Stamboul.

**The
Passing of
Lord
Salisbury**

The death of Lord Salisbury, on the fiftieth anniversary of his debut in public life, followed soon upon his retirement from office. The tributes paid to his character in the Press have been characterised by great good feeling, and an honest desire to say the kindest things possible about the last historic figure of the Victorian era. That Lord Salisbury was a good man is beyond all question. Whether he was a great one is more open to doubt. He had many great qualities. His private life was flawless, his public career was, on the whole, with one terrible exception, singularly free from blemish. He was a sincere patriot, and an earnest, although somewhat cynical, Christian. He was nothing of a demagogue, and he seldom or never played to the gallery. He was a fine type of the aristocrat of Elizabethan traditions, who spoke the thing he would, and played the lofty role to which he succeeded by right of birth with distinction from first to last. All these things may be admitted without reserve, and still his claim to be regarded as a great statesman may remain open to question.

**The Blot
on His
Career**

The one great blot on his career was his acquiescence in the fatal policy of Lord Beaconsfield. For years no Tory statesman held Mr. Disraeli in more unconcealed aversion. "As for Disraeli," he is reported to have said, soon after taking office under him in 1874, "loathing is too mild a word to express my feeling

towards him." Yet within four years he became the facile tool of the man whom he detested. It was a great apostasy. Lord Salisbury was the last man in the world who ought to have done Lord Beaconsfield's bidding at that crisis. Lord Salisbury was famous for his championship of the cause of the Eastern Christians. At Constantinople, in 1876, he had rivalled General Ignatieff in his advocacy of the Bulgarian cause. Yet when Lord Derby's resignation placed the Foreign Office within his grasp, he succumbed before the temptation, and consented to play the unworthy role of defender of the Turk. The hideous welter of bloody anarchy in Macedonia is the legacy which we inherited from Lord Salisbury's subservience to Lord Beaconsfield at the Congress of Berlin. To snatch a fleeting popularity at home he took part in the re-enslavement of Macedonia, which but for his action would have been part of free, self-governing Bulgaria. To thrust Christian populations back under the heel of the Turk was not work proper for a Cecil. But he did it. Nor was it the only price he had to pay for his alliance with Lord Beaconsfield. No one had exposed more clearly than he the suicidal folly of Afghan wars. But the year of his apostasy at Berlin did not close until he was compelled to acquiesce in the crime of another march upon Cabul.

**Personal
Reminiscences**

Personally, I have nothing but the pleasantest and most grateful reminiscences of Lord Salisbury. We often corresponded, but I only had one interview with him. He was always singularly kind and courteous. When I was sent to gaol as an ordinary criminal convict for a single mistake, made in a campaign which had compelled his Cabinet to pass the Criminal Law Amendment Act, he was full of wrath, and insisted upon my being treated as a first-class misdemeanant, without even waiting to communicate with the judge. He it was also who enabled me to achieve one of the greatest journalistic "scoops" that I made during the time I edited the "P.M.G." When I came back from my first visit to the Tsar, he excused himself from seeing me on the ground that he did not think it expedient to meet persons on the other side of politics; but when I came back from my second visit he waived his objections, and I had a long hour's interview with him in Arlington Street. The South African War made no change in our relations, and I always reported to him the substance of my

communications to the Boer leaders, whom I met on the continent, from Mr. Kruger to Dr. Leyds. When I started the "Review of Reviews," he gave me a cordial benediction. "I have little doubt," he wrote, "that the undertaking will be successful, and in a literary point of view very useful." It kept him posted in the contents of periodicals he had not leisure to read.

The New Pope

The election of Cardinal Sarto—*Angelic Tailor*—formerly Patriarch of Venice, to the Papal throne, is an event which may be fraught

with weighty consequences to the world at large, both within and without the Roman fold. The most notable fact about the Conclave was the sudden and unexpected assertion by the Austrian Ambassador of his right to veto the election of Cardinal Rampolla. The Secretary of State of Leo XIII. had headed the poll during the earlier ballotings. All precedent was against his election, but he had made friends of so many of the Cardinals that it seemed by no means improbable he would be chosen as the new Pope. At the critical moment the Austrian Ambassador intervened with his veto on Cardinal Rampolla's election. When the Pope was a temporal sovereign, three Catholic sovereigns had the right each to veto one candidate. When the Pope lost his temporalities, it was believed that this right of veto would never again be asserted. But the action of Austria shows that the Papacy, although shorn of its temporal power, is still begrudged complete spiritual independence. The Cardinals made a dignified protest, but at the subsequent ballotings it was not Rampolla, but Sarto, who headed the list, and he was ultimately elected by the requisite two-thirds majority.

The Defeat of Cardinal Rampolla

The election of Cardinal Sarto was chiefly remarkable because it involved the defeat of Cardinal Rampolla. Both candidates were Italian: nonon-Italian Cardinal has any chance of wearing the triple crown. Rampolla is the Italian, or rather Sicilian, of the South, subtle, intriguing, political to his finger-tips. Sarto is the Italian of the North, democratic, popular, simple, and non-political, but shrewd and kindly, and sympathetic in his management of men. I have twice had the privilege of long and intimate conversation with Cardinal Rampolla; the first in 1889 and the second in 1898. On both occasions nothing could have been more demonstratively courteous than his wel-

come, which was all the more marked because of its contrast with the demeanour of Mocenni, who was then his Under-Secretary. But he gave me the impression of an excess of zeal in his obedience to the apostolic precept of being all things to all men, which led visitors to allow a considerable discount in estimating the value of his compliments. He was undoubtedly an able man—a politician rather than a saint. Unfortunately for his chances he had come to be on the black books of the Triple Alliance, and the Austrian veto gave the death-blow to his ambitions.

Pius X.

Everyone speaks well of the new Pope. He seems, from all accounts, to be a man more after the type of Pio Nono than of Leo XIII. The late Pope was a courtier and a diplomatist. His successor is an untravelled Italian from the North, who has sprung from the ranks of the people. His brother-in-law keeps a wine-shop, and his sisters are plain peasant folk who stick to the costumes of their class. Wherever he has been heretofore he has given satisfaction, and since his election to the Pontifical throne he has pleased everyone by his simplicity, his bonhomie, and his indifference to the pomps and splendours which surround the throne of the successor of the Fisherman. The world waits to see in what direction he will use his great influence. So far as can be judged from his record, he will be wary of antagonising any of the Great Powers, and will endeavour, so far as lieth in him, to live peaceably with all men. He will, it is hoped, revive the policy of Christian Socialism from which Leo recoiled in his later years, and endeavour to make the Roman Church the servant and helper of the people. If he would but live up to Leo's Encyclical on labour, he might do a good stroke for his Church, and one not less good for the working-man.

The Movements of His Majesty

The King is undergoing his cure at Marienbad, and in the first week of September will pay a visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph at Vienna. The Austrian capital will be visited this month by the German Emperor and the Russian Tsar. Nothing as yet has been settled as to the much-talked-of visit of the King to the United States; and as nothing is said concerning the visit of the Tsar to London, it is doubtful whether the King will be able to visit St. Petersburg next year. It is, however, arranged that the King and the Tsar are to meet.

at Copenhagen in a family gathering of the Danish King.

Mr. Chamberlain "in Extremis"

Mr. Chamberlain formally declares that he believes a tax on raw materials, such as wool and cotton, to be entirely unnecessary for his purposes, which he defines as "a mutual preference with our Colonies, and for enabling us to bargain for better terms with our foreign competitors." But he sticks to his determination to tax bread and meat, which he sees clearly enough is essential to his scheme. The plaintive entreaties of the "Daily Mail," which begs him to drop taxes on food and clap duties on foreign manufactures, fall on deaf ears. The essence of his fantastic notion is that of consolidating the Empire by bribing the Colonies to be loyal. To tax foreign manufactures imported into Great Britain would not affect the Colonies one way or the other. Not that the Colonies seem particularly keen about Mr. Chamberlain's preferences. Australia and New Zealand flatly refuse to lower their duties on British goods. The utmost they will promise is to surcharge foreign imports. At the Cape the scheme was only carried by a majority of one. In Canada, where there has been a great gathering of the representatives of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire at Montreal, there is more enthusiasm for the idea; but even there Sir Wilfrid Laurier was most emphatic in repudiating any desire to force their views upon Britain. Nothing that took place at Montreal affords even a shadow of confirmation to Mr. Chamberlain's astonishing theory that the Empire will go to pieces unless we grant a preference to the Colonies.

The Real Peril of the Empire

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech was a very notable utterance. The Duke of Devonshire had warned the Colonies that if a preferential system were established the Colonies would find that it limited their freedom of action in fiscal, commercial, and industrial legislation. To this the Canadian Premier replied that if this were so the whole deal was off. Canada wanted preference, but she would rather quit the Empire than purchase it at any such price. His exact words are as follows:

If we are to obtain from the people of Great Britain a concession for which we would be prepared to give an equivalent, and if we are to obtain it also at the expense of the surrender of some of our political rights, for my part I would simply say, let us go no further, for already we have come to the parting of the ways. Canada values too highly the system which made her



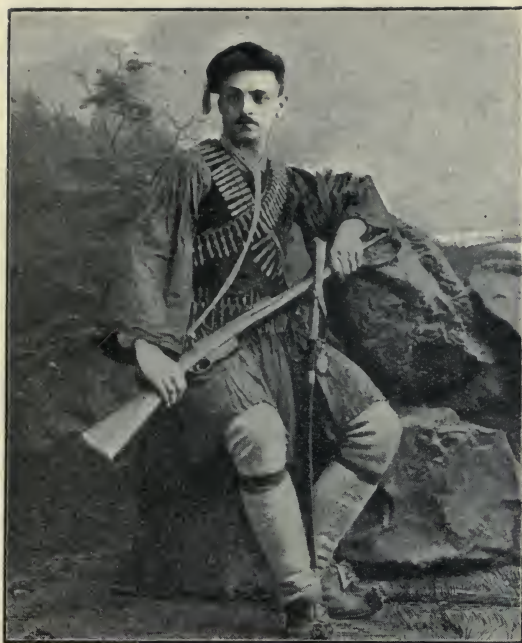
THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA,
Who has entertained King Edward in Vienna, and who will visit England next year.

what she is to consent willingly to part with any portion of it for whatever consideration, and, even for the maintenance of the British Empire, I think it would be a most evil thing if any of our Colonies were to consent to part with any of their legislative independence.

There is no doubt as to the meaning of that. The self-governing Colonies will be glad enough to take any preference we may give them, but if we ask them in return to accept the logical corollary of such preference, they declare they would rather quit the Empire altogether. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech is a plain warning to all Imperialists that the real peril to the Empire is the attempt to bind together communities which are far more passionately jealous of their independence than they are covetous of a favourable handicap upon their trade.

The Doomed Ministry

The result of rending the Unionist party in twain from top to bottom by the sudden introduction of the question of Protection is becoming every day more visible. The latest sign of the way the wind is blowing comes to us from Argyllshire. The last member for that county was a Conservative, who polled 3,834 votes against 3,232, a majority of 602. Last month,



BORIS SARAFOFF, LEADER OF THE MACEDONIAN REVOLUTIONARY COMMITTEE.

at a by-election which was fought almost entirely upon the question of Free-trade versus Preferential Tariffs, the Liberal Free-trader, Mr. Ainsworth, swept in at the head of the poll with 4,826 votes, while the Conservative Inquirer only polled 2,740. The Tory majority of 602 was wiped out and replaced by a Liberal majority of 1,586. There is no mistaking the significance of these figures. In the constituencies the Protectionist Preferentialist Inquirers will not even get a look in.

**The Cry
from
Macedonia**

Things are going from bad to worse in Macedonia.* Notwithstanding that the Turks have a force of 170,000 men in the hapless province, perhaps indeed because they have them there, the Bulgarian population appears to have risen in arms. The flame of insurrection has spread eastward to Adrianople and the shores of the Black Sea. So widespread is the revolt that the Turks are said to be even dreading an attack upon the outlying defences of their capital. "The balance of criminality," Mr. Balfour told the House of Commons, lay with the insurgents—a statement which so mightily delighted the Sultan that Sir Nicholas O'Connor had to explain in diplomatic language that Mr. Balfour was speaking with his tongue in his cheek and that he did not mean

what he said. All the evidence goes to prove that the Turkish troops have got completely out of hand. They are hungry, unpaid, torn from home, face to face with a population of more or less well-to-do Christian Giaours who are giving no end of trouble. So the Turk being Turk, and Moslem and soldier to boot, lets himself go, and is carrying out a policy of devastation. The hideous welter is spreading, and there will be no end to it until there is a new Sultan at Constantinople, and a European commander in control of all armed forces in Macedonia.

**The
Russian
Fleet in
Turkish
Waters**

The murder of the Russian Consul Rostkowsky at Monastir led the Tsar to despatch the Black Sea fleet to Iniada, where it lay at anchor for some days within striking distance of Constantinople. The Sultan was terrified, and promptly promised to meet every one of Russia's demands for redress. Thereupon the fleet was recalled, and the Sultan breathed freely once more. The appearance of the Russian ironclads off the mouth of the Bosphorus is a portent foreshadowing things to come. No Power appears to have taken any exception to the Russian naval menace. This will encourage the Tsar next time to send his warships a little closer to the Sultan's palace than Iniada. It is at Constantinople, and only at Constantinople, that the Eastern question can be solved, and anything that removes obstacles from the advance of Russian force to Stamboul facilitates the settlement of the Macedonian question. What an irony of fate it will be if the supreme crime perpetrated by British statesmen at the Berlin Congress should lead directly to the Russian occupation of Constantinople!

**Russia's
Dilemma**

If Russia were really dominated by a consuming desire to seize Constantinople, she never before had so incomparable an opportunity. The Turks have no fleet. The British Mediterranean fleet is fighting sham battles in the Atlantic. France is Russia's ally. Austria is acting with Russia in Macedonia. There is no political, or military, or naval obstacle in the way of a sudden pounce upon the Turkish capital. Why, then, does the Russian not seize the chance? The answer, of course, is that Russia does not wish to seize Constantinople, and that she would regard with profound dismay so impolitic a move. Her interest is to keep the Sultan at Stamboul as her door-porter of the Black Sea. It is a thousand times more convenient to keep the Sultan

in her pocket than to pocket Constantinople. Hence the reluctance of the Tsar to have resort to any measures which might leave him with Constantinople on his hands. All this is clear enough to-day, even to the man in the street. * Yet for fifty years our Jingoës have based the whole of their foreign policy upon the now exploded theory that the acquisition of Constantinople was the supreme end of Russian policy. Now, when the city lies within the hollow of her hand, she refuses to grasp it, and we are distracted by the difficulty of overcoming her objection to face a risk which may lead to annexation.

Bulgaria's Impulse The strain on the Bulgarians who are free, to go to the rescue of their brethren whom England re-enslaved is enormous. A great mass meeting held in Sofia has demanded the intervention of the Powers, or, failing that, war. The Sultan has now 315,000 men under arms, and is buying smokeless powder in hot haste to supply them with cartridges. What is wanted in Macedonia is the system of government which Lord Dufferin, with the aid of a French army of occupation, established in Lebanon, where the Maronites and the Druses were as much given to mutual slaughter as Turk and Bulgarian in Macedonia. But who is to bell the cat? The Bulgarians could no more withstand alone the armies of the Sultan than did the Greeks in the last war. The moment the Turkish advance began, with its invariable accompaniments, the hand of Russia would be forced, and a sudden descent upon Constantinople would compel Europe to face in earnest the liquidation of the Sick Man's estate. It ought not to be necessary for Bulgaria to have to sacrifice the population south of the Balkans, as Servia did in 1876, in order to compel reluctant Europe to do its duty. Yet at present that seems to be the only way out.

The Viceroy of the Far East One result of our insensate policy of antagonism to Russia in the Balkans was to drive her eastwards into Asia. As we refused to allow her to settle the Near Eastern question, she has created for us a Far Eastern problem which is only one degree less menacing than the question of Macedonia. Admiral Alexieff has been appointed Viceroy of the Far East, with sovereignty over the valley of the Amur, the Manchurian Railway, and all the territorial dependencies of Russia as far as the Pacific. Unlike the British Viceroy of India, he will

have a strong fleet at his disposal, as well as a large army, and everyone is wondering whether or not the creation of the new post points more to peace or to war in the Far East. About Manchuria there will be no war. But about Korea? The Russians are fussing about concessions at the mouth of the Yalu, the Japanese are fuming, and from time to time there are outbursts of temper on the part of the Press of both countries. But the odds are heavy that the Viceroy of the Far East, who knows the strength of the Japanese fleet, will not precipitate a quarrel which, so far as Russia is concerned, had much better come later than sooner. If Japan can financially and industrially absorb Korea, Russia will acquiesce ruefully in the operation.

Fighting in Northern Nigeria We have had a narrow escape from a great disaster in Nigeria, where at the end of last July we were fighting for our lives against a great rally of the native population, headed by the ex-Sultan of Sokoto and most of his chiefs, who seemed to have a not unnatural objection to being converted by force into British subjects. The town of Burmi was carried by assault on July 27, by the loss of eleven killed and seventy-two wounded. The ex-Sultan and most of his chiefs and 700 of his followers were slain, and so for a time peace reigns in Northern Nigeria. Nothing seems to be doing at the present moment in Somaliland, on the other side of Africa, but it is to be feared we have only a respite, and we are very far from being out of our troubles in that desert region.

The Passive Resistance Campaign The campaign of passive resistance on the part of the English Nonconformists against the Education Act is spreading. As a method of protest against an unpopular law, the passive resistance campaign must excite universal admiration. By the simple expedient of refusing to pay a rate, the police-courts of the country are converted into halls for the holding of what are virtually indignation meetings, in which the most respected members of the Nonconformist community launch harangues against the Education Act in the shape of pleas from the dock addressed to magistrates, who in every case have to listen to a statement of conscientious objection to the payment of the new Church Rate. The novelty of the proceedings and the spectacle of seeing ministers of religion in the dock, creates a maximum of sensation at minimum cost. In all cases distress warrants are issued, and then another op-

portunity for effective and dramatic protest is afforded by the auction-sale of the goods which have been seized. As these are always bought

in by the friends of the passive resisters and restored to their original owners, no harm is done to anybody; but another splendid advertisement is secured for an indignation meeting, which is usually held in the market-place, and with this the proceedings close. The whole proceedings are characteristically English. It is a very mild form of martyrdom, but there is no doubt as to its efficacy. The blood of the martyrs has always been the seed of the Church, and a mild form of martyrdom will undoubtedly increase the determination of the Nonconformists to turn out the present Ministry.

**The
Conviction
of the
Humberts**

The great sensation in Paris last month was the trial of Madame Humbert and her accomplices for the great swindle which was known as that of the Crawford millions. Madame Humbert, it will be remembered, lived in luxury for many years by the simple but audacious expedient of declaring that two American brothers of the name of Crawford had left her a gigantic fortune, which was known as the Crawford millions, which were locked up in a famous safe. The contents of this safe no one ever saw, but on the strength of these mythical millions Madame Humbert and her family lived in state, borrowed money right and left, and imposed upon all sorts and conditions of men and women in Paris. At last, when the safe was opened, it was found to be empty, and Madame Humbert, her husband, and two other accomplices were found guilty. As the jury allowed them the benefit of extenuating circumstances in all four cases, the two principals received a sentence of only five years' solitary confinement, and the two Daurignacs received respectively sentences of two and three years. They have appealed against the sentence, but Madame Humbert herself probably entertains little hope that the sentence will be reversed. Maitre Labori, M. Zola's advocate, did his best to save his clients by admitting that there were no such persons as the Crawfords; that the asserted millions existed, but as they were associated with the name of Regnier, who was an accomplice in the treason of Marshal Bazaine, it was necessary to invent some name less detested by the French public.

**Zionism
in East
Africa**

On the 23rd of last month the sixth Zionist Congress opened at Basle, under the presidency of Dr. Herzl. The sensation of the gathering was the communication of a formal offer by the



Photo by]

[Nouvelles, Paris.

MADAME HUMBERT AND MAITRE LABORI IN COURT.

British Government to make the grant of a considerable area of land in British East Africa, in which a Jewish colony might be founded, enjoying home rule in all religious and purely domestic matters, subject to the right of His Majesty's Government to exercise general control. This scheme, warmly advocated by Dr. Herzl, was opposed by the Russian Jews, who apparently took the point of view of M. de Plehve, who declared that the Russian Government was favourable to Zionism, so long as its objects were limited to the creation of an independent State in Palestine, to be fed by emigration from Russia. He promised it moral and material support if it would adopt any means that might serve to diminish the Jewish population in Russia. After a long debate, the Congress, by a majority of 295 to 177, decided to send a committee to East Africa to report upon the suitability of the territory for Jewish colonisation. Dr. Herzl announced that the proposal for founding a colony in the Sinaitic Peninsula had to be abandoned. While everyone must hope that the proposed Jewish colony in British East Africa may prosper, all the glamour of Zionism will disappear the moment the objective is shifted from the Holy Land. To restore the Jews to their ancient heritage would excite the sympathy and enthusiasm of Christendom. To establish them in British East Africa will only interest the humanitarian minority. But if East Africa is only a stepping stone to Jerusalem—all right.

The Verdict of Sir Thomas Lipton Sir Thomas Lipton has this year for the third and apparently the last time contested with the Americans for the possession of the "America" Cup. He has been for the third

time beaten, and beaten so decisively that he is reported to have said that it is not worth while to try again. His remarks upon the ascendancy of the United States, although somewhat melancholy reading for Englishmen, but confirm the conviction which has been repeatedly expressed in these pages.



"Britannia."]

QUESTIONS REGARDING ALASKA.

Canadian (reads): "If our Commissioners come back without the full extent of our claims, they need not show their faces in our country again."

Jonathan (sharply): "Which of your rags prints that, Davle Macdonald?" (Sees title and whistles.) "Darned if it ain't one of our New Yorkers!"

Mountain Air Made to Order.

There is in London an institution called the oxygen hospital, which has special arrangements for the cure of tuberculosis, ulcers, lupus, wounds, etc. Cubicles are constructed—six and one-half feet long, four feet wide, and six feet high, and elevated on blocks about a foot above the floor; and in these compartments, consumptives may sleep and spend the greater part of their time in an atmosphere artificially adapted to their necessities. The cubicles are provided with a scientific mechanism by which the air is dried, filtered, ozonised, and rarefied before it reaches the patient.

The walls of the compartments are of wood and plate-glass, and the doors are air-tight, closing with a joint. Opposite the doors and attached to the wood is the small chamber where the air is treated. The

outer air, when drawn by a ventilating shaft into the chamber, is filtered through layers of cotton wool, to remove all impurities; it is then dried by being passed through perforated trays charged with chloride of calcium, and finally ozonised by means of an Andriolis tube, which is called into action for five minutes in each quarter of an hour by automatic clockwork.

The patient spends some sixteen out of every twenty-four hours in his cubicle, and it is said that instead of being cramped by his narrow surroundings, he is unwilling to leave them, as he finds it much easier to breathe there, and correspondingly difficult outside. The cubicle, after the initial expense of construction has been covered, is not costly in operation. The cubicles at the London oxygen hospital, for instance, cost about twenty-five cents a day each in chemicals.—"Public Opinion."

THE POETRY OF THE MONTH.

Night Travel.

By Arthur Stringer.

O near lights, and far lights,
And every light a home!
And how they gladden, sadden us,
Who late and early roam!

But sad lights and glad lights,
By flash and gleam we speed
Across the darkness to a light
We love, and know, and need!

—In September "Smart Set."

The Mother.

By Edward Wright.

She sends her wild and noisy swarm
Of children out of sight to play,
Careless, it seems, of any harm
That might befall them on their way.

But she has weaker lives to rear—
Babes at her breast and at her knee—
And toiling on, unmoved by fear,
She lets her children wander free.

Untended in the rain and sun,
They fight and play and dream and roam,
Till, tired and listless, one by one
With lagging feet they make for home.

And there, forgetting grief and mirth,
Into their mother's arms they creep;
And on the cool, soft breast of Earth
Her weary children fall asleep.

—In the London "Speaker."

Morning.

By Albert Bigelow Paine.

We saw her baby eyes grow dim,
As fell the summer night,
And knew that all the things of earth
Were fading from her sight.

Her baby hands put out to touch
The faces that she knew—
So day went out, and all about
The shadows deeper grew.

We held those feeble hands to guide
Her up the narrow steep,
And felt the throbbing fever tide—
Our hearts too full to weep.

But with the faint first gleam of day
We knew that she had gone
Adown the happy sunrise way,
Across the peaks of dawn.

—"Independent."

The Realistic Novel.

By T. Hay.

When the novel first began
In the early days of man,
'Twas a cure for human ills,
Like a streamlet in the hills.

Then it won its baby spurs,
Battling with the heath and furze,
Like a child of Nature, bright
With the joy of day and night.

Then it skirted by the walls
Of the hamlets and the halls,
Watching rustic life within,
Gay with elemental din.

Losing all its moorland brown,
Wider, stronger, flowing down
To the crowded towns it comes,
With their squalid, sordid slums.

Creeping through the haunts of men,
Searching every dreary den,
Naught is now too foul with woes
To offend its eager nose.

—London "Outlook."

The Soul of Egypt.

By Ethel M. Hewitt.

I heard royal Egypt calling; and her voice was like
the falling
Of the Nile-dew dripping, dripping, from her sacred
Lotus-cup;
I felt Egypt softly breathing; and her breath was like
the wreathing
Of amaranth crowns that vanished years for heroes
treasured up.

I shall find her, wrapped in glory, as I found her once
in story;
She will lift her veil again for me, as once I saw it
lift;
O the rapture of that waking—to behold her beauty
breaking—
As once in dreams it broke for me—a rainbow through
a rift!

Past the summons and the sleeping that the slow years
have in keeping,
She waits for me, with wing-bound brows, as buds
for blossom waits;
I shall lay my long life's burden, like a pilgrim's votive
guerdon,
On her altar of the ages, in the garner of her gates.
—"Harper's."

The Sea Wind.

Winnow me through with thy keen clean breath,
Wind with the tang of the sea!
Speed through the closing gates of the day,
Find me and fold me; have thy way
And take thy will of me!

Use my soul as you used the sky—
 Grey sky of this sullen day!
 Clear its doubt as you sped its wrack
 Of storm cloud bringing its splendour back,
 Giving it gold for grey!

Bring me word of the moving ships,
 Halyards and straining spars;
 Come to me clean from the sea's wide breast
 While the last lights die in the yellow west
 Under the first white stars!

Batter the closed doors of my heart
 And set my spirit free!
 For I stifle here in this crowded place,
 Sick for the tenantless fields of space,
 Wind with the tang of the sea!

—Arthur Ketchum, in "Atlantic."

To-Day.

By Venita Seibert.

O thou, close-wrapped, a goddess in disguise!
 It needs but one determined, fearless stroke
 To tear aside thy grey and homely cloak,
 When lo! like splendid lamps shine thy deep eyes
 On him who has the gift to recognise.
 To-morrow's beauty pales beside thy face
 And Yesterday sinks to her rightful place,
 Forgotten stars that fade at thy sunrise!

To-morrow is a dream, she is not mine,
 And Yesterday is dead and tearwet clay,—
 But thou, born new each morn, deathless, divine,
 Thou rulest life and fate, O great To-day!
 For to the door of Opportunity
 Thou and thou only holdest forth the key.

—In September "McClure's Magazine."

CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT.

"A Tired Australian."

"Tasmanian" (Hobart) writes at a length which compels abridgment:

"Will 'A Tired Australian' kindly reply to the following queries: 1. If private ownership of land—particularly in blocks of thousands of acres, which the owner cannot by any possibility employ in productive industry—has been once adopted by a State, say either by right of conquest or legislative enactment, does this fact for ever preclude the return to State ownership, if the Government and Parliament of that State arrive at the conviction that the latter would have a tendency to, or would absolutely, abolish poverty, crime and destitution, and the passing of enormous wealth into the hands of a comparatively small and exclusive class of non-workers?"

"If this question is answered in the negative, then—2. Will he explain the grounds on which, on the resumption by the State of these lands, the private owners thereof can demand compensation beyond the price originally paid for them to the State; seeing that the original purchaser and his heirs have, for perhaps a hundred or hundreds of years, appropriated the unearned increment?"

"3. Has the original purchaser from the State, or his heirs, any right in justice and equity to the unearned increment?"

"4. Why should we not tax the lands of private owners, in order to bring into the coffers of the State the unearned increment? And by the way, this increment is *not* unearned—the iniquity consists in refusing to apportion it to those who really earned it, instead of to those who did nothing whatever—except perhaps towards the increase of population—in the earning."

"5. Does Parliament possess the right and the power to order a modern assessment? And if it should think it expedient to raise the 4 per cent. to, say, 6 or 8

per cent., though this would considerably reduce the value of the estates, would it be an act of 'confiscation'?"

"The tendency all around us is plainly to be seen. It is for Governments and municipalities to take upon themselves more and more functions hitherto performed by private individual enterprise. State ownership and management of railways in Britain and the States of America is within measurable distance; from that to the control of ocean traffic is but a step, and the great steamship trusts are the initiatory step. Macaulay and Bright would be astonished at the duties undertaken by the modern State—the actions of my Lady Bountiful and the inquisitiveness of our Paul Pry, with its thousands of inspectors poking their noses into our factories, mines, workshops, and machinery, our domestic premises, and schools, etc., etc."

"Nor shall we any longer need a special leisured class, much less an idle, lounging class, when every man and woman, though performing their appropriate share of work to the general stock, have leisure to develop their natural gifts, those God-given precious and special faculties, of which every child born has one at least; not being obliged, as under our present social conditions, to immolate them upon the altar of an imperious indigent necessity."

"The nationalisation of the lands of a State is the corner stone of socialism, the municipalisation of all public utilities is the foundation course; and I incline very much to the opinion that the labouring class could, by co-operation, gradually, and in not a very long time, possibly much less than a century, achieve the dominion of all the distributive and productive industry, without the necessity of buying out one single firm or company, or borrowing one single pound of capital. Of what use will private capital be when all opportunities for its investment are appropriated? In one word, the goal of the evolution of civilisation is national co-operation of labour."

THE HUMOUR OF THE MONTH.

(COLLECTED FROM MANY SOURCES.)

Paper Politics.

Thursday I rose from my table in ire,
 White-hot with a frenzied scorn,
 And I railed on Joe as a rogue and a liar,
 And cursed the day he was born,
 For I heard the labourer crying for bread,
 The orphan and widow wail,
 Gaunt fingers of Famine I saw outspread,
 And England a land of the dying and dead—
 (I'd been reading the "Daily Mail").

But Friday I smiled as I toyed with my food,
 And I felt my dark fears cease,
 For I saw a vision of infinite good,
 A country of plenty and peace:
 And a glad folk shouted from vale and hill
 His glorious name to bless
 Who had rescued their lives from every ill:
 "Thank God," I cried, "we've a man left still!"—
 (I'd been reading the "Daily Express").

How shall I vote at election time,
 With such vast issues at stake?
 Shall I deem it virtue or count it crime
 So fateful a move to make?
 'Tis the kind of enigma I cannot guess,
 Its clue is behind the veil:
 For it all depends, I freely confess,
 On whether I purchase a "Daily Express,"
 Or go for a "Daily Mail."

—London "Punch."

The New Federal Court.

That must have been an interesting series of communications which passed between the Government and the eminent lawyers whom they have elevated to the High Court Bench. One set in particular, where the relations between the sender and the recipient are very close, would furnish especially entertaining reading, since the writers could afford to mix a little of the personal with the purely official. The "secret dossier" has not been laid upon the table of the House yet, but it doubtless runs something in this strain:

From the Prime Minister to Sir Edmund Barton, K.C., LL.D.

Dear Sir,—It is the unanimous wish of my colleagues—and if I do not cordially join in it I at least do not dissent from it—that you should take a position upon the High Court Bench about to be created. Your eminent services to the Australian Commonwealth, and your great abilities as a constitutional lawyer, fully entitle you, my colleagues hold, to the distinction they desire to confer upon you.—I am, etc.,

EDMUND BARTON, Prime Minister.

P.S.—We must make Griffith Chief, to draw the teeth of criticism. Waver a bit before accepting, in order that we may get the capital site settled, and that Deakin may feel his way.

From Sir Edmund Barton, K.C., LL.D., to the Right Hon. the Prime Minister.

Sir,—While disclaiming your flattering estimate of my humble qualifications, I thank you and your col-

leagues for your generous offer of a seat on the High Court Bench. A number of considerations obtrude themselves, but I think at the proper moment I shall be able to fittingly indicate my appreciation of your offer.—I am, etc.,

EDMUND BARTON.

P.S.—How long must I waver? We're dishing Reid all right.—E.B.

Memo. from the Prime Minister to Sir Edmund Barton, K.C., LL.D.

It's O.K. Stop wavering. Better resign first.

From Sir Edmund Barton, K.C., LL.D., to the Right Hon. the Prime Minister.

Dear Sir,—I have the honour to announce that after mature deliberation I have decided to accept the position of judge of the High Court. I have this day forwarded my resignation as Prime Minister to His Excellency the Governor-General, and have advised His Excellency to entrust the task of forming a Cabinet to Mr. Alfred Deakin.—I am, etc.,

EDMUND BARTON.

P.S.—Georgie completely done. I suppose poor Bill is a bit cut up, too.—E.B.

—"Oriell," in Melbourne "Argus."

Science and the Affections.

["There is at least one reproach from which our novelists have cleared themselves, namely, the inaccuracy with which they treated the simplest facts of science. Indeed, the opposite danger—that of over indulgence in technicalities—is one into which they seem more likely to fall."—"A Medical Journal," Aug. 15.]

"It is cooler now that the sun has set," said Amaryllys. "Let us take a walk along the beach."

"Inasmuch as physical exercise," replied Strephon, "provided that it is indulged in without excess, is calculated to stimulate cerebral activity, I am not disinclined to accede to your proposal. But it is with considerable regret that I hear you employ that vulgarism which speaks of the sun's 'setting.' Granted that the occultation of the solar disc may appear, to an ignorant observer—"

"Oh, *bother!*" cried Amaryllys. "Put on your hat and look sharp!"

"With pleasure. But your ultimate syllable suggests a curious philological inquiry. Why *sharp*? In what sense can a less hasty movement be characterised as blunt? In the word acute, from *acus*, a needle, there is a cognate idea, possibly derived—To impel me with such momentum down the steps, Amaryllys, *was* an ill-conditioned act. The steps are steep, and the danger to limb (if not life) considerable, when you bear in mind the force of gravity which—"

"Oh!" cried Amaryllys, "I know all about the force of gravity, thank you—having talked to you for twenty chapters, or thereabouts! Do you know we're nearly at the end of the book, and the story hasn't begun yet! You've done nothing but gas and gas!"

"My absorption of oxygen and emission of carbon dioxide is strictly normal, I assure you. But will you tell me—in language of scientific accuracy—what you wish me to do?"

"Do?—why, do anything—except talk! You're the hero of this novel, so far as it's got a hero, and I'm the heroine. Consequently, we must get engaged before the end. And there must be some incident first!"

"Personally," retorted Strephon, "I am perfectly willing to become engaged to you. But I must stipulate for the entire absence of any cardiac trouble in the process. Yes, my Amaryllis—if you will permit the conventional but metaphorical use of the possessive pronoun—we will be married. Thereafter our life will be uniformly happy. At 7 a.m. we shall breakfast on distilled water and oatmeal. From 8 to 1 I shall lecture to you on history, ethnography, and the formation of the rarer Diatomaceæ. At 1 we shall lunch on medicated meat-tablets and lime-juice. From 2 to 5 we shall roam the fields, and find therein abundant materials for whole pages of scientific talk. And at 5—"

"At 5," said Amaryllis, with much determination, "at 5 I shall kill myself."

—London "Punch."

Alice and the Book-Worm.

The Worm seated himself comfortably on the edge of the book.

"Do you like limericks?" he asked; "I don't. They remind me of limerick hooks, and they use worms to bait limerick hooks."

"I don't believe I know what they are," said Alice, doubtfully, "but they *sound* as if I didn't like them."

"Then I will be glad to sing a couple," said the Worm, and, crossing his eighteen feet, he sang in a low, tearful voice:

"A lady named Rose had a Daughter
Who did things no lady had ought 'er;
The good folk confessed
She was none of the best,
But I notice they all of them bought her."

"You see," he continued, "people couldn't agree about the book. It was a regular case of Ward politics. But it was different with the Pit. Everyone enjoyed that. I tasted it myself and I make a limerick about it. It goes this way:

"Said Annabelle Susan De Wit,
'I fear I have fallen a bit;
For several nights
I was Up On the Heights,
But now I am deep in The Pit.'"

"Why," exclaimed Alice, "that's a pun!"
"Of course it is," said the Worm, happily. "You wouldn't think it of me, would you?" Without pausing he sang:

"A poet swore several curses,
'For empty,' he said, 'my poor purse is:
My poems, alack!
Ne'er fail to come back,
And my verses are always reverses.'"

"I don't think that is very funny," said Alice, doubtfully, for the Worm was laughing until the tears ran down his nose, which was odd, because he hadn't any nose.

"Don't you?" he asked. "Neither did the poet. He had to pay the postage every time they came back. And they always did come back, because he was a real poet. You see," he said, "there are three kinds of poets—real poets, magazine poets, and Rudyard Kipling. The real poets write Edgar Allan Poetry; the

magazine poets write magazine poetry, and Kipling writes apopoetry."

"I never heard of apopoetry," said Alice, gently, for she did not want to hurt the Worm's feelings.

"Certainly not," said the Worm, proudly. "I invented the word myself. Apopoetry is the kind that is apropos. I invent a great many words. I invented the word 'to Kipple.' Its definition is 'to jump on with both feet while wearing running shoes in which there are long, sharp spikes.' And the participle is Kipling. I have used it in a little poem I wrote recently:

"When the season is dull, or the Ministers slip,
Or a sassy sensation is due,
On the cricketing, foot-balling oafs need a jab,
We Kipple—yes, Kipple, a few.

"Then we slap in the words in a barbaric way,
And we skewer the indolent crew
On barrack-room bayonets, done into rhyme,
And we Kipple—yes, Kipple, a few."

"When I'm a publisher I'm going to get out an edition of Lamb with mint sauce. Do you like Lamb's Tales?"

"I like ox-tails in soup," Alice said.

"I mean Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare," said the Worm, crossly. "Don't show your ignorance, and interrupt me when I am getting ready to recite:

"Mary had a set of Lamb
All neatly bound in calf;
She bought it at a dry goods store—
One dollar and a half.
Little Bo Peep had a set in sheep
With a contract that did bind her
Instalments to pay, but she ran away
And left her Tales behind her."
—E. P. Butler, in "Frank Leslie's Monthly."

Plaint of the Plutocrat.

I have bought everything I can buy;
I have tried everything I can try;
I have eaten each eatable,
Beaten each beatable;
I have eyed everything I can eye.
I have sold everything I can sell;
I have told everything I can tell;
I have seized all the seizable,
Squeezed all the squeezable,
Till they've shelled everything they can shell.

I have ridden each thing I can ride;
I have hidden each thing I can hide;
I have joked all the jokable,
Soaked all the soakable;
I have slid everywhere I can slide.

I have walked everywhere I could walk;
I have talked everywhere I could talk;
I have kissed all the kissable,
Hissed all the hissable;
I have balked everything I can balk.

I have crushed everyone I could crush;
I have hushed everyone I could hush;
I have drunk every drinkable;
Thought every thinkable;
I have rushed everywhere I could rush.

I have been everything I can be,
 And the scheme of things will not agree;
 I have spent all that's spendable—
 Still it's not endable,
 And I mean it's a bother to me.
 —"Chicago Tribune."

Consequences.

(A Cricket Sketch.)

The last man took guard carefully, as if he proposed to stay at the wickets for ever. He scratched the turf with a bail, looked carefully round him to take note of the position of the fieldsmen, and settled his cap over his eyes. The bowler, who had been bowling well all through the innings, despatched him first ball, and he retired, trying to look as if that was what he meant to do all along.

The bowler strolled over to where the Philosopher and I were sitting. The Philosopher had made his customary duck's-egg, and seemed to me to be taking rather a jaundiced view of things.

"Eight for forty-one," said the bowler, cheerfully. "Not bad. What?"

"You were on the spot," I assented.

The Philosopher eyed him thoughtfully.

"You don't mean to say that you're *glad* about it?" he said.

"Why not? I don't get eight for forty-one every day."

"That," said the Philosopher, "is a mitigating circumstance, I allow, but it does not alter the fact that you've done it on this occasion. Man, how can you sit there gloating over it in that ghoulish manner?"

"Here, I say," protested the bowler.

"Even now," continued the philosopher, warming to his subject, "you don't seem to realise what you have done. Can't you see what blank, hopeless misery you have sown broadcast this afternoon? Not that I mind personally. I have trained myself to bear this type of trial. But what of the other seven? What, indeed! Take the case of Smith. Let us examine it. You got Smith leg before wicket when he had made three. What happens? Smith goes home a changed man. He came on to this field to-day buoyant, hopeful, bubbling over with optimism and faith in his fellow-man. He will go back soured, full of dark suspicions, and burning with a sense of his wrongs. What's that you say? His leg was right in front? What does that matter? Do you think that he believes that? No one believes in the justice of an adverse leg before wicket decision. David would have doubted Jonathan if he had given him out l.b.w. Smith will go home brooding. He will quarrel with his wife, send his children to bed early, possibly to the accompaniment of smacks. He will bore all his friends for the next week by telling them that the ball broke a yard, and that he hit it, and it didn't strike him on the leg at all, but on the chest, and all the other things usual

in such contingencies. Thus, you see, in the case of Smith you will have broken up a happy home, and caused him to be shunned for days, perhaps for weeks, by friends formerly true to him. Now, how do you feel with regard to that eight for forty-one?"

"Oh, come," said the bowler, uneasily.

"Oakum?" said the Philosopher. "Possibly so. Very possibly. But not in the case of Smith. That enters rather into the future of Jones. Oakum-picking will—or I shall be surprised—take up a great deal of his time in the near future. You know what Jones is. Passionate, hot-headed, prone to violent anger if thwarted. And you got him caught at the wicket. Now Jones—I know, though he has not confided in me—is absolutely certain that he did not hit that ball. He had made twelve when he was given out. Consequently he feels that he had just got set, and would have made a century if he had gone out. And that will so embitter Jones' mind that he will go out tonight to a music-hall to try and forget. There he will take too much to drink. His head is weak, though he is headstrong. Subsequently he will assault a policeman, and go to prison for a fortnight without the option of a fine. Jones, my friend, has a white-haired mother. The disgrace will send that white-haired mother into a decline. She will die while Jones is still serving his sentence. He, on coming out of prison, will go completely to the bad, commit a sensational burglary, and get fourteen years' penal servitude. Now how do you feel with regard to that eight for forty-one?"

The bowler writhed.

"In the case of Robinson," continued the Philosopher, "financial ruin will be the result. Robinson, as you are doubtless aware, is a rising author of more than average ability. You bowled him first ball. What happens? Robinson goes home full of that fatal yorker. He finds waiting for him on his table a letter from the editor of a popular weekly, asking for an article by return of post on 'Marquises I have met.' It is the opportunity he has longed for for months. Let him succeed in this, and regular and lucrative work will fall to him. But his mind is so full of that yorker, so full of aching remorse that he tried to pull it instead of smothering it, so full of vain yearnings for another opportunity, that 'Marquises I have met' remains unwritten. The editor, not receiving the MS., writes informing him that all is over between them, and gives the regular and lucrative work to Robinson's rival, Brown. Robinson goes from bad to worse, and dies in the workhouse. We now proceed to the case of Simpson. Simpson——"

But the bowler had heard enough. With the wail of a lost spirit, he fled.

Next day the following advertisement appeared in the papers:

"To be Sold.—Bat, pads, and other cricket apparatus. As good as new. Splendid bargain. The property of a cricketer who is about to collect Picture Postcards."

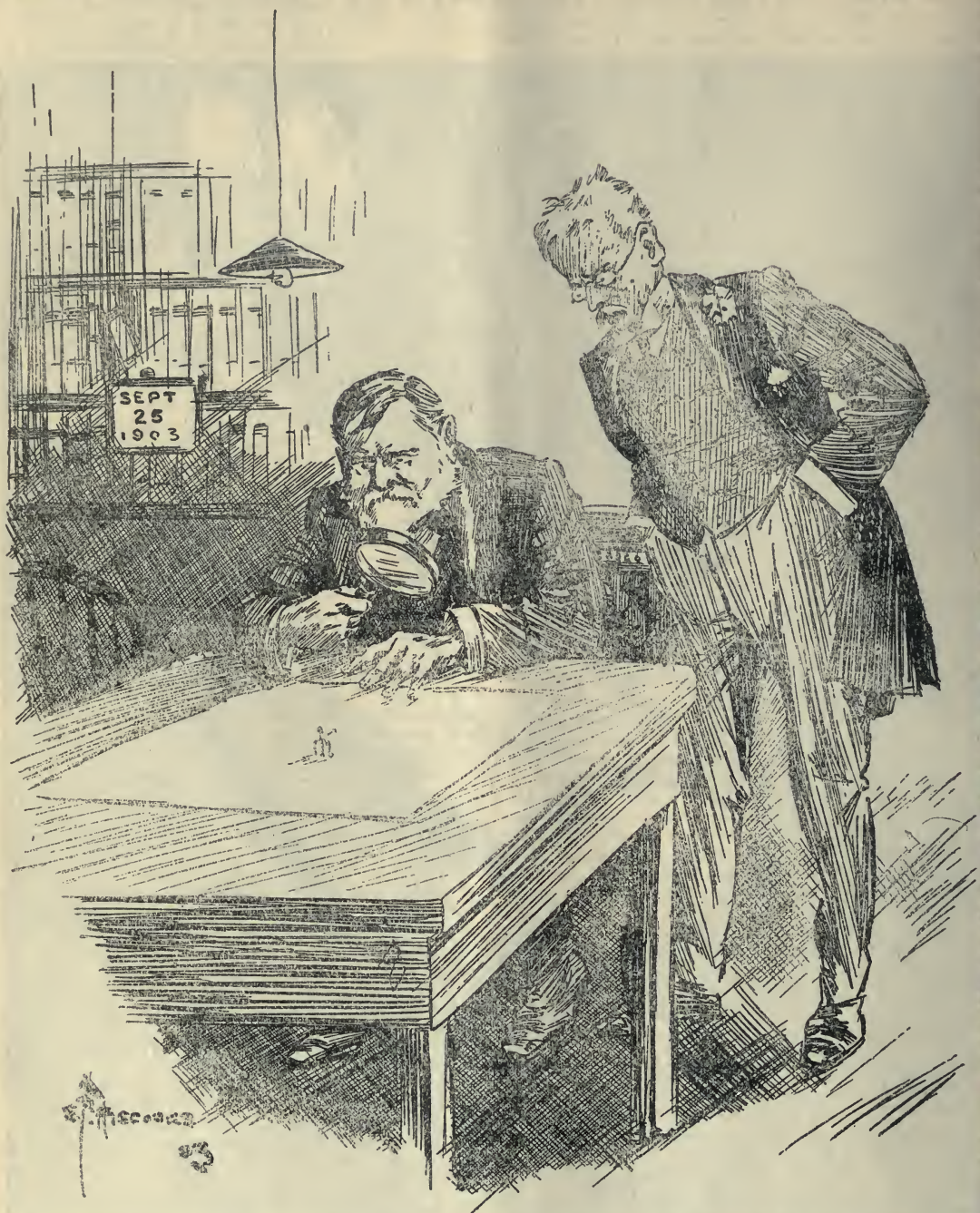
The name attached to the advertisement was the bowler's.
 —London "Punch."

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.



"Bulletin."]

THE AUSTRALIAN POLITICAL SITUATION.—SEARCHING FOR THE NEW FEDERAL MINISTRY.

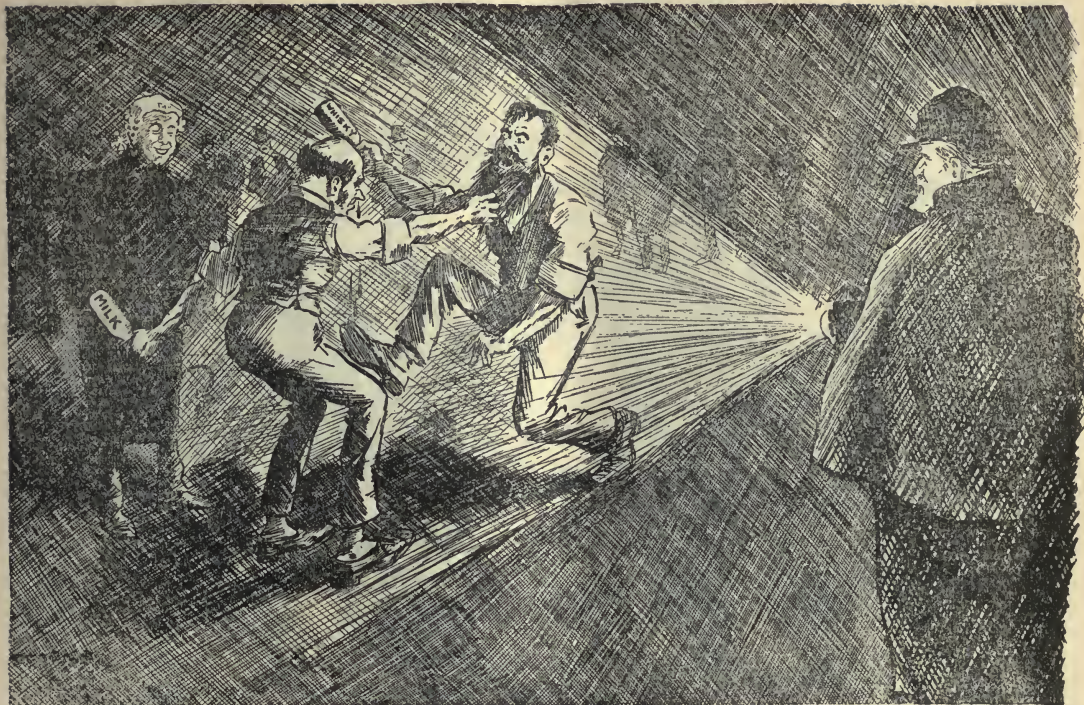


N.Z. "Graphic."]

RESUSCITATED.

Mr. Seddon: "This small speck, Hall-Jones, is a specimen of the genus *Oppositionam Leaderatus*. It was for some time supposed to be extinct, but this minute particle undoubtedly conveys the significance of its re-existence. It would be well to exterminate it before it grows any larger."

[NOTE.—If examined by a powerful microscope the speck on the surface of the piece of paper will assume the robust proportions of the new Opposition leader, Mr. Massey.]



N.Z. "Graphic."]

TIME TO INTERFERE.

Constable Seddon: "Look 'ere, if you don't stop this scrappin' I'll run you in and have you up before the beak in the mornin'. Why, bust me buttons, it ain't even fair fighting."



N.Z. "Graphic."]

Kow tow, kow tow, for the great SED-DON; and wish him the longest of lives.
With his one little, two little, three little, four little, five little, six little wives.



"Westminster Gazette."]

GENERAL CRITICISM.

General Chamberlain: "Well, at any rate, sir, you can't blame me; I was quite ready."

Field-Marshal Bull: "Can't blame *you*! There isn't a pin to choose between you. You knew Lansdowne wasn't ready, and yet you rushed that beastly Hour-Glass gun of yours into action, and precipitated the whole thing."



"Westminster Gazette."]

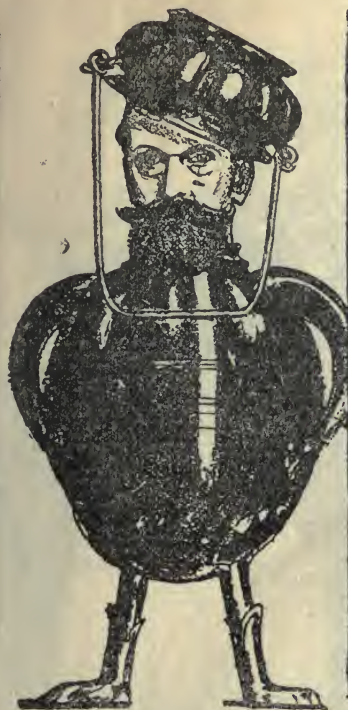
NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

Mr. Bull: "Now then, Lansdowne, what are you doing with that thing?"

Lord L.: "I'm only trying this revolver, sir!"

Mr. Bull: "Good heavens! You with a revolver! I've just been reading your Report, and I wouldn't trust any one of you with a pop-gun."

["Lord Lansdowne wanted a loaded revolver to point at foreign nations; but after the Report of the War Commission, he would not trust Lord Lansdowne with a penny pop-gun."—Earl Beauchamp, at Pontesbury, September 3, 1903.]

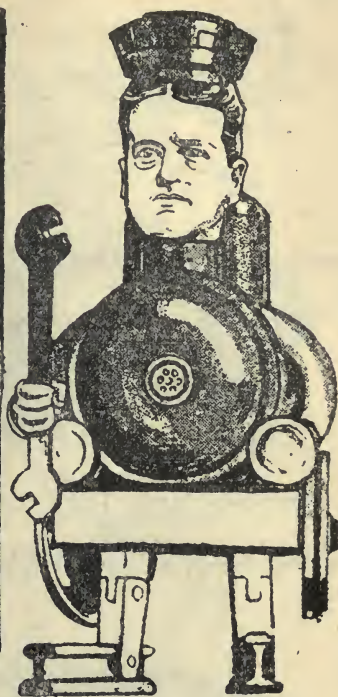


"Lustige Blätter."]

WILLIAM A. CLARK.
Copper King.



HENRY HARLINGER.
Sugar King.



WILLIAM VANDERBILT.
Railway King.

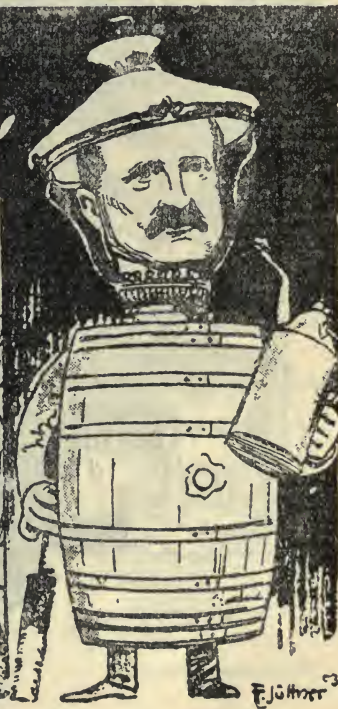


"Lustige Blätter."]

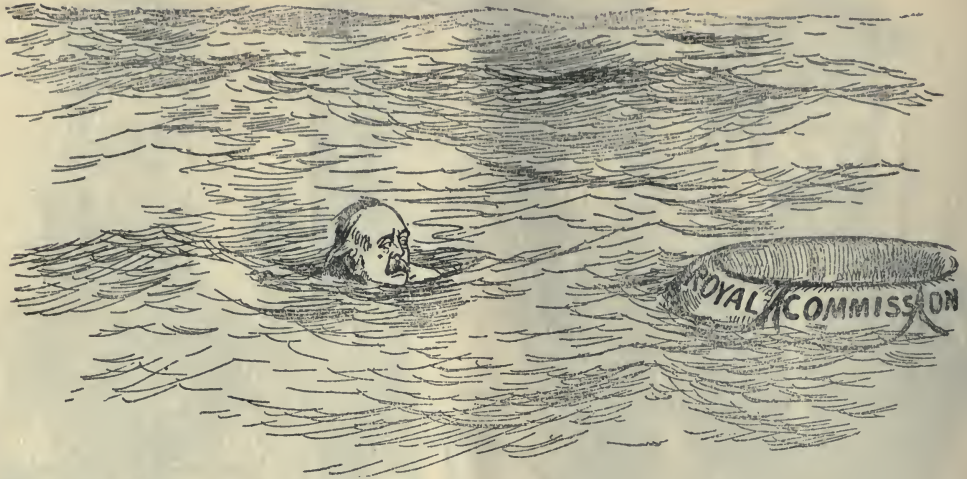
ANDREW CARNEGIE.
Steel King.



PIERPONT MORGAN.
Trust King.



WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER.
Oil King.



"Westminster Gazette."]

RATHER TEMPTING.

Mr. Balfour: "Confound these tides and cross-currents! I'd no idea they were so horrid. I intended to see this thing through, but that Life Buoy looks tempting. I wonder what Joe would say!"



"Westminster Gazette."]

THE DUCHESS AND THE DUKE.

(With apologies to Sir John Tenniel.)

Mr. Chamberlain is said to be assiduously "nursing" the Duke of Devonshire in the Government Wonderland.



"Bulletin."]

MR. REID IN CARICATURE.



HIS FIRST BOOK.
(At a Provincial Race Meeting.)

Novice: "Look here, I've taken ten to one against Blueglass, and I've given twelve to one against him! What do I stand to win?"

[Phil May's last drawing, reproduced by special permission of the proprietors of London "Punch."]



S.A. "Express."]

JOHN BULL AND FOREIGN-TRADE COMPETITION.

Mr. Chamberlain (log.): "Here, John; take this weapon, and you will be able to protect yourself.



'Bulletin.')

SOME SYDNEY MATTERS.



"LIFTING THE CUP" IN THE STONE AGE.
In spite of adverse circumstances of a depressing nature, the crew of "Old Red Sandstone III." have by no means lost faith in their boat. For many reasons the working of the eel throughout the race was none too pleasant. The Defender is about three miles ahead at this point, the marine monsters having favoured preferential treatment for the home-grown article.
(By permission of the proprietors of London "Punch.")

TRAVELLING IN NEW ZEALAND.

WHAT IT COSTS AND HOW TO DO IT.

BY CONSTANCE BARNICOAT.

A New Zealand friend now living in Australia told me recently that she was constantly being asked about travelling in New Zealand—what it was like, what it cost; but, never having been much about her own colony, she scarcely knew how to reply. She had known many Australians anxious to make the trip across, but before they went they wanted to know a little more about it. Guide-books are excellent in their way; but there is often much information most desirable to have, and not obtainable in any guide-book. As I have just been travelling about the North Island for twelve weeks, and about the South for five, I have thought it possible that I could give some hints to intending travellers in my colony which would be at once acceptable and practical. Six years' absence in England and Europe will, I hope, have cured me of any undue partiality for all things New Zealand, while at the same time enabling

me to "do the comparative" as regards travel at the other end of the world.

No doubt a great, and certainly an increasing, number of Australians do visit New Zealand every year; but it is often asked why still more do not come. The long and generally stormy passage will always deter many, especially bad sailors; but with some of the fine new boats now running, an ordinarily good sailor need really not dread it so much.

Where to Begin.

To anyone wishing to tour New Zealand as a whole, I should certainly say, "Begin at Auckland, and work your way down;" but, unfortunately, nearly all the best boats go via Hobart, the Bluff, Lyttelton, and Dunedin to Wellington. Now, Wellington, certainly, is not a place likely to give a stranger the best impression of New Zealand.



QUEENSTOWN, WAKATIPU.

It rarely attracts strangers, although nearly everyone who has to live there gets really fond of it after a time, and it is remarkably healthy. The scenery, also, of the North, at least on the beaten tracks, is not on the whole as beautiful as the South, and in some ways the North after the South would be rather an anti-climax.

But comparatively few will have time to tour both the North and South Islands; and a choice must be made. The first thing is to decide whether you will land in the North or in the South. And whichever way is chosen, there must, unfortunately, be a heavy initial expense, both of time and money. Four or five days each way, the minimum time between Sydney and Auckland or Wellington, is a large slice out of even a month's holiday. Again I would insist: Do not be so terribly alarmed at the prospect of the voyage. Certainly there are still some ancient frumps of vessels running, but do not take them. Take one of the new, up-to-date boats, fitted with rolling chocks, and as comfortable as a liner.

When once in New Zealand, is it expensive to travel there? That depends; but, generally speaking, I should say that it is. If you look at it from the point of view of time, travelling in New Zealand, as a rule, is not dear. If considered from the point of view of distance, it is often exorbitant—that is to say, compared with England or the Continent, and even some parts of Australia. You can travel in New Zealand for a month, as a rule, less expensively than elsewhere, hotels being cheap, and tips being rarely expected; but you cannot travel two or three hundred miles in New Zealand—except, possibly, by steamer—for anything approaching as little as in England. There is no jumping into an express at midnight, and being at your destination, three hundred miles away, to breakfast next morning. The great slowness of the trains, the extremely undeveloped state of much of the country, and the fact that there are no Sunday trains except a few local ones, and no all-night services, make travelling very dear. Constantly you must get out of the train, and stay all night at some hotel, in a place where, perhaps, you do not want to stay in the least, simply because that day the train does not go any further. We don't yet know what really hard work or severe competition mean in New Zealand.

What It Costs.

Much travelling has still to be done by coach, and coaching averages 6d. a mile, and is often 7d. or 8d.; while in some parts, for instance north of Auckland and on the west coast of the South Island, the only possible way to get about is on horseback, horse hire costing always 5s. a day,

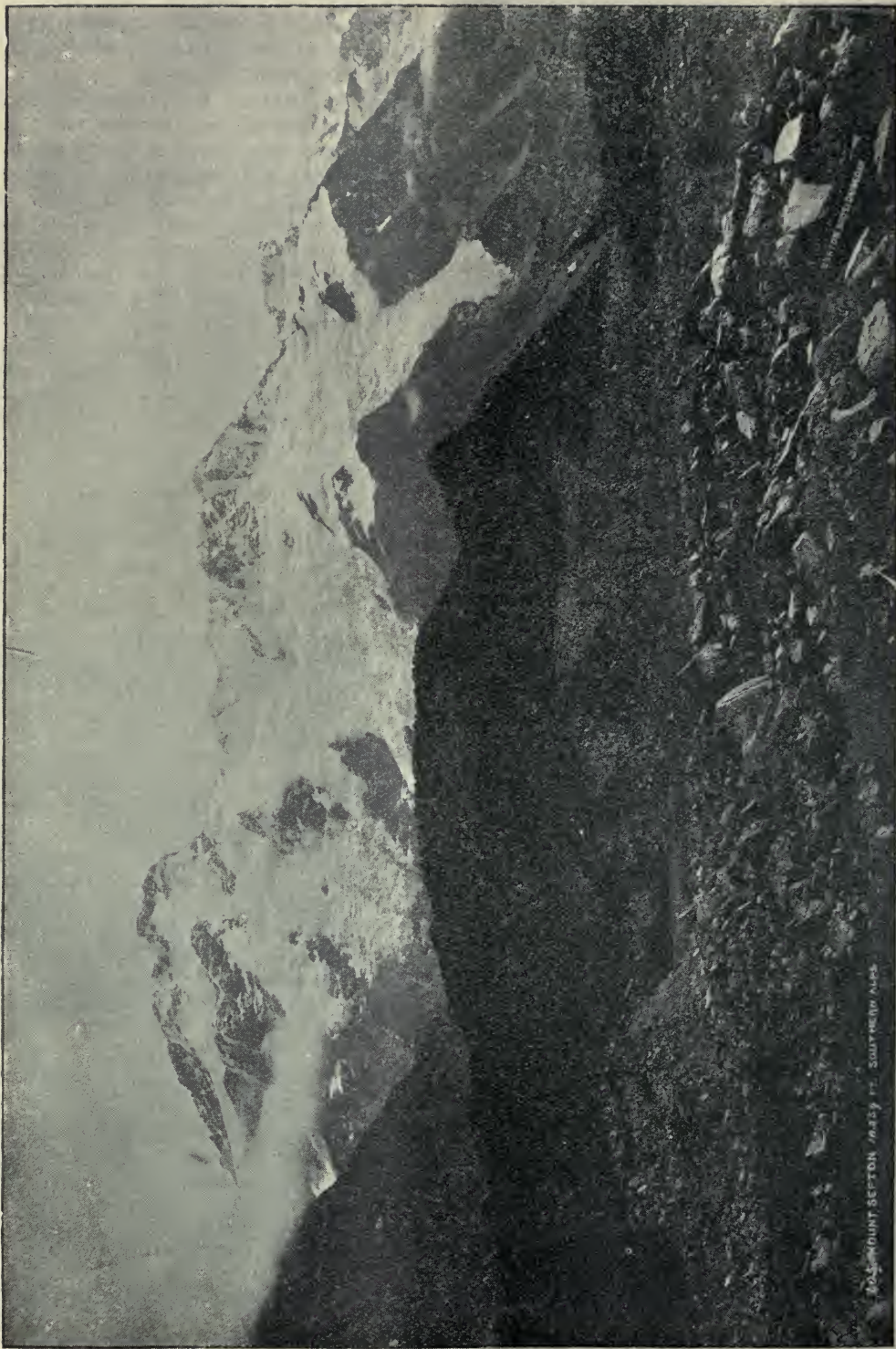
and generally 7s. 6d., and then you must pay for the horse's feed. But in these parts of the colony, though remarkably beautiful and interesting—indeed, not half-explored—the ordinary tourist never penetrates.

Generally speaking, hotel expenses, meals and sundry expenses will cost at least 10s. a day, all rail and coach fares being, of course, extra. Ten shillings a day is, I think, rather an under- than an over-estimate. Including all fares, Messrs. Cook & Sons reckon an average of 30s. a day.

Everything in the nature of cabs and expresses is apt to be very dear in New Zealand, and they have a habit of charging much higher after eight in the evening. In Wellington cabs are exorbitant. New Zealanders are usually kindly and civil, in some parts extremely leisurely, and generally not inclined to overwork themselves. Everywhere very short hours of work prevail; servants are scarce, and expect to have finished their work almost before the hour when the Londoner sits down to dinner. Indeed, until these lazy colonial servants are either turned out, and the places filled by foreign waiters—a desirable innovation, of which it is to be feared there is not the least chance—or else competition presses a little harder on them, it is difficult to see how New Zealand can ever develop her tourist traffic as it might be, and ought to be, developed. A constant stream of wealthy tourists means plenty of good hotels; good hotels cannot be had without trained and competent servants. At present the scarcity and independence of servants means that attendance in New Zealand hotels is often almost non-existent, and never really good; at least, I have never found it so. There may be nothing else to find fault with—though this is rare—but in there is a bell at all in one's room, it is next to impossible to get anyone to answer it. Certainly you do not tip the servants much; but, then, you would not tip servants anywhere who did their work like that. It is not disoblighingness, only ignorance, and often carelessness on the part of the manager.

Hotels.

Many of the hotels in the four large towns are really good, and if it is true that many of the country hotels have barely what people used to travel in England or the Australian cities would consider the necessities of life, and none of the luxuries for which they would look as a matter of course, it is also true that in the older countries nothing like as much can be got for 10s. 6d. a day as can be had in some New Zealand hotels in the four large towns. Sometimes the charges seem exorbitant, considering the utter lack of comfort; sometimes you really pay extremely little for every comfort, except first-rate attendance.



MOUNT SEFTON, SOUTHERN ALPS.

1000 MOUNT SEFTON 10,413 FT. SOUTHERN ALPS



ATEAMURI, ONE OF N.Z. BEAUTY SPOTS.

Ten shillings a day is the most common charge for hotels. There are some at 8s., and some at 12s., but none more than 12s. 6d., and only two or three at that. But even accommodation houses, if in out-of-the-way places, and on the coach routes, often charge 10s. a day, remarkably uncomfortable as they are, with wretched little bedrooms and very roughly served, if wholesome, meals. One or two of the hotels which a visitor to the Hot Springs can hardly avoid are nothing but a collection of detached cottages. Your bedroom is in one, and the dining-room a long way off across the garden, the sitting-room another long journey, and the baths another tramp. In the pouring rain, or at night, this is truly delightful. And it so often happens in New Zealand that there is only the one place to stay at, and you have no choice. In the height of the tourist season the overcrowding is sometimes a scandal; and this brings me to speak of one of the perpetual nuisances of travel in the back parts of the colony—a nuisance that I, for one, never met elsewhere. So primitive are many of the accommodation houses, so benighted the ideas of those who keep them, that many of the rooms have beds for two, and even three, people; and it is often only by great diplomacy and sheer insistence, and even

flat refusals, that you can avoid being put up with utter strangers, and possibly very objectionable people. In any country place, or wherever there is no choice of hotels or accommodation houses, a room should always be engaged in advance. It is the only security for not being herded with a stranger, or, possibly, put to sleep on the floor or the table.

How to Travel.

The traveller in the back parts of New Zealand (I should say out of the larger towns) will also suffer much from poky little bedrooms. What he cannot hang up he must resign himself to keeping in his portmanteau, and he must not mind if he cannot get his things properly unpacked for weeks on end. Yet another caution is that on all routes it is necessary to travel very light. If a box is taken at all, it must only be a very small one; the drivers will, and with reason, absolutely refuse to take a large box, and only 56 lb. are supposed to be carried free. Good-sized Gladstone bags and hat-boxes are by far the best for coach-travelling, and what cannot be packed in them or strapped up with rugs must be left behind in one of the larger towns, and forwarded by the New Zealand Express Company.

Since travelling light means taking a limited quantity of clothing, the hotels along the coach routes ought to understand the art of getting washing up at twenty-four hours', or at any rate two days' notice, and doing it up well. Instead of which it often happens that they either will not do it at all, or do it atrociously badly, and take about a week over it.

These, however, are only minor discomforts, but they are very dismaying to the new chum. The real drawback to New Zealand travel is its slowness, and it is this slowness which makes it so costly. Consider, for instance, the time it takes to get from Christchurch to Dunedin. You arrive in Christchurch about 11 in the morning; you may have one or two things to do there, and you would like to catch an express in the late afternoon or evening, get a sleeping-car, and reach Dunedin next morning; instead of which you must stay till the next day in Christchurch, if you once miss the morning express, go on next day to Dunedin, and stay there a night. If you want to get to the Lakes you may have to stay two nights, or even three, till the coach goes from a small place farther South. You cannot get through from Christchurch to Invercargill in a

day. Coaches, also, rarely run more than twice a week, and it is not always an easy, though always a very slow, business to fit them in with steamers and trains.

Railway Rates.

As an instance of the singular up-to-dateness of New Zealand, side by side with singular primitiveness, witness the system of tickets available for a given time over all the South Island railways, over all the North Island railways (except the one line which the Government has not been able to get hold of), or over all the lines in both islands. In Switzerland this plan is universal; in England, conservatism and the multiplicity of railway companies has hitherto militated against it. For instance, a ticket over all the South Island railways, available for four weeks, costs £6; North Island, for four weeks, £5; both islands for six weeks, £8. For longer periods the rates are proportionately cheaper. Railway travelling, first-class, is generally about $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. a mile; for longer distances less; for very short distances far more. The fares for distances up to twelve miles or so often seem very high. It should also be remembered that it is never any saving to take



A WOOL WAGGON FORDING A STREAM AT CHEVIOT.

a return first-class ticket in New Zealand; the return ticket is exactly double the single, and if you want to change your route, you may find your return ticket useless. Some people travel second-class, but this I should never advise. There is no third-class as yet. The first-class carriages are often very comfortable indeed, but the dining-cars (of one class only) are somewhat primitive.

What to See.

It might be asked, What is the least time for which it is worth while to visit New Zealand? Travelling being so slow, very little could be done in less than a fortnight; and even for a fortnight only a good sailor, and one to whom money was no object, should be advised to come. In a fortnight, however, a good deal might be seen from Auckland: Rotorua and, at any rate, the northern part of the Hot Springs district. To visit the Hot Springs and Wanganui River, and spend a few days in Wellington, then go to Christchurch, and visit the Cold Lakes and Mt. Cook, at least two months should be allowed; while, to travel over New Zealand thoroughly, to visit all the half-known, half-developed, or it may be quite unknown and undeveloped parts, to learn something of its dairying, mining, kauri gum, flax, and other industries, at least eight months should be taken; though, personally, I think I could very well use a year, and then have plenty to occupy me. To travel it thus thoroughly, as if for writing a book about it, I should put aside £200 for eight months, and £300 for a year, though I think I could manage, probably, without quite so much. I know that some people will open their eyes at this estimate. I was told I could travel over all New Zealand in three months; but I have been three months travelling about it, and have not seen anything like all, nor seen even the parts I did visit as thoroughly as I should like. Besides which, a complete stranger would want to spend some short time in the chief towns, whereas, knowing most of them already, I did not need to do so.

It should never be forgotten that the South Island is very unlike the North. No one can really know anything of New Zealand without having travelled in both. Whoever wants to see the Maoris must go about the North Island, not Wanganui way, nor to Rotorua (where the natives are thoroughly demoralised by the English tourists), but to the Waikato or to the little known but very interesting districts north of Auckland. There he will see truly splendid natives. He will probably not see a sign of haka or poi dance, but he will see the native race at their best. Whoever wants to see the Hot Springs must, of course, travel through the North Island, although there are a

good many hot springs dotted about the South Island also, some of them in very inaccessible places and very little known. In the northern part alone can the unique kauri gum industry be studied. Flax mills are best seen around Palmerston North; dairying in the same district or in Taranaki. But I am writing for the ordinary tourist, who does not usually inquire into the industries and natural resources of a country. The most beautiful bush and the greatest variety of ferns are seen in the South Island, especially on the West Coast, where, however, travelling is slower and more primitive than anywhere else; but north of Wanganui and in other parts of the North Island there is also fine virgin bush. On the whole, the finest mountains are in the South, although I have known a much-travelled man, not given to enthusiasms, say that he thought nothing excelled the view of Ruapaehu, Tongariro, and Ngaruhoe, with the snow on, from the far end of Lake Taupo. On the whole, the South Island—though this is only personal opinion—is the more beautiful and attractive of the two. One thing, however, is not matter of opinion—and that is the unlikeness of the two Islands in climate, scenery, and many other respects. They are even, I believe, of very different geological periods, the South Island being an ancient, and the North a recent, formation.

I have spoken lately to several people who have spent some time in Stewart Island, and they say that, with its exquisite bush scenery, its mild climate, and the excellent fishing in its rivers, it is an ideal place for a quiet holiday. In many parts of New Zealand excellent trout-fishing is to be had; it is surprising in what out of the way parts streams are found full of beautiful little fish.

Weather.

It seems as though of late the climate all over the world has been somewhat upset, and the New Zealand climate this last summer was certainly not what it used to be some ten or twelve years ago. Weather, however, like trade, seems to run in cycles of good and bad, and in time it is to be hoped we may revert to our older climate, more settled, less windy, warmer in summer. Sunny as the climate is on the whole, it is undoubtedly windy, especially in spring and summer; wind, indeed, seems to me the chief drawback. March, April, and May are often the best months. Last summer, even in the Hot Springs district, in January, a fire at nights was sometimes most acceptable; while in the South, at Mt. Cook, in March, it was bitterly cold, with snow on the ground. No one should come to New Zealand, at any time of year, even for travelling in the North Island, without plenty of warm wraps and rugs. Cross-



ONEKEHEKE (ROSS' VALLEY), TAUPU.

ing the inland plains near Taupo an icy wind blows off Ruapaeahu even in summer. And no one should travel in the North Island without some light cloak, which will do as a dust-cloak, for the pumiceous dust (and for days and days you go through nothing but pumice country) is often so bad as to cover everything. One's luggage has all to be well dusted before it is fit to take inside, and travellers themselves sometimes get down from the coach almost unrecognisable.

It might be asked, since we cannot possibly see all that is to be seen in New Zealand, what is most worth seeing there? The Hot Lakes are the most accessible part to Australia, and there can be very little, if any, such scenery in any other part of the world. But for beauty, probably nothing can exceed the Sounds on the south-west coast of the South Island. Trips to the Sounds, however, are only made in mid-summer, and generally only one or two a year, although some of the Australian boats occasionally call in at Milford Sound. I have heard of people who were not interested in the Hot Springs—the dullness of some people is unfathomable; I have never heard of anyone who was not delighted with the Sounds. Anyone with a taste for rock-climbing and mountaineering among snow and ice could hardly fail to be charmed with a stay at Mt. Cook, under the shadow of that colossal, forbidding-looking mass of snow and glacier, Mt. Sefton. But unless some weeks be spent at Mt. Cook, or at least one clear week, I should hardly advise anyone going there for climbing purposes.

A stereoscopic method of photographic surveying devised by an Englishman in South Africa, Mr. H. S. Fourcade, is thus described in "Science Abstracts": "Photographs are taken at two points with a surveying camera, the plates being exposed in the vertical plane passing through both stations. The developed plates, or positives from them, being then placed in a stereoscopic measuring-machine which combines the pictures, a brief calculation gives the exact position of any desired point." The effective range of the instrument is put at about five miles, and the method is said to be of particular advantage in mapping large areas of mountainous country.

"The strawberry is not without its advocates as to its advantages in rheumatism," says "The Lancet." "Indeed, some have gone the length to state that strawberries may not only be taken with impunity by the rheumatic and gouty, but with distinct advantage if not relief. It is a somewhat curious coincidence, therefore, that in the strawberry the presence of salicylic acid, which is, of course, a specific in acute rheumatism, has been definitely established. As a matter of fact, salicylic acid would appear to be a normal constituent of most fruits. At any rate, this acid has been found not only in the strawberry, but in grapes, apples, plums, oranges, and cherries, although

Probably, on the whole, the trip that would give most fresh interest to the Australian would be one including the Hot Springs and the Wanganui River, Upper as well as Lower Reaches, in the North Island, and the Cold Lakes in the South. The total cost of the tickets only, for this trip, along the most beautiful routes, is about £36.

Before concluding, I must refer to the labours of the New Zealand Government Tourist Department—at the head of which is Sir Joseph Ward—a department only in existence for a few years, but which has already done excellent work, and is full of plans for doing more in future. Its aim is to foster in every way that flourishing infant, the New Zealand tourist traffic; it is overwhelmed with work, and, much as it has done, still more remains to be done. It has branches in all the chief towns, where travellers can be supplied with information as to travel in New Zealand far better than anywhere else. Their photographs of New Zealand scenery, taken for reproduction, but not, I believe, for sale otherwise, are admirable, and they have sent their photographer into parts never before visited by anyone with a camera. The Government, at least, recognises that in its scenery, perhaps unequalled in variety in so small an area, lies one of New Zealand's most valuable assets. That is unromantic, but practical. In time, with improved hotels and quicker trains, New Zealand may be the playground of the Southern Hemisphere, possibly of the world.

the amount is probably less than one milligram (1-64th of a grain) per kilogram (two pounds) of fruit. It is hardly possible therefore that the strawberry should have any specific medicinal effect attributable to the salicylic acid present."

"In the course of a lecture at the Conference of Musicians in Dublin, Ireland, some interesting particulars and some astonishing statistics were given relatively to the amount of work accomplished by the brain and nerves in piano-playing," says "The Scientific American." "A pianist in view of the present state of pianoforte playing has to cultivate the eye to see about 1,500 signs in one minute, the fingers to make about 2,000 movements, and the brain to receive and understand separately the 1,500 signs while it issues 2,000 orders. In playing Weber's 'Moto Perpetuo,' a pianist has to read 4,541 notes in a little under four minutes. This is about 19 per second; but an eye can receive only about ten consecutive impressions per second, so that it is evident that in very rapid music a player does not see every note singly, but in groups, probably a bar or more at one vision. In Chopin's 'Etude in E Minor' (in the second set) the speed of reading is still greater, since it is necessary to read 3,950 signs in two minutes and a half, which is equivalent to about 26 notes per second."



A. Giuliano Laidlaw

CHARACTER SKETCH.

THE NEW POPE, PIUS X.

Pius X. sits on the throne of Leo XIII., and all the world is asking what manner of man is he who has been elected by the vote of his peers to the loftiest position in Christendom. "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?" is the challenge which all the leaders of the progressive forces of the world address to the new occupant of the Papal See. Whether it is the German Socialist, the French Freethinker, or the Liberal leaders in Britain and the United States, the challenge is ever the same. With right hand on sword-hilt they stand confronting the prelate who, from being a mere Italian patriarch, has suddenly flashed upon the world as "Pontifex Maximus, Sacerdos Magnus." Yet it is in no spirit of inveterate hostility that the question is asked, for even the most protestant of Protestants and the most anti-clerical of Freethinkers would rejoice if, from his palace in the Vatican, the new Pontiff were to answer, as did the angel of Joshua, "Nay, but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come."

For the moment there is no definite response to the challenge of the world, and the ear is filled with conflicting rumours. One day telegrams assure us that the new Pope is the most uncompromising of the blacks, who adopted the name of Pius in order to emphasise his entire acceptance of the absolute *non possumus* of Pio Nono; while, on the other hand, we are assured that the King of Italy is delighted with his election, and that we may confidently look forward to a rapprochement between the Vatican and the Quirinal. Still more important and bewildering were the conflicting reports as to his attitude in relation to the "Christian Democratic" movement, from which so much is hoped by the Liberal Catholics of Italy and elsewhere. At first it was regarded as the one fixed point about him that he was a Catholic Socialist of Cardinal Manning's type; but hardly had we made up our minds to accept this version than a clerical organ in Rome declares that he is the resolute opponent of the "Christian democracy." The same conflict of evidence prevails as to the significance of his election. One day we are told that his majority over Cardinal Rampolla represents the ascendancy of the Triple Alliance, which, through Austria, imposed its veto upon the election of Cardinal Rampolla. No sooner has this version obtained acceptance, than we are assured with equal emphasis that the selection of Sarto was equivalent to a defiance of the Triple Alliance; that Sarto, if he did not exactly repre-

sent the Italian Irredenta, nevertheless represented that portion of Italy which was in the most violent opposition to Austria.

We may, however, dismiss all these conflicting stories—pairing one off against the other, the result is zero—and endeavour with such material as is available to picture to ourselves the new figure, stately and commanding, which has emerged from comparative obscurity, and is now seated on the loftiest throne in the centre of a halo or aureole formed by the traditional glories of two thousand years.

There was something peculiarly impressive in the reports which appeared of the ancient and stately ceremonial by which, in accordance with long-established usage, the latest successor of St. Peter was chosen to wear the triple crown. It is on such occasions that the Roman Church is enabled to make that appeal to the imaginations of mankind to which humanity, both civilised and uncivilised, has ever made ready response. The walling-up of the conclave in which the sixty-two Cardinals and Princes of the Church were voluntarily imprisoned, shut off from all influences of the outer world, in order that they might devote themselves to the solemn task of electing the viceroy of the Almighty, powerfully impressed even the least reflective and most indifferent of men. Of course, there are the usual sneers at the intrigues of the wirepullers of the Vatican, but it is not well to scrutinise too closely the machinery by which the effects are produced. No one can deny that the whole proceedings were characterised by a dignity worthy of the occasion. After all, one need not be a Roman Catholic to appreciate the way in which a great function has been observed. The Catholic Church is one of the assets of humanity, and it is satisfactory to find that in the ease and dignity, the splendour and efficiency of its work, it shows no sign of being impaired by age. Neither can it be denied that if we judge the Conclave as any other human institution devised by mankind for the purpose of attaining a given result, it has vindicated itself by the election of Pius X. Infallibility does not reside in conclaves, and Cardinals, like other men, may make mistakes; but neither a Republican nor a Democratic Convention in America, meeting together for the choice of a Presidential candidate, could have shown more good sense or a truer instinct, or held a freer election than did the Cardinals who were walled up in the Conclave.

There were sixty-two of them, old men for the most part, and an immense majority natives of Italy. Among these Cardinals France, Austria, Germany, Poland, Spain, Portugal, and Belgium were all represented. The only Anglo-Saxon in their midst was Cardinal Gibbons. It is rather significant that no British subject was present in the Conclave, and that the only representative of the English-speaking race who took part—and a leading part—in the election of Pius X. was Cardinal Gibbons, the Archbishop of Baltimore.



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[Alfieri & Lacroix.

THE MOTHER OF POPE PIUS X.

(Who died some ten years ago.)

The great surprise of the Conclave to the outside world, and also to many who believed themselves to be of the inner Council of the Roman Catholic Church, was the extraordinary strength of Cardinal Rampolla. It has been regarded, hitherto, as part of the unwritten law of the Church that the Secretary of State of one Pope is never allowed to succeed directly to the Papal chair. Cardinal Rampolla for a long time had held that high office, and had directed the foreign policy of Leo XIII. It was my good fortune on two occasions to have lengthy interviews with the great Cardinal. He is a southern Italian, a Sicilian, adroit, subtle, a diplomatist to his finger-tips, quick to flatter, and ready to seize and take advantage of all openings in debate or discussion. It was

known for some time past that he had entertained the hope that one day he might become Pope; but no one was prepared to find his name heading the poll the first four votes of the Conclave, nor to see that in the fourth ballot he came within three votes of obtaining an absolute majority of the Conclave. That he did not succeed in carrying the election is popularly attributed to the direct intervention of the representatives of Germany and Austria, who, despite the denials which emanate from Vienna, are said to have intimated that they objected to the election of Cardinal Rampolla on account of his notorious leanings towards France. Austria, in old times, was one of the Catholic Powers which had a right of veto upon the appointment of any candidate who, in the opinion of the Austrian Emperor, was unfit to sit in the chair of St. Peter; but the use of the veto has fallen into desuetude of late years, and it seems somewhat of an anachronism since the Pope has ceased to be a temporal sovereign. At the same time, although the Pope may still choose to remain a prisoner at the Vatican, he is more potent in European politics than he was in the days when he was permitted to misrule the States of the Church. There seems to be no doubt that the intimation of the Austrian Emperor carried great weight with the Conclave. The Cardinals protested that they would take no account of the prohibition, and treated the intimation as an infringement of their independence. Cardinal Rampolla himself, while declaring that he would on no account accept the burden of the Pontificate, which he believed himself to be incapable of bearing, strongly protested against the undue interference of Austria; but it was not until after this intimation that the choice of Sarto became a certainty.

In the first two ballots he had not even been second in the running. In the first he had five votes, in the second ten, in the third twenty-one, in the fourth twenty-four, in the fifth he headed the poll with twenty-seven, and on the final evening he secured a majority of the whole Conclave of thirty-five. I say "secured," but this expression must not be held to imply that Cardinal Sarto in any way sought election. The evidence is tolerably conclusive on the point that, despite his having been, according to popular report, first singled out by Leo XIII. as his successor, he had no ambition to become Pope. When he left Venice, he mildly expostulated with those of his friends who came to bid him farewell; he declared that he would soon be back again, as he had taken a return ticket. It appears, says the "Times" correspondent at Rome, that the most strenuous opponent of the election of Pius X. was Cardinal Sarto himself. When the ballots began to turn in his favour he was filled with a most unfeigned dismay.

On the Monday morning he broke down altogether and implored the Cardinals to find some other candidate, as he neither could nor would accept the tiara. It needed the most urgent insistence on the part of Cardinal Ferrari before he could be induced to say that he would not make the "gran rifiuto." But even then he seemed a broken man, until the moment when he went out to deliver the public benediction. When, after his election, Cardinal Rampolla came to kiss his hand, the newly-elected Pontiff clasped his late rival in the Conclave to his breast, and addressed him with great emotion, while tears streamed down the cheeks of both. Despite his reluctance, however, he was elected at the final ballot by fifty votes, ten times as many as those with which he started, while ten remained faithful to the end to Cardinal Rampolla, and two to Cardinal Gotti. After the final ballot nothing remained to be done but for the Pope to be presented to the people in the ancient, time-honoured formula: "Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum; habemus Pontificem eminentissimum Cardinalem Josephum Sarto, qui sibi nomen imposuit Pium Decimum."

And what kind of man is he whom we have as Pope? Those who caught the first glimpse of the tall, white figure who faced the cheering crowd in the first hour after his election, report that the features of the new Pontiff gave them the impression of a tall and decidedly pleasant and good-looking face. Few Cardinals were so little known as he in Rome. According to Raffaele di Cesare, the historian of the Conclave of 1878, Cardinal Sarto had come to Rome as seldom as possible, and stayed there as short a time as possible. His whole career had been passed outside Rome, but entirely inside Italy. His predecessor had been Nuncio in Belgium, had travelled much, and was familiar with Courts and Cabinets long before he became Pope. Cardinal Sarto, as he pathetically reminded the Cardinals of the Conclave, had never strayed beyond his parish or his diocese. He does not speak any foreign language, and not even his own with ease. His Italian is mixed with a Venetian patois; his German is as imperfect as his French; of English he knows nothing. Di Cesare, whom I have already quoted, declares that in breadth of education he is one of the most respected members of the Sacred College. His learning, however, will conduce less to his popularity with mankind at large than the more genial traits which render him kin to all of us. He is a peasant, and the son of a peasant; his sisters, who kept his house when he was Bishop of Mantua and Patriarch of Venice, still wear the peasants' costume familiar to the Western world on the shoulders of humble organ-grinders. He is the first Pope for a century and a half who is of plebeian origin.

Leo XIII., like Pius IX., sprang from a noble family. Sarto sprang as much from the common people as Abraham Lincoln himself. His brother is an innkeeper in Mantua. One of his sisters married a tobacconist, and the other a sacristan of the church in which the present Pope had officiated for ten years as parish priest. His manner of life is frugal, nor did he when Prince of the Church forsake the simplicity which was natural to a peasant. But although of the common people, he is one of Nature's gentlemen, and among the few books that have been mentioned as proceeding from his pen is a "Manual of Politeness," which he wrote for the benefit of his parish clergy. The papers abound with stories of his geniality and humour. Unlike many of his brothers, he does not disdain the use of tobacco; he is passionately fond of music, and is himself a musician who, with the aid of his close friend, the famous composer Perosi, may be expected to effect considerable revival of Church music.

They say of him, also, that he was always the devoted son of an affectionate mother, and that he liked nothing so much, when his administrative duties were over at Venice, as to sit down with three cronies (who were often members of the Venetian Municipality) to a four-cornered card game of tresette, at which he would recuperate his energies, his old mother the while sitting with her needlework in a corner of the room, enjoying the merry talk of her distinguished son. Of the many personal descriptions which have come to hand, all seem to speak of his splendid presence, his handsome face, his bright and merry eye, and the rippling humour which plays around his lips. He is a tremendous worker, keeps his clergy in good order, and was distinctly a rigid disciplinarian.

Joseph Sarto, who will be known in history as Pius X., was born at Riese, in the Venetian province of Treviso, on June 2, 1835. Being a promising scholar, he was sent from the village school to the college at Castel Franco, from whence he passed to the central seminary at Padua, where he graduated with much distinction, and was ordained priest in the cathedral of Castel Franco on September 18, 1858. He was then twenty-three years of age. Until he was thirty-one he was employed as country curate. When he was thirty-two he was appointed parish priest. Eight years later the Bishop of Treviso, recognising his ability, made him not only a canon of the cathedral and chancellor of the diocese, but the spiritual director of the college. From these posts he passed by an easy transition to be dean of the chapter, and after serving in an interregnum as vicar-general, was appointed suffragan by the new bishop. His eloquence, his piety, his energy marked him out



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THE CHURCH AT TOMBOLO, WHERE PIUS X. WAS PRIEST.

for further promotion, and in 1884 he became Bishop of Mantua. There was a hitch about his appointment. The Mantuans claimed that they ought to have been consulted as to his nomination, but the ecclesiastical authorities prevailed, and as soon as Sarto had established himself in the episcopal palace at Mantua he disarmed all opposition by his winning tact, his urbanity, and his kindly humour.

As he had been a model parish priest, so at Mantua he became a model bishop. His diocese came to be regarded as a standard up to which other bishops were exhorted to bring theirs. After nine years Leo made him a cardinal, and almost immediately afterwards created him Patriarch of Venice. In the hierarchy of the Church of Rome a patriarch is higher than an archbishop. At the head of all stands the Pope; then come the patriarchs, of whom there are three—the Patriarch of the Indies, the Patriarch of Lisbon, and the Patriarch of Venice. Under the patriarch comes the Primate, and after the Primate, Archbishops, Bishops and Suffragans. In the same way as Sarto's nomination to the Bishopric of Mantua was contested by the Mantuans on the ground that they had not been consulted, his appointment to the patriarchate of Venice was opposed by the Italian Government on similar grounds. It was only when the historians and antiquarians had been able to demonstrate that the patriarchate of Venice was antecedent to the ancient Republic of Venice, which had only enjoyed the right of nomination as a temporary privilege which it could not bequeath to its successor, the Kingdom of Italy, that the Italian Government gave way, and Sarto was free to achieve as great a success in Venice as he had already won in Mantua.

Whatever may be his views as to the great feud on which are divided the occupants and followers of the Quirinal and those of the Vatican, there is no question as to the tact and good feeling which he has displayed in his relations with the Italian authorities at Venice. The Italian Government at Venice is, of course, a very different thing in the eyes of the Vatican from the Italian King in Rome. Nevertheless, the fact that he was prompt to wait upon the Italian King on his visit to Venice is remembered in his favour, even by those who note with some alarm the fact that he did not notify his election to the King of Italy, and that therefore all State officials

were forbidden to take any part in the popular rejoicings which invariably accompany the election of a new Pope in Italy. When the King of Italy visited Venice, the patriarch simply took his place in the ante-chamber with the rest of the public. When the King sent him an apology for keeping him waiting, he replied that he had no wish except to take his turn in audience with the others who had come for the same purpose. The significance of this action on his part was emphasised by the report current in those days that Cardinal Rampolla had given him a free hint that he should not do honour to the usurper. If such a hint were given it fell upon deaf ears. Cardinal Sarto not only visited the King, but took part with the Italian Minister of Public Instruction in the ceremony when the foundation-stone of the new Campanile was laid last April.

It must be admitted that his record is wholly in his favour. All who know him speak warmly of his sincerity, his generosity, and his sympathy with the people. He was a Rosminian, but he was too obedient a son of the Church to refuse to submit when Leo XIII. condemned some forty propositions of Rosmini. Once a Rosminian, however, always a Rosminian, and the Jesuits naturally looked somewhat askance at the advent of Cardinal Sarto to the supreme place in the Catholic Church. They have, however, ways and means of their own for reducing recalcitrant Popes to obedience, and they envisage the situation with considerable fortitude.

Cardinal Sarto is said to be no politician in the ordinary sense of the word; but if politics consist in the application of common-sense to the management of human affairs, he seems to have displayed no little political ability in past years. He is a good man—as to that all are agreed—and the

report is persistent that the late Pope told him, shortly before his death, that he would succeed him as Pope, and that he felt sure the interests of the Church would be safe in his hands. Since his accession to the Papacy he has displayed great simplicity of manners, and the artists who came to model his bust were astonished to find that he refused to allow them to kneel; and that the successor to the Apostles, who is also the heir to the Cæsars, noted the time by drawing from his pocket a nickel watch with a very shabby watch-guard.

In his first speech, when receiving the diplomatic representatives accredited to the Vatican, he declared that it was his earnest desire to see the peace of the world strengthened, and it would ever be his endeavour to bring about that end. The Pope, of course, according to his theory, is the natural head of the supreme tribunal constituted for the preservation of the peace of the world. But he is himself excluded from the Hague Court, and it is to be hoped that he will work outside with zeal in the propaganda of peace, and that he will do his utmost to free the Papacy from the reproach of being prejudiced in its consideration of international disputes by its devotion to its lost temporal power.

The most remarkable utterance, however, which has been reported in the early days of his Papacy was the remark which he is said to have made to Cardinal Gibbons, who waited upon him with a deputation of American pilgrims. The Pope is said to have declared that he shared the belief of his visitors in the great destiny of their nation. He added this remarkable expression of his own belief, that the light which came from the United States would rejuvenate Europe. It is singular that the first utterance of the new Pontiff should have been so emphatic a declaration of his belief in the Americanisation of the world. It would seem that Pius X. will be at least as American in his sympathies as his predecessor. Meantime, one of the first appeals that has been made to the new Pontiff reaches him from the Negro Editors' Association in the Southern States, begging him to intercede on behalf of the twenty-nine millions of American Roman Catholics. The appeal is significant, both of the

influence and the limitations of the Papacy in the modern world.

Of Sarto's early life many interesting details are to be learnt from an article contributed by Count Grabinski to "Le Correspondant."

While wishing everyone to know that his was but a humble family, Sarto was far from boasting of his origin. "He had not the pride of the plebeian parvenu": he never posed. When Bishop of Mantua, two of his unmarried sisters came to live with him. "They made no change in their costume, and at Mantua, as later on at Venice, the prelate's sisters were distinguished by the simplicity of their dress, which was that of well-to-do peasants. They never wore hats, covering their heads with the traditional veil of the lower class of Venetians."

Sarto evidently from the first impressed all who had to do with him, as a boy who would make the most of any advantages put in his way. The *curé* of his birthplace was the first to remark him; and he sent him to a gymnasium at Castel Franco, where he had to walk every day and back, a long tramp, especially in the bitter Venetian winters. His success here was remarkable enough to attract the attention of a Cardinal, a compatriot of Sarto's family and of the Bishop of Treviso, who saw



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[Alfieri & Lacroix.

THE PATRIARCH'S HOUSE IN VENICE.

that the youth was sent to Padua. Investigation of the register of Sarto's seminary shows that he was always first in his class of thirty-nine pupils.

When very young he had all the impulsiveness often associated with youth. There is a story of his finding some young men quarrelling in the

streets of Tombolo. One of them uttered a curse. Promptly he felt a smart box on the ear. It was Abbe Sarto, blazing with wrath to find his teachings taking so little effect. With all his early impulsiveness, however, he seems to have been everyone's friend.

Some Books of the Month.

"THE CALL OF THE WILD."

This is the delightful, inimitable study of the life of a dog, which comes to us from an American writer, whose identity is disguised under the pseudonym of "Jack London," charmingly illustrated by more than one American artist. It is a marvellous analysis of what may be described as the spiritual history and psychological evolution of a splendid dog of the Klondyke. Fascinating as a mere boys' story, it is intensely suggestive and subtle. Since Kipling's "Jungle Stories," I have come across no animal story so irresistibly true, or any which enable us to live for a season inside the skin of a quadruped. It is a wonderfully subtle piece of imaginative psychology, which reads in parts like an unintentional parable of the progress of a human soul. The hero of this unique story is a magnificent dog, a cross between a St. Bernard, and a Scotch collie, who spends the first four years of his life in majesty and luxurious ease in his master's country house in the sunny land of California. His fall from this terrestrial paradise was due to no moral fault of his. He was kidnapped by a treacherous undergardener whom he trusted, and sold into bondage to spend the next years of his life under the curse of enforced labour. The story of the way in which the noble animal was broken in by "the man with the club" is horribly real. Buck, for that was the dog's name, is broken to harness, and packed off to the Klondyke to serve in the dog teams which in the early days were the only means of conveying the mails. "Jack London" spent a year in the Klondyke some two or three years ago, and during that time appears to have lived the life and entered into the innermost experiences of the half-savage canine slaves of the Klondyke pioneers. It is a new world into which we are introduced, a world of club and fang, a world of the sternest elemental verities of the struggle for life, in which the weakest go to the wall, and the fittest prove their fitness by devouring those who fall by the way. I know no book that has ever been written by man which enables us to watch the play and interplay of man and beast. While boys read it with avidity as a prime dog-story, the older reader is tormented by discovering at every turn strange, unexpected resemblances between the discipline of Buck and the buckies in the dog team and the experience of mortal men in their mortal pilgrimage. Buck becomes a kind of four-legged prototype of man cast out of paradise, driven to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, disciplined by unremitting labour, developing under that discipline all manner of new faculties, some of which are atavistic revivals of the habits of his ancestors, the subject and the slave of beings of another order, whose purposes he but dimly discerns, but who reign over him with absolute sway.

As man is among the good and evil spirits which control his destiny, so is the team dog among the good and bad men who possess him in turn. The story of Buck's experiences is told with the pen of a master inspired by the intuitive genius of a woman's heart. There are chapters which can hardly be read aloud without tears. The splendid animal, hero of this epic of the North, becomes magnificently human with a valour and an affection transcending indeed the valour and affection of mere human heroes. Buck applies himself diligently to the duties imposed upon him, he becomes first dog of his team and the king dog of the Klondyke. But before he achieves this supreme position, he nearly perishes from the brutal treatment of one of his many masters; but when almost ready to perish, he is rescued and redeemed by the love and devotion of a frontiersman, whose life he saves, and whose death at the end he avenges with the splendid fury of a Berserker. He acquires the vices of his environment, and side by side with his evolution manwards there is a constant tendency to revert to the savage instincts of his ancestors. In his dreams, Buck sees visions of the men of the Stone Age who first tamed the wild wolf and made him the progenitor of the dog, as mortals in their dreams have visions of a long-forgotten past, whose deep-buried instincts stir within their souls. He hears "the Call of the Wild." His primeval instincts yearn for complete

satisfaction in the wild freedom of the wolf pack. He is torn in twain between his passionate devotion to man, his deliverer, and the elemental longing for the liberty and license of the wild. The two processes, the ethic and the cosmic, are working in him all the time. At last the Indians slay his benefactor. Buck avenges his master, and then, surrendering himself to "the Call of the Wild," becomes the king of the wolf pack, as he had formerly been king of the dog team; and so this weird, entrancing tale ends with the apotheosis of the hero dog, achieved by means of his entire reversion to the ancestral type. It is a wonderful story, and one which will take its place as a classic alike of the school library and of the philosopher's study.

"SIX CHAPTERS OF A MAN'S LIFE."

Another book which is also, in a sense, a call from the wild, is Victoria Cross' "Six Chapters of a Man's Life" (Scott Publishing Company). Victoria Cross is a woman of genius. Her "Anna Lombard" was a powerful and daring study of a problem which few writers would have ventured to discuss. In that story we had a wonderful picture of selfless love of man for woman, in which both were worthy, although one was weak, although not so weak as not to be capable of being redeemed by the self-sacrificing love of the other. In this new book of hers we have as a companion picture a tragic tale of a love that was lust, a love that sought only the satisfaction of the senses, and a love which brought with it its own exceeding terrible retribution. The two tales are as diverse as Heaven and Hell. It is a painful book to read, and a difficult book to forget. It is a vision of lost souls mutually tempting and tempted, with no redeeming gleam from a higher and purer world. There are practically but two characters—a man and a woman. The man is dissolute, the woman emancipated from all the conventions, although until she meets him her emancipation had not led her to lose her maid's estate. After they meet they are mutually consumed by selfish passion. She flings herself at his head, gives up a fortune to travel with him, disguised as a man, in the East. He struggles for a moment against accepting the sacrifice, then yields, and the story goes swiftly to the inevitable denouement. The concluding chapters are of unredeemed horror, both mental and physical.

"All for Love; or, the World Well Lost" is the title of an old play. Here we have the world itself bartered for selfish love, and in the end the man loses both love and the world. There will be much outcry against it, on the score of the subject and its treatment. But there is no mistaking the sombre earnestness of the morality which it enforces. It is a drama rather than a novel, and a sermon rather than a drama. It is a homily upon the old text, "The woman tempted me and I did eat"—with consequences which might be expected. Zola's "Nana" is not exactly a Sunday-school book, but few more lurid sermons were ever preached upon the old text, "He knoweth not that the dead are there and that her guests are in the depths of hell." Victoria Cross' heroine, Theodora, is not a demi-mondaine or courtesan. She is a highly educated, decadent, epicurean young woman, who, with a practised voluptuary, set herself to obtain the maximum of enjoyment that two human beings can supply to each other, and succeeded in achieving the highest degree of pleasure for both. For a time—and then the crash came. It is a sombre and somewhat abhorrent contrast to, and complement of, "Anna Lombard." But studies of lost souls, making their damnation sure, are somewhat gruesome reading.

"JERUSALEM."

Miss Selma Lagerlöf's "Jerusalem" is a curious book, full of the same strange, sweet savour of the North land that charmed us in her previous book, "From a Swedish Homestead." It is a tale of a colony of peasants who, under the leadership of an apostle of something very like Christian Science, went to Jerusalem to live—and many of them to die. It is a good book—in some things a great book—and it will confirm the estimate which places Miss Lagerlöf not far off from the great Scandinavian novelists whose fame is international.

LITERARY GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

Dr. G. W. Balfour, the uncle of Robert Louis Stevenson, who died the other day at a ripe age, was the author of several medical works of great repute. One of these he entitled "The Senile Heart," and the story is told that a well-known journalist, seeing a copy of the work lying about, was caught by its striking title and carried it off for review under the impression that it was a novel by a new writer. On examining it later on, his disgust was unbounded when he found that its real character was as remote from what he expected as was Ruskin's "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds" to the Northern farmer, whose sense of disillusionment, when he came to look into his purchase, is said to have been couched in language both forcible and picturesque.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing a new and important historical work, entitled "The Love Affairs of Mary, Queen of Scots," by Major Martin Hume. The author is the first living authority on the diplomatic history of the Elizabethan period, and has himself edited for the Record Office the full text translations of the Spanish State Papers of Elizabeth.

Mr. Lewis Hind, who has been the Editor of the "Academy" during the last few years, is about to resign his position. Under Mr. Hind's editorship the "Academy," with which "Literature" was incorporated a year or so since, has successfully maintained its position as a leading organ of the literary and artistic worlds. Mr. Hind is to be succeeded by Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore, a son of Canon Teignmouth Shore.

In 1900 Messrs. Bell & Sons issued a paper-covered edition of Calverley's "Verses and Translations," and the little book found numerous purchasers, some of whom were then emboldened to ask for an edition in the same *format* of the more famous "Fly Leaves." Now we have the announcement that this is to be issued. "Fly Leaves" first appeared about thirty years ago, and containing as it did such masterpieces of parody as "The Cock and the Bull," and "Lovers," and "A Reflection," together with the exquisite nonsense of the ballad with the refrain "Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese," there was little wonder that it delighted all into whose hands it fell who had any appreciation of wit and satire.

Our German cousins (says the "Westminster Gazette") are nothing if not statistical. A writer in "Bühne und Welt" has been computing the number of performances of Shakespeare's plays on the German stage during the twenty years 1880-1900, and he finds the four plays most frequently given were the following: "Othello," which was given 2,009 times; "Hamlet," 1,783 times; "Taming of the Shrew," 1,636 times; and "Romeo and Juliet," 1,540 times. The popularity of "Taming of the Shrew" relatively to that of some of the other plays, strikes one as exceedingly curious.

In the latest list of acquisitions to the library of the British Museum (says the London "Daily Chron-

icle") is a little volume of verse, entitled "Murmurs of the Stream," the earliest publication of a young English emigrant, who was destined to become the foremost Australian statesman, and the leader of the Federal movement, which he did not live to see consummated. When it was issued to subscribers half a century ago, the future Sir Henry Parkes was keeping a children's toy shop in Hunter Street, Sydney, manufacturing billiard-balls, coming to the front as a Radical orator, and contributing to the "Poets' Corner" of the Sydney papers. "Murmurs of the Stream" is now an exceedingly rare book. The belated copy that the British Museum has secured bears the book-plate of a member of one of the oldest Australian families, the Dangars. In his preface Parkes described the contents of the book as "records of feeling scattered over fifteen years." It is divided into two sections—"Political and Other Verses" and "Attempts at Sonnet Writing." The latter is dedicated to Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart., the Grand Old Man of the Commonwealth, who was practising as a physician in Sydney seventy years ago, and is now living in the vicinity of London, at the age of ninety-five.

In the "Church Quarterly" the most noticeable paper is one on Jane Austen and her biographers, which all who can enjoy her charming pictures of a century ago will read with great pleasure. Miss Austen's fame is evidently steadily on the increase. Yet that fame was restricted in her own day. "She made only £700 by her works during her life-time; the 'Annual Register' for 1817 did not mention her death; and the verger of Winchester Cathedral was surprised that strangers should ask to see her grave."

There is an interesting letter among those to Mrs. Hughes, published in the "Century," which sheds a light on the financial catastrophe which befell Sir Walter Scott. When Constables failed, and the novelist was involved in the loss, he wrote to his friend in the most cheerful spirit, refusing condolences. "Looking at the thing at the worst point of view," he says, "I cannot see that I am entitled to claim the commiseration of anyone, since I have made an arrangement for settling those affairs to the satisfaction of every party concerned . . . which leaves an income with me ample for all the comforts and many of the elegancies of life." Again, "At Abbotsford we will cut off all hospitality, which latterly consumed all my time, which was worse than the expence . . . we part with an extra servant or two, manage our household economically, and in five years, were the public to stand my friend, I should receive much more than I have lost." This was the proper temper of a brave man.

"Highways and Byways," by Inglis Allen (says "T.P." in "M.A.P.") will, I feel confident, be ranked among the successful books of the year, when the time comes for reviewing the printed output of 1903. Whether Mr. Allen be a wit or a humourist—the border line between the two is as narrow as that sundering genius from insanity—he is certainly funny, very funny. In these sketches, which originally appeared in "Punch," the educated working man, particularly in his moments

of "relaxation," is mainly Mr. Allen's theme. The book has a laugh on every page, and half-a-dozen on most. And it has a moral, too—the moral summed up by the negro parson in Georgia: "All dat education does foh some folks is to learn dem a few mo' words to talk foolishness with." Only twenty-four years ago did Mr. Allen see the light in London town. Of middle height, fairly athletic build, with light-brown hair, a fair moustache, grey eyes, and a good nose and chin, he is, on the whole, a typical young Englishman of the public-school type. A wholesome, clever young man, who seems to find the world a jolly old world, and certainly does his best to make it so. He went to school first of all at Folkestone, then to Merchant Taylors', and in due course went up to Oxford (Oriel) only to be "sent down." When Mr. Allen finally came down from Oxford "Punch" was one of the first papers he attacked, possibly because his great grandfather was none other than Douglas Jerrold. A polite note to Sir Francis Burnand to the effect that he had just come down from the 'Varsity, and would like to contribute to "Punch," brought an equally polite response that there was no royal road to "Punch," but anything he sent in would be carefully considered. So he sent in a "Highway and Byway," and, greatly to his amazement, it was not only published, but he was asked for more.

In the new volume of Carlyle's letters, which is just being issued, the correspondence embraces many years, and many of Carlyle's letters of his early manhood and middle life will be included. Here is an extract from a letter addressed at Chelsea, in April, 1835, to Allan Cunningham, which has not yet been added to the published correspondence of the Sage: "I must, as I often tell you, have some more songs; but we must wait the inspired hour for these, work while it is called to-day! As for my uninspired self, nothing can exceed the bilious stupefaction in which I sit for these many weeks, as if spellbound; struggling, with scarcely perceptible result. One must struggle on; what else? I have heard my brave father say, in tasks that had frightened back stronger-looking men than he, 'I will gar myself do it.'"

Side by side in the London "Times" are tributes in verse to Lord Salisbury, by "A.A." and Mr. Harold Begbie. The Laureate concludes his poem thus:

"Both the lowly and the great
Here may learn how Virtue far
Outsoars din and dust of State,
And what tinsel Honours are.
Acclamations have their day:
Quiet Fame is fame for aye."

Mr. Begbie's last verse runs:

"Last of our English barons,—to the dust
We yield thee back; home on the mother breast
Of England lay thy head,—the heavy trust
Laid down, the constant fealty proved, the quest
Of life discovered. Ever be thy rest
Unhaunted by sad echoes, on that marge,
Of England's crumbling pow'r, or loosening of her
charge."

Mr. Begbie, it will be seen, appears to take a somewhat pessimistic view of England's future.

Reviewing Mr. Sheldon's "Reformer," the "Daily Chronicle" says: "Mr. Sheldon is a force; he has caught the public ear; two pamphlets of his have sold by the hundred thousand. It is worth while to en-

list this force and turn it to the most effective use against the powers of evil. But Mr. Sheldon is not a Dickens, a Charles Reade, or even a Besant. He is not a novelist. His story simply presents a few lay figures carrying Blue-books. Why drag in the lay figures? There is nothing to be ashamed of in not being a novelist; indeed, it is rather a distinction. Mr. Sheldon would do better to write directly. He has the enthusiasm, the knowledge, and the mysterious tears in the voice that catch the sentiment of readers of the more emotional sort. And the purpose of this review is to turn him aside from story writing, in which he does not excel—we put it mildly—to the direct appeal."

Are titles important? (asks the "Daily Mail"). Does the public buy titles, or does it go by authors or by something else? If you ask an author he will tell you that the selection of a title gives him the utmost concern. Publishers also are easily impressed by titles, and have in some cases proved more successful inventors than authors themselves. Stevenson wanted to style his famous tale of adventure "The Sea Cook," undeniably a fascinating title; but his editor sternly decided on "Treasure Island," and we believe he was right. Mr. W. P. James, in a pleasant essay, points out that Dickens usually wrote up to a title. He chose his name with the utmost care, and when that fact was accomplished, seemed content. The writing was a mere matter of course. In his memoranda were found nineteen titles for novels unused. As Mr. James remarks, the English novel began by calling itself after the hero or heroine, such as "Tom Jones" or "Clarissa," but presently aspired to be bolder and more picturesque. "Old Mortality" was an excellent title, and Scott's publisher, who invented some of his titles, such as "Rob Roy," began to conceive of himself as part author of the novels!

George Eliot was not very apt or happy with her titles, for "The Mill on the Floss" was her publisher's. Both Thackeray and Dickens, who were particular about their names, were fortunate, and "Vanity Fair" has never been beaten. "Our Mutual Friend" is an admirable title, despite the fact that it is inaccurate English; but in bringing the charge against Dickens, people do not seem to remember that the phrase is not his, being the golden dustman's. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the use of it has materially corrupted our well of English undefiled.

But we come back to the original problem. The author takes immense pains to get him a good title; but are his pains thrown away? Nothing could be duller and less inspiring than such names as "John Inglesant" or "Robert Elsmere," two of the most popular novels of a generation. Mrs. Humphry Ward has, in fact, been invariably faithful to the old style of nomenclature. Certainly a title that cannot be pronounced, or is easily mispronounced, is a bar against a book's success. And yet a strain of the unusual is probably attractive. But on the whole it is probable that titles matter very little to the sale of a book—less, certainly, than the author or the publisher thinks.

Mr. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, the well-known publisher, says: "My experience is that titles do not sell books." In proof of this he instances Hugh Conway's "Called Back." The name certainly was an admirable one, and was chosen out of fourteen names submitted by the author. Yet "it had no appreciable sale for about three months." "Still further—I may mention that the manager of one of the most influential papers in the Midlands wrote, making an offer to publish the story serially, if I would consent to change the

title"! "Called Back" has sold upwards of 400,000 copies. Mr. Arrowsmith gives the list of alternative titles supplied by Hugh Conway. We give it as a curiosity. They were: "Clouds," "Gilbert Vaughan's Tale," "Light from Darkness," "From Darkness to Light," "At One Time of My Life," "Not Impossible," "Scattered Clouds," "Husband and Wife," "A Method in Her Madness," "Jangled and Out of Tune," "Dawn at Last," "Between Ourselves," "Hope Deferred," "Called Back."

The author of "A Merchant's Letters to His Son" is himself the son of a novelist, Dr. Lorimer, a well-known avine, who has just published "The Master of Millions." Dr. Lorimer (says a critic) writes with vivacity and resource; his plot is ingenious and complicated, and his canvas is bewilderingly crowded with characters. Exciting adventures, love affairs, slumming, telepathy, theological discussions, are all woven into his story. Edinburgh, London, an emigrant ship at sea, the Australian bush, a Bloomsbury lodging-house, a steamship office in the City, the East-end, etc., etc., with breathless rapidity, become in turn the scenes of the chapters. Dawney Macgillivray, falsely accused of robbery in the "Prologue," reappears fifty years later in the "Drama," as the modest Pitsligo Tysford, the Austranian millionaire, whose wealth enables him to make his niece "Fiona" and the Duke of Kincardine happy, and to do other beneficent things. "Fiona," as a poor but lovely typewriter, had won the susceptible duke's heart. Nancy Gowanlock, the lodginghouse-keeper, and her good husband Dick, Tina the housemaid, and Mitchie Carfrae, the clerk-lodger, not to speak of other characters, all play a more or less important part in the story. And, certainly, mention should not be omitted of the East-end clergyman, nearly seven feet in height, "whose form at once suggested the Farnesian Hercules and the Apollo Belvidere, and whose head might have served as a model for an ideal Plato." Father Blair Hamley by name, he closes a tete-a-tete talk with "Fiona" with "Pax vobiscum," and does many meritorious things. When Dr. Lorimer gives us such a liberal measure of adventure and stirring incident—nearly 600 closely-printed pages—it is perhaps a little ungrateful to utter complaint of sundry inaccuracies of no great importance.

Of "The House on the Sands," by Charles Marriott, the "Daily Chronicle" declares: "This is a very dreary novel. Mr. Marriott has an idea for unifying the British Empire without recourse to preferential tariffs; but even the Birmingham leaflets are more

entertaining than Mr. Marriott's pamphlets. He makes his hero President of the Board of Trade, in order to pass an Imperial Shipping Bill, under which the State becomes a shipowner. This stimulates emigration to Canada, but it will scarcely stimulate Mr. Marriott's readers. The Colonies are much impressed by Mr. Godfrey Julian's wisdom, and the world in general goes ahead with State Socialism so rapidly that Germany nationalises her tobacco industry. But the whole business, as it is expounded by Mr. Marriott, is simply unreadable. It may be good or bad policy for the Government to own Atlantic liners instead of subsidising them; but it is desperately bad material for a novelist. How a writer of Mr. Marriott's discernment could have supposed that the chapter on the second reading of the Shipping Bill was convincing or even intelligible, passes our comprehension."

The well-known writer of tales for boys, W. Gordon Stables, M.D., has written a volume on "How to be Healthy and Strong." At thirty years of age he was condemned to death by a well-known heart specialist. Against that sentence he appealed to his own common sense and such knowledge of medicine as is possessed by a surgeon in the Royal Navy. He climbed St. Paul's Cathedral, thinking, "I might as well drop down dead at once, and have it over," then one of the Crystal Palace towers, and afterwards Sir Walter Scott's monument at Edinburgh. And he survived. All this happened a quarter of a century ago, and Dr. Gordon Stables has not dropped down dead. Since then he has climbed mountains, and "can strip now as well as most men of my years, and have not a pound of superfluous fat on my whole body." Moreover, he preaches health and the means of its acquisition to a huge audience. The open window, the cold bath, the steady walk, the afternoon siesta—so easy for the bank-clerk—these are recommended, and alcohol and tobacco are, if not forbidden, at least limited severely. In short, the man who is to live long and strong is to observe the rules that most sensible men follow when they are old enough to be either fool or physician. "How to breathe" has a chapter to itself, and it is odd that so many people who have been breathing for years have not learned to perform the operation properly. Dr. Stables holds that "no man can be a gentleman, and no woman a lady or beautiful, who breathes otherwise than through the nostrils." People who breathe otherwise snore, and "are a most intolerable nuisance in a household. They are frequently found suffocated in bed." This (says a critic) seems to hint at unsuspected marital savagery.

Laying Bricks by Machinery.

A new machine for laying bricks, or rather for adjusting them after they have been laid by hand, has been invented by John Henry Knight, of Barfield, England. The machine does all the skilled labour, and all the necessary hand work is the spreading of the mortar and the placing of the bricks roughly upon it. The following description is from "Cosmos" (Paris):

The work is divided among three men. The first spreads a bed of mortar, the second lays the bricks simply side by side, leaving a small space between them, and the machine then gives them their correct position, and thus does all the expert work. All the necessary movements are executed by it in a perfectly automatic manner, the third workman, who runs it, having only to turn a handle.

The machine rolls on a horizontal traverse, furnished with a steel shoe, which is raised by the thickness of a brick each time that the wall is one layer higher. The handle acts through a train of cogs, whose teeth engage the links of a chain that extends the length of the traverse.

The machine carries a long, horizontal rule, which in its motion bears against the edges of the bricks, and puts them in alignment. A hammer, worked by a cam, strikes against the end of each brick, and forces it against the one that has just been laid, raising a layer of mortar that forces itself up between the two. Another wheel is supplied with cams that strike the upper face and cause the bricks to stick to the mortar beneath them. The inventor thinks that each set of workmen can thus lay five hundred to six hundred bricks an hour.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN!"

REPORT OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE WAR.

BY W. T. STEAD.

At last there is some hope that the British public will realise the gravity of the situation with which it has to deal. The matter is too serious for party recriminations. The fact that the Royal Commissioners appointed by the present Government to sit in judgment upon the war—or, rather, upon the preparations for the war—have unanimously returned a verdict which justifies, and more than justifies, every criticism which has been passed in these pages upon their imbecility, need not concern us now. What we have to face is an official admission, based upon indisputable first-hand evidence, that the elect of the nation, an Administration specially installed in office because of its supposed zeal for the unity and safety of the Empire, utterly failed in making indispensable provisions for a contingency which their own policy rendered inevitable.

Whether we call it softening of the brain or give it some less alarming label, there is no doubt about the fact. The Royal Commissioners have discovered and certify to all the world that this Empire of ours is without a guiding, directing, or governing brain. Our rulers have ceased to think things out. Over and over again the Report declares "Nothing was thought out." There is no co-ordination, not even apparently postal, let alone telephonic, communication between the different lobes of what by courtesy may be described as the administrative brain. The various departments function separately. They do not even seem to have a common nervous system. Colonial Ministers play for war, and the War Office is left to assume that the Empire is to remain at peace. The Intelligence Department prints reports, and the Secretary of State for War never seems to read them until it is too late, and Mr. Balfour never seems to read them at all.

How Government Prepared for War.

We have been saying this, or the substance of this, ever since the war began, and were abused for anti-patriotic bias for our pains. To be a patriot it was necessary to wink at this appalling system of maladministration and of official ignorance and ineptitude. But now let us see what the "Times," that stout advocate of the war and

of its authors, has to tell us in its leading article summarising the finding of the Commission. It says (August 26):

The state of unpreparedness for the South African war, or, indeed, for any war whatever, revealed by the report, can only be described as appalling. It was true we had a certain number of men with the colours and in the Reserve, and a mobilisation scheme which worked satisfactorily when finally put into operation. But everything else was lacking. Though it had been known for years that khaki uniforms would be required for active service, there was no reserve of anything but scarlet and blue, and some 40,000 suits of drill too thin for the South African climate. After the war broke out, it was discovered that the Lee-Enfield rifles, the manufacture of which had been going on for years, were wrongly sighted. The Mark IV. bullet, of which 66,000,000 rounds were in stock, was suddenly discovered to strip in the rifle, and disable the men who fired it. The boots were bad, and the situation was saved only by drawing on the stores of the Indian army. There was practically no reserve of saddlery, very few horse-shoes, no mule shoes whatsoever. The cavalry sword was the "very worst that could possibly be used," according to Sir J. French, and there were only eighty of these precious instruments in reserve. The two army corps for foreign service had neither transport nor transport animals, and, though it is impossible to maintain a complete supply of transport for every country and climate in which our Army may be called upon to wage war, not a penny of expenditure on the most essential preparations was sanctioned, in spite of the imminence of war, till September 22, three weeks before the Boer ultimatum. With regard to remounts, there was no system of obtaining in time of peace information as to horse supplies in foreign countries for the contingency of a serious war; nor had any system for the efficient working of the remount department in the field been thought of before the war. Similarly, there was no preparation for a state of war on the financial side. Our system of accounts, like our Army system all through, was—and is—based on the supposition of permanent peace. There was—and is—no provision for a sufficient supply of officers after mobilisation. There was—and is—no scheme for organising the services of Colonial and home Volunteers. The information which the Intelligence Department managed to collect, though terribly handicapped by lack of money, was "for all practical purposes neglected." There was no plan of campaign. The generals successively sent to command in South Africa received no definite instructions as to what was expected of them, and were not even informed of the existing local schemes of defence. The whole of the Staff arrangements had to be improvised after the war started, with disastrous results. "Nothing had been thought out," is the constantly-recurring criticism of the Commissioners.

Twenty-one Millions a Year for This!

To this damning indictment of the way in which we were left unprepared for war, it is only necessary to add that Ministers received from the taxpayers in 1897 and in 1898, the two years before the war, no less a sum than £21,000,000 each year with which to prepare for war, not merely against a brace of petty Republics, but against the greatest military empires in the world.

Twenty-one millions sterling spent on the Army, and only this to show for it! The Germans in these years spent £24,000,000 only, and had an army ready for action of 500,000 in peace, and 3,000,000 in time of war. The French, for a similar sum, had 600,000 men with the colours, and had stores and weapons for 2,500,000 in time of war. We spent £21,000,000, and what had we for it? Rifles wrongly sighted, bullets that stripped in the barrel, no uniforms, no remounts, no transport, no saddlery reserve, a regular army of 165,000 men, and an irregular, unorganised mob of 500,000 militiamen and volunteers without officers or *matériel*. If we took our men by conscription, and paid neither officer nor private for their services, we should save £5,000,000 per annum, so that we may deduct that sum from the twenty-one millions to make the comparison complete. But even then the German and the Frenchman get a real army for their money, thoroughly equipped for war, whereas we have only a phantom host of men more or less in uniform, who are neither equipped nor trained for war.

If We Had Gone to War with France?

We shudder at the mere idea of what would have become of us if, instead of having to deal with a handful of Boers in South Africa, we had been called upon to face the armed might of a really great military Power. Suppose, for instance, that our Fashoda bluff had failed, and we had gone to war with France in 1898? Our navy would probably have saved us. But the question recurs persistently, if the Royal Commission is right in its findings as to the state of the Army, wherein should we be worse off if we had no army at all? No one can pretend that such a force as that which is now gibbeted before the scoffing eyes of our rivals can possibly deter any great Power from meditating an attack upon us. The British Army to Germany and to France and to Russia is a mere scarecrow, out of which all the stuffing has been knocked by this Report on the Boer War. For we cannot lay the flattering unction to our souls that things are going to be any better in the future than they have been in the past. The Royal Commissioners unanimously "regret that we are not satisfied that enough is being done to

place matters on a better footing, in the event of another emergency."

The Military Methods of the New Diplomacy.

When Sir Redvers Buller was appointed to the chief command in South Africa, Lord Salisbury approached him privately to ask for his advice. Sir Redvers at once laid his finger upon the vital malady of the whole situation. "The War Office," he said, "has no idea of how matters are proceeding . . . they do not know how fast diplomacy is moving"; and then the soldier added a word of counsel which the statesman ought not to have needed. "The situation is one in which the diplomatic authorities should consult the military authorities." Good advice this, although belated, but it does not appear to have been taken. Sir Redvers went at once to Lord Wolseley, then Commander-in-Chief, and told him how serious things were. Lord Wolseley then wrote to Lord Lansdowne the same day, saying: "The first intimation I have had that our negotiations with the Transvaal Government have reached an acute stage has come to me from Sir R. Buller."

At that time, it will be remembered, the decks were being cleared for action in South Africa. War was in the air. The Boers regarded it as a foregone conclusion. But the Commander-in-Chief was the last man apparently to be informed of it, and he only came to hear of it through a private conversation between Lord Salisbury and General Buller. This is, indeed, a kind of blind-man's-buff diplomacy. To adopt a policy which might lead to war, and which as a matter of fact did lead to war, and carefully to refrain from letting your Commander-in-Chief know anything about it—this is a procedure more worthy of Bedlam than of Downing Street. Primarily, of course, Lord Salisbury, as Prime Minister, was responsible. But after Lord Salisbury, who does not appear to have taken any pains to keep his colleagues in touch with each other, the chief onus of responsibility lies upon Mr. Chamberlain, and after him upon Lord Lansdowne, who is roundly told by three of the Commissioners that he was either ignorant or guilty of neglect. Lord Salisbury has passed from amongst us. Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Lansdowne remain for judgment.

The Commission and Its Report.

So much for the general effect of the Report. Now, for some details.

The Report forms a Blue Book of 140 pages. It embodies the conclusions of the members of the Royal Commission after addressing 22,000 questions to 114 witnesses, who were fifty-five days in giving evidence. They began to take evidence in October, 1902. Lord Elgin was Chairman. The two most active and useful members of the Com-

mission were Lord Esher and Sir Taubman Goldie. The other members were Sir Henry Norman, Field-Marshal Sir John Edye, Sir John Hopkins, Sir John Jackson, Lord Strathcona, and Sir Fred Darley. They took evidence with closed doors, in order to induce the military witnesses to speak freely. They abstained from discussing questions of strategy, and practically confined themselves to the question as to the preparation or want of preparation for war, and the supplies of men and material.

Its Findings and Its Recommendations.

The work of the Commission seems to have been very thoroughly performed. Their conclusions are very moderately expressed. It would have been quite logical if they had wound up by recommending that Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Lansdowne should be impeached for high treason. Certainly, all the so-called pro-Boer traitors put together inflicted less injury upon their country, even if the worst that is said against them were true, than these negligent preoccupied incompetents. The recommendations of the Commission are of less importance. The supreme service which they have rendered to the nation is that of enabling it to see how little value it gets for its war taxes, and with what plentiful lack of wisdom our Imperial policy is administered. When the electors realise what the policy of "muddling through" involves, they will, if there is still life left in the old dog, make a clean sweep of all those who are responsible for the lamentable tragedy of blunderheaded incompetence.

Lord Lansdowne's Ignorance.

The first thing that stands out very clearly is that the Intelligence Department did its duty in reporting as to the facts of the Boer armaments, which began after the Jameson Raid, but that the Minister most concerned did not read them or act upon them. The report states:—

We were definitely informed by Lord Lansdowne that the papers of the Intelligence Division were never officially communicated to him as the basis of any proposals through the regular channel, i.e., by order of the Commander-in-Chief. There arises, therefore, this somewhat extraordinary state of affairs, that the Secretary of State for War first had his attention specifically directed to important War Office papers by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, to whom they had been communicated in a sufficiently formal manner to enable him to use them officially, and to enable the Secretary of State for War to send an official reply.

Were Lord Wolseley and Lord Lansdowne not on speaking terms? It would almost seem so. But what can we think of a Secretary of State for War who has been twice warned by the Colonial Secretary as to the grave peril of a British Colony, who never takes the trouble to read "important War

Office papers," in which his own officers had embodied the result of their investigations?

The end of this kind of happy-go-lucky method of managing or mismanaging the affairs of the Empire was the war, with all its disasters.

The Bloemfontein Conference ended on June 5, 1899. On July 7 Lord Wolseley, acting apparently on his own initiative, suggested that 10,000 men should be sent out. Ten days later, General Buller said he saw "no necessity for sending out any troops in advance of the Army Corps," which it was taken for granted would be sent. On August 18 Lord Wolseley again asked that 10,000 men should be sent out. And in September they were sent from India. War broke out early in October, and the troops thus tardily sent were just able to save Ladysmith.

A Government That Did Not Govern.

But what of the conduct of the war? There was no plan of campaign. Generals were sent out without any instructions as to what the Government wanted them to do. The information carefully collected by the Intelligence Department was ignored. The Government, in fact, did not govern. It let things drift, and trusted to General Buller to pull them through. The Empire, in short, stands revealed as a huge amorphous conglomeration without any brain. As it foresaw nothing, thought out nothing, and did not even read the reports of its own Intelligence Department, so it prepared for nothing. They no sooner found themselves at war than they discovered that their arsenals were empty.

Our Empty Arsenals.

The Report says:

These deficiencies in stores and *matér ieldid* not arise solely from the occurrence of a great and sudden emergency, but disclosed a condition of affairs justly described by Lord Lansdowne in his Minute of May 21, 1900, as "full of peril to the Empire," inasmuch as "we were not sufficiently prepared even for the equipment of the comparatively small force which we had always contemplated might be employed beyond the limits of this country in the initial stages of a campaign." No facts of more serious import have come to light in the course of this inquiry than those which are summarised in the Minute just quoted.

Sir Henry Brackenbury's minute on our deficiencies in *matériel* of war was presented to the Cabinet on December 15, Black Saturday, the day of Colenso. Even before that, in November, 1899, the Government had to cable to Sir Redvers Buller that "there is only eight weeks' supply of Mark II. .303 in ball ammunition in the country, and all gun ammunition will be exhausted before eight weeks." Where should we have been if we had been involved by this Government, which thinks out nothing, in a war with a really formidable foe?

The Commissioners do not demand that anyone should be hanged for this. All that they can bring themselves to say concerning the incredible indifference of the Cabinet to the warnings of their own Intelligence Department is that "we are not prepared to say that in estimating the admitted risks of the policy which they adopted, the Cabinet itself gave due consideration to this very essential point."

Imagine the effect of similar slovenly negligence in a really great war, and ask if this milk-and-water "not prepared to say . . . the Cabinet gave due consideration," is adequate to the occasion. The Cabinet gave the matter no consideration. Mr. Balfour did not even read the reports of his own officers; and Lord Salisbury publicly admitted his ignorance of the information which, year after year, his own agents had been pouring into the War Office. An Empire so "governed" is like a ship left to drift among the breakers by a drunken captain and a sleeping crew.

Have We Profited by the Lesson?

Neither is anything being done to profit by the lessons of this disastrous campaign. We have a reserve of military strength in the manhood of the homeland and the Colonies, but we do not know how to utilise it. In 1899, says the Report—there was no preparation whatever for utilising these great resources. Nothing had been thought out either as to pay or organisation, as to conditions of service or even as to arms. Even here in England it was to be "an experiment." The new force was not to be discouraged, but it was allowed to equip itself, and it was denied anything beyond the barest complement of trained officers. We regret to say that we are not satisfied that enough is being done to place matters on a better footing in the event of another emergency. . . But Volunteers and Yeomanry proved themselves of value in the late war under an organisation which was improvised for them in the face of the enemy. Where is that organisation now? So far as we can learn, nothing has been done to collect systematically the valuable experience of the officers who worked that organisation, certainly nothing to formulate that experience, to embody it in hand-books, or to create a framework which would be ready for prompt and effective action.

According to the same authority, "the true lesson of the war in our opinion is, that no military system will be satisfactory which does not contain powers of expansion outside the limit of the Regular forces of the Crown, whatever that limit may be."

The Character of the Troops.

Considerations of space forbid my entering into further detail as to the contents of this most instructive, although most depressing, Report. It abounds in interesting statements as to the character of our troops, the virtues and defects of the

First and Second Yeomanry, and the quality of our Colonial contingents. One witness, speaking of the Colonials, said: "If they were not so useful as British troops for a serious attack which had to be driven home, they, on the whole, were more akin to the Boer than to the Regular in individual resourcefulness, ability to look after themselves, 'instinct for country,' intelligence in scouting and dispatch riding, and so forth." They are half-soldiers by their upbringing, but they require training and discipline by trained officers. The South African Colonists, with the exception of some picked corps, were hardly worth their cost.

Lord Esher's Recommendations.

I have hardly the heart to discuss the changes which Lord Esher puts forward. What is wanted is not so much a change in the system as a change in the character of our people, and a quickened sense of personal responsibility among our governing class. Lord Esher says:

The main defects in the organisation of the War Office, elicited by the evidence, are, first, the want of co-ordination between the branches of that Department, and the consequent weakening of the influence of the Secretary of State with his colleagues in the Government; and, secondly, the absence of a proper system of inspection, ensuring that the military policy of the Secretary of State, sanctioned by the Cabinet and by the votes of Parliament, is carried into effect. When the Secretary of State has made unsuccessful attempts, from time to time, to obtain the assent of the Cabinet to expenditure necessary in the interests of the country, his efforts have been weakened by his failure to show a consensus of military opinion in favour, as the First Lord of the Admiralty continually does, of the policy which he recommends. The condition in 1899, as disclosed in Sir H. Brackenbury's memorandum of our armaments, of our fortresses, of the clothing department, of the transport of the Army Medical Corps, of the system of remounts, shows that either the Secretary of State was culpable of neglect, or that he was in ignorance of the facts.

Lord Esher, Sir Frederick Darley, and Sir John Edge agree with Sir G. Taubman-Goldie's suggestion that there should be compulsory military national education, and Lord Esher observes that it appears to be "the only practical alternative to conscription."

He proposes to abolish the office of Commander-in-Chief, and to appoint a General Officer commanding the Army, who should be outside the War Office altogether. This officer is to exercise the function of Inspector-General of the Army, and to certify annually in writing as to the actual efficiency and sufficiency of the *personnel* and *matériel* of whatever military organisation has been decreed by Parliament. In order to remedy these defects Lord Esher proposes, giving details of his scheme, the establishment of a Council as near as may be on the lines of the Board of Admiralty.

"TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT."

FROM THE ENGLISH "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

(This story was begun in the February number of the "Review of Reviews," and is continued month by month.)

The Keys of Heaven and of Hell.

The Pontifical Marshal solemnly turned the ponderous key from without; the Camerlengo locked the door from within. All entrances save this had been carefully bricked up, the windows barricaded in the lower and shrouded in the upper part of the building. The Sacred College had entered the wing set apart for their deliberations, and were as completely shut off from the world as if they were on some desert island in an illimitable ocean. They were cut off, isolate and imprisoned, till a new Pontiff sat in the Fisherman's chair, and held the keys of Heaven and Hell.

The Bishops took their stand beside the two small hatches by which the Cardinals' food was to enter, the Camerlengo walked at the head of the long and splendid procession, and turning at the end of the room, stood for an instant before pronouncing the benediction.

When the word was spoken the Cardinals retired each to his own among the row of little wooden cells which ran down the long perspective of stately rooms, transforming them for the time being into the semblance of some hastily improvised hospital. Tiny cells they were, furnished with a severe and monastic simplicity, with the bare essentials of comfort.

The morning sun saw them through the stained glass of the Sistine Chapel; each under his canopy, a possible Pope, brooding and silent, while the rich sensuous music of the mass ascended in heart piercing strains to the fretted glory of the roof, and lingered among the carved saints and angels. The light streamed over the mosaic pavement in jewel flames of marvellous colour, striking assonant chords of sonorous purple and resonant red, and tracing deep lines and strange expressions on the meditative faces of the Princes of the Church, now met in conclave.

Great nobles, profound scholars, celebrated theologians, and men world-famous for piety and charity were there, and some who were famous also for that spirit which made the Catholic Church anathema maranatha to England what time she cast her forth. But most of the faces belonged to men who had passed the time when

political intrigue seemed a necessary thing; they were old men, with whom—

The soul's dark casement, battered and decayed, Let in new light, through chinks that time had made.

They were lost in prayer for direction—their eyes, weary of beholding much sorrow, downcast; their ears, full of the echo of human misery, shut to all save the matter which had brought them hither.

Down the long rows, in the shadow of the canopies, each had retired within his own thoughts. All but one. He listened to the Mass, his powerful hands—hands that indicate long descent and a subtle brain—clasped loosely round his knees: Cardinal Rampolla, late Secretary of State, who occupied most minds within the Sistine Chapel that morning.

He formed a striking contrast to the faces next him; and, unlike them, he sat proudly forward, disdaining the shadow of his gorgeous canopy, with his head haughtily erect, his high, narrow forehead crowned by a scarlet biretta: his eyes, deep, sombre, inscrutable, set wide apart below brows black as night, imperious and resolute; his nose long and aquiline, with nostrils delicate as some shell, and the long thin line of pale red lip firmly compressed, which ill prepared the mind for the stubborn squareness of the chin or the heavy, determined jaw. This man would be troubled with no scruple in seizing that he would have, and, once held, it would never be let go. The whole personality suggested a strange feeling, at once fascination and repulsion; admiration might be compounded in the mixture, but it would be an admiration in which fear had the greater part. He was a force, at once imminent and silent, as all great forces are; his eye was as quiet as the illimitable depths of the lower ocean, where no life is: it was power, far-reaching and indomitable. So might Cæsar Borgia have looked had he aspired to be Pope; so also might Prince Machiavelli, that king of double-dealers and graspers after dominion, have gazed out from his place had he been one of the Cardinals that morning. He was the moving spirit of the Conclave; his influence made itself felt like a living thing among the men assembled there to elect a Pope. Somehow, none escaped it; even those who were his political enemies

were made unreasonably conscious of the man's splendid fitness for the Papal throne, of his immense intellectual powers, his subtle reasoning, his talent for intrigue, and his settled determination to restore to Rome that Temporal power of which she had, to his mind, been most unjustifiably robbed.

To make Holy Church once more the Mistress of the World, to set her on the Seven Hills the Arbitrer of Destinies, the refuge of the nations—that was his dream: and it was appallingly near fulfilment.

Beside him Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, "*Bene natus, bene doctus, bene vestitus*," on whom were fixed the hopes of many who desired peace in the land. A saintly face, a tender, sensitive mouth, and dreamy eyes showed more the scholar than the priest. Greatly loved was he, but untried and young for his great position: wisdom is the slowly ripened fruit of sorrowful years. Nearer the altar sat another man, quietly distinguished, and with a suggestion of Rampolla in his fierce eyes and firmly closed lips. He was Cardinal Vannutelli, a force antagonistic and almost as formidable, a different expression of the old type which loved the battle of intellects, and gloried in intrigue; but he stood in opposition to Rampolla, for Vannutelli would emancipate the Church and set it on a fresh foundation. It had been said of him that his first act, were he made Pope, would be to recall the "*Non Expedit*." His wide eye contained a humorous toleration, but his mouth, for all its firmness, drooped at the corners. The man who had been with Maximilian in Mexico at the tragic end, and given ghostly comfort to the ill-fated Comte de Chambord, would not carry his political convictions too far, nor find Liberalism a comfortable doctrine.

Beyond him sat Cardinal Gotti, the Carmelite, a man of holy life and great courage, hampered by his lowly birth and lack of political influence, Rampolla's friend and admirer.

Among these four lay the chances for the Papacy, and Rampolla had the greatest and most imperative claim of them all. Instinctively, even those who were most prejudiced against him could not fail to recognise his strength. The tide during Mass set insistently towards him, silent, immobile, and dominant. The triple tiara already hovered over his narrow forehead, and troubled waters swirled before the Church.

Sitting opposite to Cardinal Rampolla was a man on whom his inscrutable eyes rested from time to time with a slight frown. He was perhaps offended that the peasant who had risen to be Patriarch of Venice should be one of that august assembly. Cardinal Sarto sat with head bowed and thrown a little to one side, so that the wandering lights

showed its fine outline and benevolent, humorous mouth. The kindly eyes were hidden, but the whole face was one that commanded confidence, respect, and love. He belonged to a type now almost obsolete in the Church of Rome, that type which considers that in the end nothing can matter but the soul, which lives wholly with a view to its salvation, which knows no ambitions beyond the happiness of his flock, and is ignorant of all intrigue save those innocent ones that reconcile enemies or re-unite parted friends or lovers: holy, simple, unlettered, such a man as the Master might have called from the shore of Galilee, and said, "Follow Me!" He sat beneath the splendid canopy with a sense of discomfort, and let a cheap, brown rosary fall through his fingers as his thoughts rose, pious and humble, and his aspirations for knowledge of the right.

"O Agnus Dei!" sang the choir in soaring sweetness, while the great organ rolled out thunderous harmonies, and the lights flickered to and fro on the marble pavement between the stalls. How much depended on the choice to be made! Peace for Italy, for the Church, or trouble and discord among the nations, unquiet and heartburnings, and possibly shedding of blood! The chances now hung wavering in the balances. The Pope was infallible. Who could question his right, be it to peace or conflict?

Cardinal Angelo Pietro dropped his head in his hands. Cardinal Ferrari, with one hand on the arm of his chair, and the other supporting his chin, looked across at Rampolla, his brows set in a frown. The Archbishop of Capua struck a note of energy among the rows of time-weary men; he, perhaps, was weighing the pros and cons more effectually than the rest.

The Mass ended, and the Cardinals advanced to take their voting papers, returned to their places, filled them up, and having placed them in the golden chalice which stood on a small table in front of the high altar, stood facing the Tabernacle, and made solemn oath that they had voted according to their conscience. One by one the red and purple clad figures passed back and were absorbed into the shadow of the overhanging canopies. What would be the issue of their voting? Into the silence fell the strident voice of the Scrutineer:

"Rampolla twenty-four!"

"Gotti seventeen!"

"Vannutelli four!"

The long, powerful fingers, now clasped over the lion's paws, relaxed their grip; a curious light sprang into Rampolla's eyes and died out instantly; the mask was never raised. The assembly rose and retired to their cells, returning in the evening for the second ballot. Once again

the ballot was for Rampolla, and he was nearer the triple tiara by five more votes. He sat with his long eyes cast down lest they should betray him. Opposite him, Cardinal Sarto was troubled in soul because of the ten votes given to him. His heart sank before the possibility of more, but was comforted by the thought that the morning would see his neighbour seated on the Papal throne and him on the way back to Venice to his flock.

The strange force which had forcibly taken possession of the Sacred College, and which had presented to them unconsciously the idea of a boundless supremacy and illimitable authority, had been powerless to affect his mind, which was perhaps too simple and healthy to fall beneath such subtle pressure. He was dimly aware that the atmosphere of the Conclave oppressed him, strange thoughts, half-formed, vexed his mind; there were too many warring elements; the air was electric with potentialities of strife.

On Sunday morning there was a most strange trend of feeling among the assembly, a new and unknown element had entered into their deliberations; what it was none of them could rightly tell, but it set the current in a new direction, and away from the inscrutable figure so near the high altar. And this new influence made itself most keenly felt to Cardinal Sarto, thrilling him with a curious sense of great peace. To Cardinal Rampolla it brought intense mental disquiet; he had met with a something wholly unexpected and inexplicable. His mind sought out the cause in vain. Whence came the strange thoughts that were adrift in the Sistine Chapel that Sunday morning? Who was it walked down the mosaic pavement, invisible and all powerful, and set men's minds on holy things? Cardinal Rampolla could not tell. His mind had been trained for the understanding of worldly things. Still, withal, he led. He headed the poll for the third time.

There was a breathless silence following on the cry of the Scrutineer. The light wandered softly to and fro, now crimson, now scarlet, and now purple. That Presence which had come with the Mass and blotted out all worldly aggrandisement and contention, and shown them a better way than strife, had seemingly come too late; Rampolla would be Pope, and the nations would be set against each other. His eyes met those of Sarto, filled with a divine compassion and regret. There was a hurried movement, and Cardinal Kopp rose in his place, his chin thrust aggressively out.

"I am authorised," he said, slowly, "to make known my master's objection to Cardinal Rampolla."

The words acted like an electric shock. A loud murmur ran down the lines of gorgeously-clad

Cardinals. "Did the German Emperor possess the right of veto?"

Almost reluctantly Cardinal Gruscha came to his feet, and in a tremulous voice added the veto of Austria. Austria would have none of him!

The outcry that rose suddenly went echoing among the carved arches to the high roof, and sank again into silence as Cardinal Rampolla, deadly pale, stately and dignified, rose, steadying himself by one hand, and spoke in a voice tense with feeling, which penetrated to every corner of the great building.

"This," he cried, "is a menace to the liberty of the Senate!" He faltered, and his eye met that of Sarto, limpid with sympathy for his humiliation. "I have no ambition to assume the burden of the Papacy," he said quietly. "Nor would I—nor would I have accepted it." His voice swelled out proudly, and he resumed his seat.

He was splendid, contemptuous, and regal till the last. With the shadow of the triple crown upon his brows, it had gone from him. Yet there was a chance, his words might move the Senate to ignore an attempt to interfere with its choice. It remained to be seen!

Another figure rose silently, and every eye was fixed on the strong, sensible countenance which looked out on the Conclave.

"We do not want a political Pope," cried this Cardinal, "but a religious. The Church needs peace within her boundaries. Let us ask for the Divine Spirit, which ignores all save the good."

Cardinal Rampolla's eyes sank, and he fell back beneath his canopy. The Patriarch of Venice regarded him with compassionate benevolence. He had spoken no word during the brief clang of battle; but he was suddenly conscious that the current had set away from the powerful Cardinal, and was tending he knew not whither.

The situation did not seem to have presented itself to him, but it was fully realised by Gotti and Vannutelli, who glanced at each other in astonishment. The veto had disqualified Rampolla, and dissolved Gotti's chances, as, being Rampolla's creature, but left the peasant Sarto at the head of the poll.

In some unaccountable way every man's thoughts were centred on that simple, unworldly figure; his humility, his cheerful spirit, and his saintly character presented themselves before each and all as the epitome of the Christian ideal. The voting brought him still nearer the Papal throne, and filled his mind with a troubled sense of his unfitness for the high office; he returned to his cell burdened with the memory that he stood at the head of the poll, with none near him. Tuesday morning dawned full of the bright Italian

sun, and caressed by that balmy wind which blows through the early morning hours. The Mass was sung, and once again, and for the last time, the Cardinals sat in Conclave; passed up to the High Altar and made oath that they had done according to their conscience. There was a noticeable exultation in each voice as it made the declaration. This would be the final voting!

Rampolla's hopes had gone. He waited in acute apprehension for the name which would pronounce his fate. He had been defeated by something incomprehensible and mysterious. He had felt it himself. Serene, calm, and ineffably removed from all his ambitions and desires, it had pervaded the minds of the assembly. It was useless to fight against the unknown, and it led the Cardinals to their choice. Sarto was Pope! Sarto the peasant, the unlettered man, the friend and comforter of the poor, who had been familiar with poverty and suffering, and that bitter want which is the heritage of the Italian peasant.

There was a sharp, decisive cry "Electus!" and all the canopies rattled down. The joint sovereignty was at an end. Sarto was Pope.

The Camerlengo approached him, and put the question in sonorous Latin.

Are There Fish in the Dead Sea?

This is a question of fact that ought to be easily settled, but apparently there is a difference of opinion in the matter. Emile Maisson writes in "Cosmos" an article on the subject, which we condense as follows:

The prevalent error, according to which the water of this interior sea is quiet, and incapable of agitation, seems to have arisen from the name that it has retained for centuries. . . . This error should no longer exist, now that trustworthy travellers have told us of the huge waves that break on its shores during storms.

The retention of the primitive name [Dead Sea] is due to the fact, which is perfectly certain and well known, that no living creature—neither fish, crustacean, nor mollusc—can live in its waters, with the exception of certain inferior organisms. . . . This fact is attested by the death of the fish carried in by the Jordan, whose bodies serve as food for the birds that fly over the lake in violation of tradition.

Accordingly, I was surprised the other day to read, in a well-known journal of natural science, the following note under the heading "The Stocking of the American Salt Lakes with Fish":

"Up to the present the Dead Sea has been regarded as wanting in fish; the saltiness of its waters has seemed to preclude the development of animal life. But fish have now been discovered, in other salt lakes, in the neighbourhood of the streams that flow into it. So the United States Fish Commission has taken the necessary measures to introduce more than a million of shad fry into the Great Salt Lake of Utah. As the

"Do you accept your election to be Supreme Pontiff?"

The Patriarch put out two tremulous hands, and his eyes overflowed. "I am not worthy!" he cried; "I am not worthy!"

The Camerlengo repeated the question, while the senior Cardinals crowded around, waiting to do homage. In vain Sarto pleaded his peasant blood, his lack of scholarship, his want of diplomacy: What was there in him that fitted him to be Christ's Vicar?

A voice called out from the Altar, "But thou art most worthy, Joseph Sarto, for in thee we see the mind of Christ most clearly reflected!"

The Patriarch bent his head devoutly, and crossed himself. "If God ordains it!" he said, quietly, "His will be done."

And thus it was that the Sacred College went to the Conclave, determined to place upon the Papal throne a man who would have plunged all Christendom into warfare, and who in some mysterious manner were impelled to set upon that throne just such another as that Fisherman whom the Master turned back upon the Appian Way, to suffer and die for His sake.

"Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles!"

affluents reduce the density of the water to a great distance from their mouths, it is hoped that the fish will become easily acclimated and that they will go up the tributaries to spawn."

Now, since the fish carried down by the Jordan are asphyxiated when they have scarcely reached the Dead Sea, how can the fish of the other tributary streams be acclimated in this furnace? The water boils at 105 C. [221 F.], and the magnesium chlorid gives it a detestable taste. Add the chlorids of sodium and calcium and then bromid to taste, and perhaps we may realise that even salt-water fish cannot live in such an element, though it is perfectly limpid.

A bath in Dead-Sea water enables one to realise the difference in density between this water and that of seas in general or that of fresh-water lakes. Eggs float in it. The human body, being lighter than the water of the Dead Sea, swimming in it is difficult, the head alone tending to sink in the water.

At any rate, if the Mormons, or rather the Americans, who have undertaken to stock the Utah lake have been inspired by the example of the Dead Sea, what a strange delusion, truly! Someone, doubtless, standing on the banks of the Jordan, has naively thought that the fishes caught in this river, though the shad is unknown there, were fishes that had ascended the stream from the Dead Sea. It was but a simple April-fool fish [poisson d'Avril] at which a respectable scientist has bitten.

As for the fishes of the Jordan, though I have never cast a line therein, I imagine that they are not especially different from those of the Seine or the Marne.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

Lord Salisbury as a Journalist.

Claudius Clear, in the "British Weekly," exhumes some of Lord Salisbury's newspaper articles contributed to the "Saturday Review" and other journals. Here are examples of some of his portraits sketched in vitriol:

Mr. Gladstone.

"We are very far from believing him insincere; but the tortuous track along which his convictions have driven him has been almost as damaging as actual dishonesty to his fame. Surely for Mr. Gladstone alone must have been devised the Eastern fable, in which, after the fairies have vied in showering their promises and gifts on the infant princess' head, one ugly old witch who has been forgotten in the invitations, comes forward and fixes on her one curse, by which all the other favours shall be marred. There must have been an Oriental Gladstone in the country where this allegory was imagined. High character, eloquence that no rival can approach, great financial skill, enormous capacity for work, have all been bestowed on him, and bestowed in vain. Some malign influence strangely brooding over him forbids him to form any definite or consistent creed. Swayed now by passion, now by crotchet, he disgusts, by his violent oscillations, each political section in turn; and has become the standing difficulty of political leaders, who do not like to have a man with so much eloquence for their enemy, or a man with so many enemies for their friend."

Lord Palmerston is handled with little mercy, though he is preferred to Lord John Russell. Was not Palmerston's success mainly due to his immense physical strength and sound health?

Lord Palmerston.

"He is as much superior to Lord John Russell as a woman who has only had one lover is better than a social evil. He is not habitually false; his policy is marked rather by boldness than by intrigue; he has given way to only one deception; but that is a deception which has lasted through his whole life, and has vitiated his whole career. His training was Tory, his convictions are Conservative; but Liberalism is the winning game, and he has no taste for forlorn hopes. The result is a half-heartedness of conduct, and a doubleness of language that has ruined a reputation which might otherwise have been unblemished, has made him many bitter enemies, and left him few earnest friends. His disqualifications for being a Liberal are only two; they are, that he can't endure Reform, and that he abominates Dissent. But a man who wishes to lead a party of which Reformers and Dis-senters are the principal supports must needs occasionally present a tub, or at least a bucket, to each of these formidable whales. The gallant troops behind him are quite prepared to use their bayonets for the purpose of quickening his pace whenever it becomes too scandalously slow; and so he marches on a good deal more a prisoner than a leader. But yet the old Conservatism within him struggles desperately. He does not advance a single step without exhausting every pretext of delay that can be extracted from disturbances abroad or calamities at home. The inevitable Reform is be-

fore him, the ranks of scowling and menacing Reformers are behind him; but he moves on to his doom with about as much agility and readiness as a prisoner walks the plank upon a pirate's ship. His Radical supporters have actually to draw blood before they can goad him an inch along the fatal path. Whether he will ever be driven to take the final leap is now doubtful."

Lord John Russell is the "Artful Dodger":

Lord John Russell.

"Has not his political life been a succession of artful dodges, in which cunning has been made to do the work of statesmanship? He divides with Lord Palmerston the credit of being the only existing statesman of any considerable standing who has never advocated a falling cause. Since he first floated to power on the cry of Reform, he has never lost an hour's credit by adhering to a conviction, when its popularity was slipping away. Like the Jew whom Sir Culling Eardley's society baptises in the north of London once a year, he has subsisted on opportune conversions. And if, as will sometimes happen to the wariest pilot, he has occasionally overrated the strength or the duration of a current, he has never failed to retrace his course with admirable promptitude and sang froid."

Disraeli is discussed at great length, and with acrid and biting sarcasm. "There is no escape on earth for man from taxes or toothache, or the statesmanship of Mr. Disraeli":

Disraeli.

"Loss of character is an evil which has been strangely underrated by the Conservative leaders ever since Mr. Disraeli has been admitted to their councils. He is eminently alive to the power of public opinion; in fact, there are very few subjects on which he would not prefer it to his own convictions. But to the value of a public character he is wholly blind; and it is a blindness that has haunted him and hindered him through his whole career. Ever since he appeared as an important personage on the political stage, he has been perfectly incapable of estimating the secondary consequences of a party move. If he succeeds in striking his blow for the moment, he is perfectly indifferent to the possibility of a rebound. A little laxity of statement, a slight tergiversation, a pledge or two that need never be fulfilled, may be all that is wanting to induce a score of Radicals to vote with him, and put his opponents in a minority. If such is the case, he never scruples to eat the required dirt; and when the division is won he plumes himself on his dexterity. It is an adroitness that has been utterly fatal to himself and to his party. Men do not see principles paltered with, convictions loudly professed in opposition and surrendered in office, without drawing their conclusions with respect to the actors in such scenes. No amount of experience seems adequate to convince him that what he gains in votes by such manoeuvres he loses in character, and that while the votes are only gained for one night, the character is gone for ever. And character means votes in the long run. . . . The country is quite as favourable to the policy of Sir R. Peel, and quite as hostile to democratic change, as it was fifteen years ago; and yet Sir Robert Peel had

a majority of ninety, while Mr. Disraeli has a minority of forty. The real cause of the difference between the two epochs is, that the thinking and influential men admired Sir Robert Peel, and have a perfect abhorrence of Mr. Disraeli. He has more and more, as years have gone on, disgusted the class from which Members of Parliament, especially clever Members of Parliament, are drawn. The constant desertion in the Conservative ranks, and the difficulty with which they are recruited, is the best proof how poor a substitute the most dexterous legerdemain is for a frank and manly policy. In the late division, no less than thirty men, counting sixty on a division, voted as Liberals, who either were at one time themselves Conservatives, or are the sons of those who have been. And in the late election, the difficulty of the Conservatives was notoriously neither money nor seats, but candidates. Many seats, both in counties and boroughs, were lost to them from the sheer impossibility of finding presentable men to contest them. It is not easy to recruit soldiers for a service in which the campaigns, after many muddy marches, invariably end in the hoisting of the enemy's colours."

Political Leaders in South Africa.

Mr. Arthur Hawkes writes, in the English "Review of Reviews," an interesting sketch of some of the leading figures on the political stage in South Africa:

Dr. Jameson's Leadership.

"Look at the Cape Progressive party. Dr. Jameson has been elected its leader. Dr. Jameson is more of a bogey than he will be six months hence. He is one of the men who are best liked by those who know them best. Neither the Raid nor his connection with the capitalists irretrievably damns him. He may become a powerful factor for good in South Africa, heavy though the odds are against him. He was not anxious for Parliamentary headship. He knows its risks, and is too big a man to be afraid of taking risks. Neither in his past nor in his present company is there any inevitable bar to conspicuous service to South Africa. I would be very glad to congratulate him on a notable justification of his colleague's choice.

"But the inevitability of his leadership is a most melancholy confession of the poverty of the Progressives. It may not be too much to be asked to believe that he is the Chosen Instrument to set the seal of peaceful British supremacy upon a distracted province, that the conspirator and revolutionist of to-day is the bulwark of constitutionalism to-morrow, that, generally, he has shown skill as a conspirator, and that his rise to legitimate power has been the reward of sagacity in wielding illegitimate influence. But the remarkable thing about Dr. Jameson is that as a partner in a conspiracy he was the most amazing failure of modern times. He invaded the Transvaal against the repeated instructions of his leaders. His intentions by them were right enough. But what about his judgment? He lost his head. What expectation is there that in difficult times, if he be clothed with the authority of Premiership, he won't repeat the blunder? A captain who heedlessly wrecks one ship never gets promoted to the command of a bigger vessel.

Not a Master of Assemblies.

"But the elevation of Dr. Jameson, honest tribute to his personal qualities and public capacity though it be, is doubly a gamble. He has been elected leader of a Parliamentary party, in the most difficult political

situation, having the least Parliamentary experience of any responsible politician in the Empire. His most ardent friends, who accept gaily the inevitability of his chieftaincy agree that as a Parliamentarian he has everything to win and nothing to lose, while he is opposed by a compact and cleverly-dominated host. Could the poverty of the Progressives be more strikingly confessed? Dr. Jameson is popular in the towns. But his vehement applauders think lightly of the precedent they are setting.

"I would like to speak confidently of Dr. Jameson's prospects as leader of the Opposition. The proceedings of the House of Assembly while I was in Cape Town were unexpectedly trivial—wrangling over the appointment of committees and so on, for as the Session may last ninety days, and members draw about £1 16s. per day, there is no hurry to get to serious business, and no excessive desire for promptitude and despatch when serious affairs are in the handling. From what little I did see and hear I did not receive the impression that Dr. Jameson is cut out for the Senate. Dr. Jameson has not the manner of a Master of Assemblies. He may, indeed I am confident he will, become less and less a bogey to his opponents, because of his personal charm. But that is scarcely reason enough for regarding him as the embodiment of so mighty a thing as British supremacy in all that pertains to Parliamentary institutions.

Mr. Hofmeyr.

"Neither side is confident of victory in the November elections. The balance of hope, perhaps, is on the South African Party's side. But what an anomalous position is that Party in! It acts solidly, but has neither whips nor a leader. Mr. Merriman and Mr. Sauer sit together, and perform the functions of twin guiders of the Party. They are first-rate personal friends, and never dream of definite separation. If their side wins, one of them will be Prime Minister. But Mr. Hofmeyr, in public estimation, is the real chief of the South African Party. The popular belief on his own side and on the other is that he gets all the hard nuts to crack, and, indeed, has more power in his little finger than there is in the Sauer and Merriman loins. This is scarcely the healthiest possible state of things. Mr. Hofmeyr's health has not been good for some years. When he was in Parliament he refused the Premiership. He is a long-headed gentleman of rare experience. But lion-hearted courage is not commonly numbered among his attributes. His most earnest admirers say he is distinguished by a curious kind of timidity. His more candid friends, instead of 'curious kind of timidity,' say 'moral cowardice.' Whatever it be, an outsider feels instinctively that powerful men should be either in politics or out. The South African Party will never take its just place so long as it is without an acknowledged chief.

Natal and Its Problems.

"In Natal, too, things are at sixes and sevens. There is a Government and an Opposition of almost equal strength. But the Colony has never had party Government as the Old Country knows it. No broad, deep line of principle separates the antagonistic elements which have come to the top in Natal politics. The question upon which the late elections were mainly fought was whether there ought to be a new single railway to the Transvaal, or a doubling of the existing line. The elections settled nothing; and though Sir Albert Hime may not be Premier much longer, he will not retire from office as the result of vital divergences of policy.

Rhodesia.

"I have not been in Rhodesia. Those who were there recently do not give rosy accounts of its prosperity. Abundant wealth is there; but the Raid, the London speculators, and the war have postponed the realisation of it. Companies which obtained land from the Chartered Corporation, and held it for rises, have been Rhodesia's bane. The white population is about ten thousand. The pessimists among them believe in emigration. The optimists wait patiently for the Rand overflow. Revenue is below expenditure. When cattle are free from rinderpest they are victimised by red water. But all will come right if only you say 'Rhodesia's a great country' long enough. Its Government is paternal rather than democratic. There is quite as much of it as the people like.

Federation and an Editor.

"That is the case all over South Africa. Five Governments for eight hundred thousand whites is a pretty liberal allowance. There is convenience about the arrangement, but not much more necessity than there is for a Kaffir to have five wives. It is infinitely easier to increase Governments than to diminish them. Let a borough council try to absorb two or three neighbouring councils, and see what the operation means. Local particularisms are bad enough when the Local Government Board has to adjust them. But when 'local' means anything up to territory five or six hundred miles square, who is sufficient for a readjuster and a federator?

"Nobody is sufficient—yet. Before a little action there must be an infinitude of wearisome discussion. About the only man who can speak in the ears of all South Africans is Lord Milner. But he is not a permanency. Besides, he cannot lead debate, for he represents the King. The printed word will be the first medium of the necessary exchange and sifting of views and schemes."

A Scientific Study of Rhythm.

The scientific study of rhythm, so far as man is concerned (says Mary Hallock, in the September "Popular Science Monthly") has been approached almost wholly from the side of its conjunction with literature. Looked at from that side, it is not strange that the testimony could never be mathematically exact and emphatic. The only data which are of sufficient accuracy to prove that the rhythmic phenomena of pulse first impressed on our consciousness that which can accurately be called rhythm, are to be found in the metronomic detonations of musical compositions. It is there and there only that the brain has been able systematically to externalise the rhythm most natural to it with a sense of method and order approximating instrumental exactitude and capable of an exact expression and measure in number. These furnish only a trace, but a trace sufficient when one keeps in mind the havoc that conscious intellect can always play with things strictly natural.

Out of forty-three metronomic markings, taken straight through from the beginning of the first volume of Beethoven's Sonatas—the four standard editions as a working basis—nineteen are set to a rhythm of seventy-two and seventy-six beats to a minute, a rate exactly that of the average normal, healthy, adult human pulse; a pulse given by the best authorities as lying between seventy and seventy-five pulsations in the same time. According to fuller statistics, the physical pulse, varied by the time of day and the effect of meals,

ranges from a little below sixty to a little over eighty. Within this limit all the rhythmic markings of these sonatas lie. Three standing at fifty-six and fifty-eight beats per minute, contrary to expectation, belonging to fast movements undoubtedly marked slower on account of the difficulty the fingers would experience in performing notes as fast as the imagination would direct. The average of the entire one hundred and forty-seven markings given by the four editors, Von Bulow, Steingraber, Kohler, and Germer, was sixty-four and four-tenths rhythmic beats per minute. The one sonata marked by Beethoven himself, bearing the figures 69, 80, 92, 76, 72 for the different movements, Allegro, Vivace, Adagio, Largo, Allegro risoluto.

If with the eye fixed on the second-hand of a watch or a clock the long metre doxology be sung, every one of the equally accented notes entering simultaneously with the tick of each consecutive second, it will become at once apparent that the melody is delivered at a rhythmic rate of sixty beats to the minute. Should one in the same breath hum "Yankee-doodle," sounding each of its accented notes, at the same rate, it will be found that these two melodies, standing at the extremes of the sublime and the ridiculous, the one in character slow, the other fast, the first combining the utmost dignity and breadth, the second ludicrously vapid and thoughtless, are both set to precisely the same length of rhythmic time by the clock. The impression of slowness or rapidity in the music is due rather to the character of the context and the number of notes to be played in the divisions within the minute than to the actual clock time it takes to perform the rhythmic unit.

Seventeen letters were addressed to as many bandmasters, asking them for the "beat" usually used in their conducting. The answers invariably brought "from sixty-four to seventy-two rhythmic beats per minute," that being probably the time to which countless soldiers had found it most convenient and agreeable to march. Those wishing to investigate on their own account will find it interesting to clutch at their pulse, whenever a whistling street boy passes by, and even a jangling hotel piano might in the same connection have sometimes a "reason for being." More often than accident warrants, it will be found that these also "with Nature's heart in tune" were "concerting harmonies."

Imagining a composer seated quietly at his desk in the act of composition, is it not feasible to suppose that, subconsciously to himself, and for want of a more intimately sympathetic conductor, a physical metronome was within him, deflecting his rhythm to its standard? Contrary to the other arts, music has its birth and being entirely from within the human brain, and from within has been impressed a beat of far more rapid rate than the ictus of the recurrent industries already cited on its musical product. The suggestions all this calls forth are of course unlimited. To one we may give our fancy free rein. Mr. James Huneker in his exhaustive summing up of Chopin's music states that master's favourite metronome sign to be 88 to the minute. As "people with considerable sensibility of mind and disposition have generally a quicker pulse than those with such mental qualification as resolution and steadiness of temper," could one consider that the ailing Chopin's pulse helped his rhythmic tendency to 88, while the resolute, steady Beethoven's was normal?

The arm of knowledge is long; it needs no yardstick with which to measure the stars. Can it feel the pulse of those who have long since crossed the invisible boundaries that separate this world of ours from the next?

Have Animals an Idea of Time?

A number of curious anecdotes, going to show that dogs and cats have some idea of the flight of time, are related by M. Henri de Parville in "Les Nouvelles." While he warns us that they are not sufficient to convince us that these animals really have an idea of time, he asserts that they are certainly of interest in this connection. But M. C. de Kirwan, noting in "Cosmos" M. de Parville's anecdotes, asserts that no one can even ask the question placed at the head of this article without undermining the whole science of psychology, and he proceeds to explain away in detail the incidents related by the other writer. These relate to a dog who always called her master to lunch at noon; to another who accompanied his master to a restaurant every night, and slept on a bench till nine o'clock, when he regularly waked and notified him that it was time to go; to three cats who always waked at the third sound of a factory whistle and ran to the workmen for bits of their lunch, and to another cat who always went with a factory inspector on his tour in the evening, but at no other time. To these stories M. de Kirwan adds another of cattle pastured on Alpine heights who had always been removed on October 11. Toward the morning of this day they always collected in a group, and showed in every way that they expected to be driven away. Must we say, asks M. de Kirwan, that these animals had an idea of the month of October and the number eleven? He goes on to say:

"Let us now take up all these examples, and try to subject them to sane criticism. The dog Toby goes to sleep in his master's work-room, wakes when noon strikes, and goes to caress his master as if to remind him that lunch time has arrived. From the fact that this always happens on the stroke of noon, and never at eleven o'clock, must we conclude that the dog has an idea of time?

"There is an infinitely simpler explanation. Accustomed to be present daily at his master's midday meal, and doubtless to take part in it, the dog is informed, by sensations in his stomach coincident with the striking of the noon hour, that the movement for lunch has arrived. The 'notion of time' has nothing to do with it.

"The case of the other dog who slept on a bench at a restaurant and woke each evening at a fixed hour is not less easily explicable. It is an effect of habit. The owner of the dog having probably gone out every day at the same hour, the dog had become accustomed to sleep for a fixed period, not by will or reason, but because his organism had become automatically accustomed to a fixed habit.

"The cat stories are explained in like manner. The three cats of the chocolate-maker did not get up at a quarter of six or at six in the morning because their stomachs did not yet warn them, or, if you will, because their hunger had not been so early aroused by habit. But the image of the food already obtained was associated in their brains with the noise made by the siren at eight o'clock—not because it was eight o'clock, but because the stroke of eight corresponded with the workmen's meal.

"The case of the cat who accompanied the factory inspector only after the workmen had left is just as simple. Mice and rats do not come from their holes when they see or hear people present; . . . it is, therefore, natural that a cat should choose for the chase the moment—whatever may be the hour—when the building is empty.

"As to the cattle who left the mountain pasture of themselves at a fixed date, to return to the stable, the fact is explained by long habit, ending in the formation of a special instinct. If the principal cattle, the leaders of the herd, had acquired this instinct by habit, all the others would follow them by imitation.

"Something similar, but in the opposite direction, takes place when sheep are eager to return to a mountain pasture where they have been accustomed to be driven several days earlier in previous years."

Left-Sidedness of the Senses.

Much has been written of left-handed persons, but as no one has heretofore tried to determine their frequency by means of statistics, I decided (says Professor Lombroso, in the September "North American Review") to undertake that task, with the aid of my friend Professor Marro. Among 1,029 operatives and soldiers I found a proportion of four per cent. in men, and five to eight per cent. in women. Among lunatics the proportions are not much different. On the other hand, studying a certain number of criminals, the quota of left-handedness was found more than tripled in men, thirteen per cent., and nearly quintupled in women, twenty-two per cent. Some particular kinds of criminals, however, as, for example, swindlers, offered me again a much greater proportion, thirty-three per cent., while murderers and ravishers give less—from nine to ten per cent. At all events, this is a new characteristic, which connects criminals with savages, and differentiates them from sane people as well as lunatics.

Left-Sidedness in Man.

Once in the midst of these first discoveries, I wished to see if I could not go further in my researches. Until now, I thought, left-handedness only has been studied. Would it not be worth the trouble to search if there be not, also, what one may call "left-sidedness" as applied to the senses—that is, if there be not men who have a greater sensibility on the left than on the right side? With this idea I instituted a kind of physiological surveillance over a number of my friends and colleagues, and over some workmen. As a result I found that left-sidedness is in much larger proportion than left-handedness, showing itself in no less than twenty-six per cent. of normal people. The curious fact appeared also that left-handed people do not have more of this sensitive left-sidedness than right-sided people, and not even as much, at least in the sense of touch, as criminals, who average twenty-seven per cent., although they show a difference in the intensity of the sense of touch. The proportion of sensitive left-sided people among criminals, however, becomes very much more if one takes into account the sensibility to pain, which they have more highly developed in the left side, and visual sharpness, which, according to the calculations of Dr. Bono, is not only greater in them than in honest men, but is more accentuated in the left eye than in the right. In lunatics, as is revealed by the researches of Tonnini and Amadei, this sensitive left-sidedness is almost more the rule than the exception, rising as high as forty-four per cent. It appears, then, that left-handed people are more numerous among criminals, and left-sided people among lunatics.

Asymmetry in Animals.

To understand the exact significance of these researches, it is necessary to know that a greater tendency to asymmetry is seen in the animal species the

nearer they approach man and the more perfect they are. According to Livingstone, parrots are left-handed and so are wild animals (lions, etc.). Camerano found in decapod crustaceans the left tentacle stronger by 200 grams than the right, while Rollet ("Revue Scientifique," 1889) found in twenty-seven anthropomorphous monkeys the left shoulder heavier than the right. Furthermore, one notes that the asymmetry increases in proportion as the organs are noble, and more so the more they are exercised; so it is natural that in man one side of the body should prevail over the other and especially in the brain. The reason why the right predominates, in most cases, above all in the extremities, principally in the arms, is explained by the fact that the movements of the limbs are under the supreme direction of the brain, which, as we all know, is one of the highest organs, is the least symmetrical, and is divided into two parts not perfectly alike. In fact, the left lobe takes precedence. Receiving the blood from the heart more directly and in greater quantities than the right, it is the first to develop from the embryo, works more, and is the more voluminous of the two, the right only serving, one may say, as a help or reinforcement to the other.

A Railroad Collision for Pleasure.

The latest thing in the amusement line, if we are to believe a contributor to "The Scientific American," is a head-on railway collision between cars loaded with passengers. The colliding cars, however, are to be so constructed that one passes directly over the other on rails fastened to its roof, so that there is no shock and no damage, the "thrill" being probably confined to the fraction of a second before the cars meet. Apparently, the plan has not yet been carried out, but doubtless we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing it at seaside resorts, with the "loop-the-loop," the "shoot-the-shute," and all the rest of the ingenious mechanical devices that abound in such places.

This apparatus is intended to furnish the delightfully horrible experience of a head-on collision, without, however, killing or maiming the passengers who are seated in the railway cars employed. The railway system by means of which this end is attained is the invention of a New York electrical engineer. His system is remarkable chiefly for the daring conception which it expresses, and for the exceptional skill shown in devising mechanism absolutely safe in its operation.

. . . A single track is used, on which railway cars are caused to travel, either in the same or opposite directions. When one car meets another, it simply rides over the roof of the opposing car on specially provided rails, gently rolls down on the other side upon the track, and proceeds upon its way as if it had never left the road-bed.

The cars, although they run upon wheels, are really travelling bridges with overhanging compartments for the accommodation of passengers. Over the framed structure of the cars thus constituted an arched track is carried, securely fastened to the car, and serving the purpose of providing a road-bed for the colliding car. This superimposed track is built in accordance with well-understood principles of bridge construction. The outer ends of each superimposed track are designed to form, with the surface of the roadway, an overhead switch provided with specially formed pilots and with a horizontal axis and a vertical axis. Upon each horizontal axis the respective outer portions of the arched track can swing vertically, and upon the

vertical axis the track can swing to a limited extent from side to side. The pilots of the superimposed track are automatic in their operation. When they strike the car ahead, they immediately travel up the inclined superimposed way of that car, thereby guiding the car to which they are themselves attached. After the superimposed car has passed over the car below it, the rear pilot, as it descends, will be lifted and will gradually drop by gravity to the road-bed.

The forward ends of the pilots of the superimposed tracks are provided with rollers and skids which are so designed that one car shall mount the other without shock. The skids gently ride up the inclined track of the car ahead and sufficiently elevate the rollers of the pilots to permit them to run upon the superimposed narrow-gauge track without jar. The car itself follows with a motion equally as gentle. In actual practice cars of 11 ft. 6 in. in length will be employed, the extreme length being 43 ft.

The passengers will find accommodations in the car-bodies arranged along each side of the travelling structure, and provided with a removable roof and slides in order to permit ready means of ingress and egress. The top of the rail is only 6 ft. above the base rail. In actual practice the cars will be run at a speed of about ten to fifteen miles an hour, and will be caused to collide at about eight miles an hour, which will be quite sufficient for amusement purposes.

A Marvellous Lifting Feat.

The September "Physical Culture" contains an account of a million-pound lift accomplished by Gilman Low, a New York athlete, in less than an hour. The actual time spent in lifting the weight was thirty-four minutes and thirty-five seconds. This feat was accomplished with a scale arrangement which brought the arm, leg, and back muscles into play. Every lift of the beam under which Mr. Low stooped meant that 1,000 pounds dead weight had been raised. This is the amount Mr. Low lifted 1,006 times, making a total lift of 1,006,000 pounds. During the test he lost five and three-quarter pounds in weight, but finished without distress or exhaustion.

Training for the Test.

Mr. Low's training for this feat was hardly less remarkable than the feat itself. "He had previously attempted the feat, and utterly failed, reaching only a little over the half-million mark in twenty-five minutes. Then he ended in sore distress and dizziness. He had been eating two meals daily. In the successful lift he was in no way bordering on distress at any time during the demonstration, and came out fresh and strong.

"During the two months' training Mr. Low lived during the first five weeks on only one meal daily, consisting of three eggs, one-half loaf of whole-wheat bread, fruit, either oranges, grapes, apples or bananas, cereals and nuts, and one glass of milk after the meal; also plenty of cooled distilled water during the day. As an experiment he ate meat twice during the first five weeks, and found he could do just as well without it. The last three weeks he lived on four meals weekly, consisting of the same diet as the five weeks previous. At ten o'clock in the morning on the day that the lift was made he increased the eggs to six, also somewhat increased the bread; otherwise the meal consisted of the same allowance."

A Cry from Macedonia.

The Policy of Russia and Austria.

Dr. E. J. Dillon contributes to the "Contemporary Review," under the heading of "Foreign Affairs" and the pessimistic sub-heading "Finis Macedoniæ?" a very gloomy and sardonic account of the state of affairs in the Balkan Peninsula. The gist of his article is that the present insurrection, being merely local, cannot succeed; and that Russia and Austria have determined not to interfere, or to let others interfere, but to allow the question to be settled practically by the extermination of the insurgents. When the conspiracy which prefaced the present revolt was being hatched, Russia and Austria warned the Porte, and exhorted it to take time by the forelock. When M. Rostoffsky was murdered, the Russian Government, in spite of the clamour of the Press, refused to take coercive measures, and demanded merely an expiation of the offence:

"Aided by the moral sympathy of Catholic Austria and Orthodox Russia, the Shadow of God will, perhaps, ultimately thwart this supreme effort of the Slav Christians to gain their independence, and will uproot the Christian population as well, and then the Macedonian Question, and with it the Near Eastern problem, may be consigned to the archives for a time. To open it up to-day would certainly—say the statesmen who make history there—lead to diplomatic misunderstandings and possibly even to war. And neither Muscovy nor Austria is prepared to run any such risks. Russia's policy is to gain her ends at the green table of diplomacy rather than on the costly field of battle. And what she has accomplished in the case of Manchuria she can certainly effect in Macedonia. In a few years Austria's position may—nay, must—change, and with it her ability to make good her present exorbitant claims to a share in the heritage of the Sultan. The lion's share will then fall to Russia, whose only rivals will be the helpless little States of the Balkans, whom she can feed with fine words. Austria is even far less prepared for international unpleasantness than her northern neighbour. Her present internal ailments are as much as she can possibly bear, and even they may yet bring about disastrous consequences without any diplomatic troubles or armed intervention in the Balkans. Sleeping dogs had, therefore, best be left undisturbed. Consequently, come what may, the two Christian Powers are determined to keep the peace, and guarantee perfect liberty to the Turk to deal with the Christian in his own traditional manner. Hence, the murder of all the Muscovite Consuls in Macedonia would not cause the Tsar to swerve one hair's breadth from the policy of interest which his advisers have drawn up, just as the massacre of all the Christians would not move Catholic Austria to raise a finger against the Ottoman Empire."

Russia and Austria, says Dr. Dillon, are morally responsible for the present bloodshed. The only question is: How can their political interests be most effectually furthered? That problem solved, Christianity and humanity may be safely left to take care of themselves. Austria has now arranged with Roumania that a portion of the latter's army is to be held ready to neutralise a considerable portion of the Bulgarian forces in case Bulgaria should interfere. And, in short, Consuls may be murdered, Christians massacred, and risings organised until the Christian population is thinned; but the status quo in the Balkan Peninsula will not be changed this year.

A Mitigation in Massacre.

After which Dr. Dillon proceeds ironically to show how, though massacre may be encouraged by the Christian Powers, they could by a slight sacrifice prevent some of its attendant horrors. He refers, of course, to the outrages on women and girls. The Porte, he says, wants only £10,000 to feed its own troops; not having this money, it quarters them on the Christians, and the soldiers, as usual, subject the women to bestial indignities. By all means, says Dr. Dillon, let the massacring go on; massacre even the women, but spare them worse; it will cost only a trifle to the two great Powers:

"In order sensibly to lessen the number of these abominations all that is needed is that a certain sum of money be regularly advanced to the Sublime Porte, for the sake of humanity, Christianity, or prestige, by the two Christian Powers whose vital interests are bound up with the success of the Turkish army. If, then, Austria and Russia between them agreed to make good the daily deficiency in the 10,000 Turkish pounds, many a Macedonian maiden and wife would receive the bullet, the dagger, or the lash of the Moslem with a blessing on her lips for the unseen but chivalrous Christian States which had sacrificed a portion of their revenues to save her from dishonour. The cost of the ransom of these unfortunate human beings would be trivial when one reflects on the enormous budgets of the two great Empires; but if the Governments, from motives of strict economy, hesitate to allot the needful funds, would it not be advisable at least to allow public subscriptions to be opened by parish priests throughout the two countries, and thus, besides rescuing women and children from tortures worse than death, to shed a certain degree of lustre on their respective Churches, which have for a long time past been vainly longing for an opportunity of distinguishing themselves in the cause of humanity, morality, or religion?"

The Soul of the Insurrection.

Dr. Dillon devotes some space to a description of Damian Gruyeff, the soul of the revolutionary movement, of which Boris Sarafoff is the head. Of Gruyeff, who, like most of the leaders, was primarily a school-master, he says:

"Like Pompey of old, he has only to stamp on the ground to summon bodies of armed men to appear and follow him. His flow of eloquence is said to be as irresistible as were the magic sounds of the pipe of the Hamelin rat-catcher. He can lead his peasants to the jaws of death, and they march on, blithely singing war songs. In this way he has persuaded thousands of very hard-headed men to leave their houses, their crops, and their families, and to risk their lives in a supreme and desperate effort to shake off the yoke of the Turk. The 'Macedonian Garibaldi' is the nickname which this demagogue has received, and he certainly has not usurped it. He possesses the invaluable gift of making his hearers see things as he himself views them, and of communicating to them the fire that burns within him. His eloquence is thrilling, his enthusiasm infectious, his appeal irresistible. He is a sympathetic, fiery-eyed, brown-skinned man of about thirty-three years, whose short career has been characterised by daring ventures and remarkable escapes. He knows his country and his people better than any of his fellow-compatriots, and is adored by the masses, who look up to him as their saviour."

The Sad Plight of the Macedonian Peasant.

The September "Fortnightly" contains an excellent article by Mr. H. N. Brailsford. He paints a

sad picture of the condition of the Macedonian serf—*for serf he practically is*—under the hand of his Turkish taskmaster. The immediate cause of the insurrection, he agrees with the Turks, is the Bulgarian school, which turns out numbers of educated young men who refuse to return to their squalid homes. For the squalidness of the home the Turk is responsible. The average peasant has a net yearly income of only about £10, of which about £3 10s. goes on taxes. It is a common incident for villagers to cut down their fruit trees to avoid the tax on them. Mr. Brailsford says that in the most prosperous village he visited, out of a male population of 560 no less than 370 were obliged last year to work off their obligations for taxes by joining the corvée. The Turkish Bey landlord gets half the farmer's produce. Every village supports a number of Turkish policemen who are really parasites, the average household paying them £1 10s. out of its income of £10, not for protection, but for a precarious immunity from outrage.

A Lady in Old Servia.

The "Monthly Review" for September contains an interesting little article by M. Edith Durham, describing recent experiences in Old Servia, from which she returned only a fortnight ago. Miss Durham says that the Macedonian rising was planned well in advance, and that she was warned of the fact at a time when the European Press was declaring that things had quieted down. She says:

"Few English people are aware of the immense strides that have been made in the lands released from Turkish rule in 1878. It is no exaggeration to say that in that short space of time more has been done towards improving all the conditions of life than in the previous four centuries. There are good roads, well-appointed schools, the towns have been largely rebuilt, and they are clean and tidy; far cleaner than those, for example, of Normandy. The free Balkan States are supposed by the average Briton to be wild and dangerous places. I can only say, from experience, that both Servia and Montenegro have treated me exceedingly well, and that to go from either of them into Turkey is to plunge from safety and civilisation into danger; from the twentieth century into the Middle Ages; off the pavement into the sewer."

Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals.

Protest by Sir John Gorst.

Sir John Gorst contributes to the "North American Review" for August a very weighty and well-reasoned article, directed against Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. Its title is "A Crushing Burden to the British People." Sir John says there is nothing new in anything that Mr. Chamberlain says, or in anything that he proposes to do. The only thing that is new is that it should be taken up by Mr. Chamberlain, and put forward as the programme of a great party at a General Election. Sir John thinks that from an electoral point of view Mr. Chamberlain was ill-advised in the way in which he originally put forward his scheme. The rise in the price of food is the one thing that nobody has ever yet persuaded British workmen to accept; and for this reason, among others which Sir John Gorst puts forward very forcibly, namely, that the mass of the people spend their lives in a continuous struggle to obtain for themselves and their families food, clothing, and shelter. Thirty per cent. fail to succeed in obtaining an indispensable minimum living wage. Hence they half-

starve themselves, and bring up half-starving families of children:

"The condition of disease, debility, and defective sight and hearing, in the public elementary schools in poorer districts, is appalling. The research of a recent Royal Commission has disclosed that of the children in the public schools of Edinburgh, 70 per cent. are suffering from disease of some kind, more than half from defective vision, nearly half from defective hearing, and 30 per cent. from starvation. The physical deterioration of the recruits who offer themselves for the army is a subject of increasing concern. There are grounds for at least suspecting a growing degeneracy of the population of the United Kingdom, particularly in the great towns. What will be the effect or a sudden increase in the price of food upon a people in such a condition?"

With this submerged or half-submerged section of the population any taxation which increased the price of bread would bring about such misery that the result would be a catastrophe so violent as to threaten the stability of society.

By Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

The "Monthly Review" contains an important article from the pen of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach on the fiscal controversy. Sir Michael, as might be expected from a late member of the Government, writes moderately, but he puts his opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's schemes just as resolutely as in his speeches in Parliament. He begins by declaring that there is no cause for the panic over our commercial position:

"For example, can it be true that our iron trade is being ruined if the profits of it assessed to Income Tax have increased from £1,840,350 in 1896-7 to £5,380,418 in 1900-1! The statement that our import of raw wool for manufacture increased from 598 million lbs. in 1886 to 715 million lbs. in 1901 seems incompatible with decay in our woollen manufactures; while, if we can send more than £70,000,000 worth of our cotton manufactures abroad, and find that in 1901 our exports of cotton-piece goods and yarn were more than in 1872, though values then were more than double the average of present prices, the policy of fighting hostile tariffs by free imports can hardly be pronounced a failure in the cotton industry."

The Thin End of the Wedge.

Sir Michael does not believe that it is possible to be contented with small duties. The Chamberlain policy involves duties high enough to give a real advantage in our market to Colonists against foreigners; and any readiness on the part of the Colonies to accept small duties at first is certainly no proof that the object of the new policy would be satisfied by such a duty, and the adoption of the principle would pledge us to any subsequent increase of duties that might be found necessary to carry out the object of Protection. Moreover, we cannot show special favour to Canada; and equity to our other self-governing Colonies would compel us to impose duties on all kinds of live and dead meat, fish, fruit, butter, eggs, and vegetables. Taxes on raw materials would be demanded by those interested in Canadian timber and in wool and skins from Australia; and the preference would have to be extended to the non-self-governing Colonies. Sir Michael says:

"The truth is that any treaty binding us to admit the Colonies to our markets, as now, on equal terms with our own producers, while they will not admit our producers to their markets on equal terms with their own, is so unfair in principle that it must soon

become unworkable in practice. You cannot base a fiscal policy for the Empire on the two opposite principles of Free Trade and Protection. The high protective tariffs, intended to protect Colonial industries against all outside competition, including our own, are the real obstacles between us, and we have been plainly told by all that this protection must be retained. It is therefore impossible to see how we could gain from the Colonies any great increase of trade, or any large measure of Free Trade in manufactured goods, which are the only articles of importance we could send them."

By Lord Avebury.

The "Nineteenth Century" redeems its Protectionist sins of last month by opening this month with a first-class paper in favour of Free Trade, by Lord Avebury, in which the whole argument of the anti-Protectionists is admirably summed up. Firstly, Lord Avebury denies that there is any ground for despondency in regard to our position, or any ground for changing our fiscal policy. There has been an enormous expansion of our trade, and the expansion coincided remarkably with the adoption of our Free Trade policy. The income tax and death duty returns show how prosperity has increased. Secondly, we do not suffer from "dumping":

"We are told that other countries 'dump down' on us their surplus products. To some extent that is no doubt true. But in the first place, if to be 'dumped down' on is an injury, other countries suffer far more than we do. Our manufacturers 'dump down' on them far more than their manufacturers 'dump down' on us."

It is nonsense, says Lord Avebury, to suppose that dumping can end in underselling and destroying all our industries, as in that case we should have nothing to exchange for the dumped goods.

The Effect on Wages.

"It has been said that a rise in the price of food would be met by a rise in wages. That does not follow; but if so, a rise in wages would necessitate a rise in prices, and a rise in prices would, of course, seriously cripple our manufactures in the competition of the world. A difference has, I see, been drawn between raw materials and food. It is understood that the Government would not, under any circumstances, consent to tax raw materials. But, in the long run, a tax on food would hamper our manufactures in the same way as a tax on raw materials."

Lord Avebury gives the following instance of the effect of Protection and high wages on the cost of production:

"The Atlantic Transport Line recently had four similar ships built, two in Belfast and two in Philadelphia. The American-built ships cost £380,000 each, while the Belfast ones cost £292,000."

Lord Avebury attributes the success of the Germans almost altogether to their education and technical training, and to the discoveries of their men of science; but the progress made as the result of this has been a benefit to the world at large, ourselves included:

"A development of commerce won, and fairly won, by science and skill cannot be met by Protection. To technical education Germany owes much, and if we wish to hold our own we must follow her example. But I believe her success would have been even more striking if her trade had been free, as in the long run Germany will inevitably find."

Mr. A. R. Colquhoun.

Mr. A. R. Colquhoun writes on the proposed British Zollverein, in the "North American Review," enthusi-

astically in support of Mr. Chamberlain, who, he declares, has fallen under a spell which all of us who know Greater Britain at first hand must fall under sooner or later. His visit to the illimitable veldt came as a vivifying flash to his brain. Downing Street had ceased to be the centre of the Universe, and became a mere dot on the horizon of the Empire. Hence we have now to deal with a statesman of the Great Idea ready to stake all on a single throw, for there can be no doubt that on this issue will depend Mr. Chamberlain's future career. Mr. Colquhoun thinks that our Empire is not on a sound defensive basis, neither is it on a sound commercial basis, and in the third place the attitude of the Colonies as a whole towards us is no more satisfactory than was our attitude towards them some twenty years ago. The Zollverein has met with no support in the Colonies. Preference is the only thing that is possible, and the granting of preferential tariffs he regards as the first step towards Federation, which would inevitably lead to common defence and representation. Believing that Mr. Chamberlain's policy would revivify the Empire, and create a new bond which would bind it closer, and introduce a new spirit into the whole British people, he is enthusiastic in its support.

"Calchas" Again.

"Calchas" continues his campaign in the "Fortnightly." His argument now is that Mr. Chamberlain will succeed in his Zollverein scheme because it is not a Zollverein scheme. His real precedent is not Germany or the United States, but Count Caprivi's great system of reciprocity treaties between Germany and the States of Central Europe. Mr. Chamberlain merely asks the country to empower him to negotiate. He might get a rebate of 66 or 75 per cent. from Canada by putting a 2s. or 3s. duty on corn. And so with Australia, South Africa, and India. "Calchas" maintains that the American and Argentinian producer would pay the whole or the greater part of the duty on corn, and that there would be no appreciable rise in home prices. There would be no danger of friction or disunion with the Colonies, he argues, as we would merely be negotiating with them on even terms, as Germany negotiated with the Central European States.

The Real "Balance of Trade."

Mr. A. J. Spender contributes a valuable and carefully reasoned reply to "Calchas's" articles in the July and August numbers. He shows by figures of his own how there is no such thing as a "balance of trade against us," the fact being that our exports in addition to freight, commission, etc., very nearly exactly balance our imports:

"We send out goods to the value of £340,000,000, for which an equivalent must be received in this country. To the value of these goods must be added the value of the freights and the payments for the services which the great British shipping trade renders to the foreigner. A low estimate of these is £100,000,000. Next there is a sum due to us for profit on British capital employed in foreign business, interest on British investments in foreign countries, and salaries, annuities, and pensions (mainly Indian) which are remitted to this country. In 1899 Sir Robert Giffen estimated that a total of £90,000,000 was not far off the mark for these items. Finally there are the payments due to us on commissions, insurance, agency, and similar items. Sir Robert Giffen estimated these at £16,000,000 in 1882, and they must have largely increased since that date. Let us say £20,000,000. Adding up these various amounts, we reach a total of at least £550,000,000

due to us every year from the foreigner. As a matter of fact, we receive £520,000,000, the difference being accounted for by the reinvestment abroad of interest earned abroad and by the payments among our exports of values due to the foreigner for his investments on business in this country."

Exports per Head of Population.

As to the alleged decline of our trade, Mr. Spender gives the following figures of exports per head of population, showing that since 1875 exports per head have been practically stationary in all countries:

	United Kingdom.	France.	Germany.	United States.
Average of period:	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1875-79 ..	6 0 0	3 14 11	3 3 0	2 16 3
1880-84 ..	6 13 2	3 13 5	3 8 8	3 5 11
1885-89 ..	6 3 8	3 3 3	3 5 6	2 11 10
1890-94 ..	6 2 11	3 11 4	3 2 9	2 19 0
1895-99 ..	5 19 5	3 14 8	3 7 2	2 18 4

"What now emerges? Plainly this—that, while in the aggregate the greater populations gain upon us, in proportion to their population, the relative industrial capacities of the Englishman, the Frenchman, the German, and the American remain almost exactly where they were twenty years ago. Great Britain now, as then, exports nearly twice as much per head of the population as Germany and the United States per head of their populations."

Free Trade Within the Empire.

In the "Westminster Review," Mr. L. H. Burrell advocates "A Free-Trading Imperial Zollverein," the ideal being a free market for all nations for imports which the British Empire cannot itself produce, and taxation of products which it can produce, with the object of making the Empire self-sufficing.

"In this way we should be able to gradually establish Free Trade within the Empire for everything, and could coerce the world in a perfectly just and fair manner to adopt the principle of Free Trade, the only right one."

"A Standing Conundrum."

"Blackwood" gives elaborate statistics of the food question in 1903, and undoubtedly urges considerations which appeal powerfully to social reformers; to wit, that while we are paying more than four millions sterling a week for foreign foods, whole parishes at home are running to waste, and that, according to income tax returns, farming profits have sunk from £46,000,000 in 1843 to £14,000,000 in 1901. The writer scoffs furiously at the idea that the excess of imports over exports represents our profit, but he does not venture on Mr. Seddon's interpretation. He passes on the problem thus:

"How we have so far contrived to pay for 462½ millions sterling of imports with 283 millions of exports will be a standing conundrum in political economy for years to come. But the paradox can be expressed in another and more explicable form. For example, can it be considered satisfactory that a community of 42 millions of people, consuming 224½ millions sterling of foreign food and drink, besides 170 to 180 millions sterling of home-grown food, should not have more than 283 millions sterling a year of its own surplus produce to send abroad? Are we doing our duty either by ourselves or by the rest of the world in consuming over £10 per head per annum, and exporting only £7 per head per annum, if so much?"

This "standing conundrum" has received an answer from Mr. Spender, as noticed above.

The Question of Raw Materials.

Mr. L. G. Chiozza-Money writes in the "New Liberal Review" on the question of taxation of raw materials. Mr. Chamberlain has roughly defined raw material as wool or cotton, but Mr. Money has no difficulty in showing that the rawest of raw materials is food. Corn is a raw material to our stock-raisers. Even tobacco is a raw material, giving employment to large numbers during the manufacturing process. Mr. Money calculates that out of £462,000,000 imports, only £50,000,000 strictly is made up of imports which are neither raw nor crudely-worked materials. Of this, £25,000,000 are necessities, and the remainder luxuries. In reality, in a sense, nearly all our imports are raw materials.

Protection by Bounties.

Mr. Lionel Phillips, in the "Nineteenth Century," suggests that the food-tax might be imposed not in the form of import duties, but by giving bounties to Colonial importers:

"Why, for the purpose of raising enough food for home consumption in the Colonies, should we put an import tax upon the whole of the foodstuffs we import? The growth of agriculture in the Colonies must be slow, and it is doubtful whether it would be hastened much by any possible duty against foreign grain. A subsidy upon colonial grain payable upon the quantity delivered would be far less costly (even if it were allowed to exceed the amount recovered under the suggested rebate) than a tax upon all our food."

The Statistical Problem.

Mr. W. H. Mallock contributes to the "Nineteenth Century" a very useful article, packed full of statistics. He points out that while our population in the last ten years has increased from thirty-seven to forty-one millions, our national income, when reduced to comparable figures, has increased in the proportion of thirty-seven to forty-seven. The theory of the alarmist that the excess of imports over exports is paid for by a drain upon our capital has only to be analysed to be shown to be absurd. Mr. Mallock estimates the national income as follows:

"Some ten or twelve years ago various estimates were made of the total income of the United Kingdom. They were made independently, and the results of all were in substantial agreement. The income of the country then was about £1,300,000,000. It could probably be shown that, if we understand income in the same sense, the income of the country now is more than £1,600,000,000."

He gives the following image to illustrate the interdependence of our internal production upon our imports from abroad:

"Our wealth resembles an Eiffel tower, which rises in this country on four enormous legs; but though the tower is in one sense a purely British erection, one of its four legs only rests upon British soil. One of them straddles across the Atlantic and finds its footing in America; another in Europe and Asia; and another is buoyed up by a multitude of ships at sea. This is the great lesson which an analysis of our imports teaches us. Four-fifths of our imports in 1901 consisted of food and raw materials; the former, as we have seen, amounting to £200,000,000, and the latter to £170,000,000, out of a total of £450,000,000; and any great and permanent reduction in these would mean to this country a loss of national income not of its own amount only, but of that amount multiplied by three, or four, or five."

The Complete Economist.

"The Assistant Editor" of the "National Review" appears in that periodical this month as the author of no less than 107 pages—twenty chapters—entitled "The Economics of Empire." He appears, of course, as a Protectionist, and to say that sums up his article in the concise way; to deal with it adequately is quite impossible here. The writer of this article claims that, quite apart from our relations with the Colonies, our existence as an Empire depends upon the security of our markets:

"The Empire depends upon our commerce. Our commerce depends upon the Empire. To our grasp of that truth we owed the original possession of our supremacy, both in territory and trade."

When he comes to deal with the Colonies, the writer takes the same view:

"A contention that must be noticed at this point is, that the trade between the Mother Country and the Colonies will progress by itself as it has done in the past, and that we can reject the wishes of the Colonies without injuring our commercial position in the Colonies. This is a profound error in thinking, and if we are misled by it, will mean a fatal error in action. For thirty years our foreign trade as a whole has been, relatively to that of other countries, in a state of arrested development or distinct decline. Our supremacy in Imperial markets is invaluable and immense, but it is not so great to-day as our commercial supremacy in all the world seemed to be in 1872. If Mr. Chamberlain's policy should be rejected, another generation will make our trade supremacy even within the Empire a thing of the past. That will mean the end of the Empire. Our position is threatened already from several sides."

The article is much more serious and better reasoned than anything that has yet appeared on the Protectionist side.

The Bitter Cry of the Unionist.

"The Wreck" of the Party.

The "Fortnightly" opens with a short article by "Sigma" on the "Wreck of the Unionist Administration," in which the writer speaks strongly about Mr. Balfour's shuffling, and predicts a graceful climb-down on the part of Mr. Chamberlain:

"The situation as it stands is clearly impossible. Those Ministers—and they are understood to be the majority—who are against Protection in any form, must feel themselves particularly aggrieved by the transparent official fiction. While they are supposed to be inquiring, Mr. Chamberlain is agitating. The Colonial Secretary may think, and not unreasonably, that time is on his side. Every week's delay will enable more people to get over their first fright, it will give scope for the propaganda of the Birmingham Tariff Committee, and it will allow certain unlucky sentences about taxing the food of the people to fade further into the background. It is hoped that the bulk of the party will gradually 'come into line.' Food taxation will not be dropped; but it will be whittled down into a mild two-shilling duty on corn, or something of that kind; and the strong item of the programme will be the threat against alien "dumpers" and cheap foreign competition. The adoption of this programme would really be a surrender for Mr. Chamberlain, since it will mean the abandonment of the most salient features of the scheme which he produced in outline in May."

Unconscious Humour.

In another vein "Blackwood" enlarges on the awful consequences to the country if the Unionist party is broken up—"the House of Lords abolished, the Church of England disestablished, the Empire dissolved, religion banished from our schools, agriculture finally ruined, and"—climax of all ills—"the country gentlemen of Great Britain driven from their homes,"—and then incontinently credits all these dangers to, not Mr. Chamberlain—the real innovator and party wrecker—but, if you please, "the free-trade zealots," who will not forthwith follow his sudden innovations!

"A Song of Ire."

A refreshing change from the heated discussions on the tariff question is the metrical skit in "Cornhill," entitled "Doggerel Ditties: a Song of Ire," in which "Dogberry" bewails his melancholy fate as Unionist M.P. in the topsy-turveydom introduced by Mr. Chamberlain. Every line rhymes with "ire." The bucolic bard begins by saying "for years content I've sat for Clayfordshire;" a party vote was all his constituency did require; when suddenly "arose a Crier" proclaiming "words significant and dire" of retaliation and preferential tariffs, which "without, he threatened, we should all expire":

"He ended with the awful word—Inquire! . . .
The horrid prospect scattered pain and ire
'Mong all who peace and comfort did desire."

"Struggling in new stirred depths of fiscal mire," poor "Dogberry" is seized with a happy thought. He wires, "reply prepaid" to his Leader, inquiring, "Free Trade or Fair, which do you most desire?"

"Back from my Leader came this prepaid wire:
'Convictions not yet settled. Both admire.'
Like sudden burst of a pneumatic tire,
My faith in human Leaders did expire!"

Then he tried to Inquire, and became utterly bewildered. He tried the wire-pullers, who cried, variously, "Free Trade!" "Protection!" and "Sit on the Fence!" But, plain country squire though he was, he knew—

"There's many a fence conceals a barbed wire,
And seat on barbed fence may land in mire!
So thus to my constituents I wire:
'Regret retire. Others inquire. Myself expire.'"

The Late Pope.

"A Light from Somewhere Else!"

Dr. Karl Blind contributes to the "Westminster Review" a scathing attack on the Papacy in general and the late Pope in particular. He quotes from a letter from Garibaldi to himself that "there is not in the world a country less Catholic than Italy," and expresses the hope that the Italian Government will expel the Papacy, and refuse to allow any more elections on its territory. The late Pope, he says, did nothing to merit the praise showered on him. All that he was able to do was:

"To write antiquated dogmatic treatises in a dead language or to construct little poems in Latin hexameters. In doing so, he plagiarised as much as possible from his beloved Horace—a heathen after all, who ought to have been in Hell, according to the pleasant ecclesiastical theory."

Leo XIII., says Dr. Blind, was eaten up with avarice, accumulating riches like a Harpax. He declared that Giordano Bruno had been rightly burnt:

"Such was the man who had no sooner been elected Pope than he had an escutcheon made for himself, which, in accordance with an old prophecy, was to symbolise him as 'The Light from Heaven.' He, a would-be burner of philosophers! No; rather a light from a place below, if there were such a locality."

Cardinal Gibbons' Estimate.

The "Century Magazine" contains a short appreciation of Leo. XIII., "a man of the rarest excellence," by Cardinal Gibbons. Cardinal Gibbons does not fail to note the late Pope's "healthy optimism" as to the future of the American race, "despite its errors and wanderings." His interest in the affairs of the United States was intelligent and constant. President Roosevelt's gift of "Messages and Papers of the Presidents" greatly pleased the Pope. One of the glories of his reign was creating John Henry Newman a cardinal. What impresario Cardinal Gibbons most in Leo XIII. was his courage, "and what I might call, in the best sense, his exaltation. There was a noble light in his face, which actually seemed to shine through and illuminate it."

The New Pope.

The writer who signs himself "Emilio Elbano" contributes to the September "Contemporary Review" much the best article that has yet appeared on the life and character of the new Pope. Of Pius X. Mr. "Elbano" takes the highest view. But he does not envy him his lot. He begins his article by quoting a remark made to him by a French prelate that "Poor Cardinal Sarto must have committed some grievous sin, else God would not have condemned him to be Pope, and to suffer life-long imprisonment in the Vatican."

Pope Against His Will.

Cardinal Sarto was one of at least three Cardinals—the others being Di Pietro and Capecehatro—who were absolutely determined to refuse the Papacy. Sarto only yielded slowly, painfully, conscientiously to the repeated entreaties of Agliardi, Satolli, and Ferrera. He would have as lief become Tsar of Russia as Pope of Rome; and ever since his election he has been fretting and pining. As Patriarch of Venice he was in his element. As Pope he is a fish out of water:

"Sarto is, above all else, a genuine, warm-hearted priest, who cares nothing about high-sounding phrases, and possesses divine fire enough within him to purify what it touches. His sympathy is not for abstractions, but for men of flesh and blood; his hatred not for criminals, but for all manner of evil. The charity which actuates him, and about which a whole cycle of legends has grown up, has its roots in selflessness, and its fruit in dried-up tears, in assuaged sufferings, in healed hearts and hopeful souls. It is not too much to say that Sarto, who was always a spiritual shepherd, and never fully entered into the role of 'Eminence,' is characterised by true lowliness of spirit."

A Peasant at the Vatican.

The new Pope was a peasant, and a peasant he will remain:

"It may have been the recollection of the modest dwelling in which he was born which inspired the Sovereign Pontiff when lately giving his instructions to the architects and upholsterers, who were about to fit up his apartments in the Vatican, to say: 'Above all things, don't make them too beautiful, and let there be no mirrors!'"

When Pius X. was a boy he was noted for his boisterous spirits, ready wit, and harmless jokes:

"It was no easy matter for his parents to provide the wherewithal to pay for his education, and a story is told which, whether fact or fiction, is characteristic of the lad and the man. His mother was obliged at some period of his studies to sell a little strip of land belonging to the family, in order to pay for his tuition and keep. 'And now, Beppo,' she said, 'how shall we manage to get on without it?' 'Don't despond, mother, God will look after us,' was his reply."

His Past Career.

Tombolo was his first parish, and there his first successes were gained. The moral status of his flock was gradually raised, and he was rewarded by promotion to the post of vicar of the diocese of Treviso. It was against his own will that, in 1884, he accepted the Bishopric of Mantua, and five years later he was appointed Patriarch of Venice:

"In the city of the hundred islands Archbishop Sarto was extremely popular. All classes of the population revered him as a public benefactor, and looked up to him as an exemplary pastor. The breath of calumny never once assailed him. His simplicity, modesty, and sympathy with human suffering conquered the hearts of all, while his love of justice, which was not always relished by his own colleagues, especially when applied to persons and institutions outside the communion of Rome, caused justice to be meted out to himself even by the outspoken adversaries of his Church. Whenever the archiepiscopal gondola glided along the Grand Canal or over the side waterways, the jovial gondoliers gave a hearty greeting to their smiling Patriarch, who liberally scattered his blessings on all sides. When he left Venice recently for the conclave, it was they who prophesied that he would never return. 'But when he becomes Pope,' they added, 'he will surely open wide the gates of Paradise to us all, if only that he may have the pleasure of meeting us again up there and giving us his blessing.'

"His habits were simple, his tastes refined, his affections warm and enduring. He was wont to rise every morning at five o'clock, in winter as in summer, and having celebrated mass at six, to hire a gondola and take a trip to Lido, accompanied by his Secretary Bressan. At eight he was back in his palace in excellent spirits, ready for work, and accessible to everyone. At noon he sat down to a frugal lunch which three or four times a week consisted of rice and mussels, cooked by his own sisters, who always clung to their simple rural habits. These devoted ladies, when called to the telephone on the day of their brother's election, and informed that he was Pope, at first fancied they were being mystified by some practical joker, and resented the liberty. But when the truth was borne in upon them, a harrowing cry came forth from the depths of their soul: 'O God! we shall never see him more!'"

Pius X. has a taste for music; and what the writer calls "a genius for religion." But his intellectual equipment is not great. Of his speeches, Mr. "Elbano" says:

"I have read several of his speeches and sermons, and I find them exactly what one would naturally expect a whole nature like Sarto's to write or utter: simple, unaffected, generally to the point, devoid of tropes and figures, almost colourless, and sometimes interlarded with commonplaces. But, on the other hand, he has an advantage which many more impressive speakers sadly lack: he speaks with the accents which carry conviction. His simple words flow from his brain to his lips by the circuitous route of the heart, coming

like bees laden with the pollen of charity into souls which they often fructify."

Not an Ascetic.

And of his temperament:

"There is nothing ascetic or visionary in the composition of Giuseppe Sarto, who is full of life and joy. His singularly handsome face seldom lacks a pleasant smile, emanating, one might say, from an agreeable sense of all that is good and noble in the world, and, looking upon the man as he moves and works among his friends, one would be tempted to regard him as a near approach to the old ideal of a healthy mind in a healthy body. Sarto's soft and sometimes dreamy eyes are extremely expressive, and bespeak now a simplicity bordering on humility, now pent-up fire and energy; his well-shaped mouth exhibits lines of almost feminine softness, and his features generally are devoid of any trace of hardness or coldness. His bearing is dignified but graceful, and his gait, especially when taking part in religious processions, is majestic."

The new Pope has mastered no foreign language, not even French. He is not a diplomatist or a theologian, and in disputes and misunderstandings he will be obliged to rely on the judgments of men of whose qualifications he cannot judge.

A French View.

In his "Chronique" in the second August number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," M. Charmes has some interesting observations on the new Pope. The choice of Cardinal Sarto, a prelate hitherto almost entirely unknown out of Italy, signifies that the Conclave did not desire to pronounce definitely in favour of any determined policy, such as would have been implied in the election of Cardinal Rampolla, for instance, or Cardinal Gotti. M. Charmes dismisses all the suggestions of a change of policy as fantastic, and considers it probable that Pius X. will set himself simply to continue that of his predecessor. He has already shown his love for France, referring to her, in receiving the French Cardinals, by her ancient title of "The eldest daughter of the Church." M. Charmes describes that dramatic scene in the Conclave when the Cardinal Archbishop of Cracow intimated with the utmost embarrassment that his Imperial master, the Emperor Francis Joseph, placed his veto on the election of Cardinal Rampolla. M. Charmes thinks that this action was a terrible blunder from the Emperor's own point of view, for though it certainly disposed of the slender chance then remaining to Cardinal Rampolla, it also disposed of all candidatures satisfactory to Germany and Austria, notably those of Cardinals Gotti and Vannutelli. M. Charmes dismisses the dream of a reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal. It is possible, he thinks, that in the future a non-Italian Pope may conceivably effect such a rapprochement, but for the time being the attitude of the Vatican must be maintained, if only to reassure the whole Catholic world that the Holy Father remains independent. It must not be forgotten, too, that the Italian Government does not appear to wish for any reconciliation.

Among "Men Who May Be Prime Ministers," Mr. Alexander Macintosh, in the "Young Man," reckons—on the Unionist side: Lord Curzon, Mr. George Wyndham, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Lord Hugh Cecil; on the Liberal side: Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Lloyd George. He comments on the fewness of young Liberals who are marked out for the highest place; but he says nothing about the Labour men.

The Endowment of Authors.

Mr. H. G. Wells' Latest Suggestion.

It is with a sigh of regret that we note that Mr. H. G. Wells has brought to a close his intensely interesting and suggestive papers on "Mankind in the Making." The last chapter appears in the September "Fortnightly Review." There is no reason why he should not have gone on for ever, for he seems to have an absolutely exhaustless store of luminous and helpful suggestions, even the most impracticable of which are capable of begetting more manageable offspring. The last chapters are entitled "Thought in the Modern State" and the "Man's Own Share." The chief point of the former chapter is to plead for the endowment of authors. It is a good, bold proposition which he puts before the world, and there is a great deal to be said in its favour.

The Book the Salvation of Man.

He points out that for three thousand years and more the book has been becoming more and more the evident salvation of man. The only imperfect permanency yet achieved by mankind is that of China, which was based primarily upon a literature. A literature is the triumphant instrument of the invincible culture of the Jews. Hence the supreme object of the new Republic would be to improve the conditions of literary productions, to make literature more varied, quintessential, and abundant, to enforce it with honour and help, to attract to its service every man and woman with guts of value, and to make the most of those gifts. He therefore addresses himself to consider the lines upon which men must go to ensure the greatest possible growth of original thought in the State. He points out that at present a very large percentage of the energies of those who might produce good literature is devoted to producing a sufficient quantity of literature to sell to keep themselves alive. The democratic method has broken down in the world of thought.

An Academy of Criticism.

Therefore he proposes in the first case to re-establish the faculty of literary criticism. The branch of literature that is first to be put on a sound footing is critical literature. He would like to have all capable writers formed into a guild, from which a sort of academy could be elected. Such a guild would put the best people upon its list, although they refused to serve; but his more practical suggestion is that a magazine should be founded by a couple of thousand persons, who would guarantee subscriptions on condition that the best critics in England should write sound reviews of all the important new books, the essence of the scheme being that the writers should be highly paid, and should not be driven to do more work than they could turn out of persistent high quality. He would endow university lectureships and readerships of contemporary criticism, in which questions of style and method could be illustrated by quotation, not necessarily of a flattering sort, from contemporary work. There would be several chairs, and a few extension lectures could be set afloat upon the same channel.

The Question of Copyright.

But Mr. Wells is still unsatisfied. There must be many channels, for no single method of selection, help, honour and payment can be accepted. He therefore proposes that the author should be protected from the pressure of immediate necessities, first of all by forbidding him to part for ever with his copyrights. Any bargain which rendered it impossible for him to revise, abbreviate, or alter what he had written would

be, ipso facto, invalid. He should not be able to make any bargain with a publisher for a longer period than seven years, unless he chose to make his copyright an immediate present to the world, by declaring it null and void. Upon this proposal Mr. Wells suggests that it is possible to pay for the public service of good writing, and to do honour to men of letters and thought by buying up their copyrights and completely extinguishing them, so as to render them universally available as cheaply as possible.

One Endowed Author for Every 100,000.

But his most audacious proposal is that we should subsidise or endow to the extent of £800 to £2,000 a year one author for every 100,000 of the population. That would mean that there would be 400 subsidised authors for Great Britain, each drawing from £800 to £1,000 a year. From this general body he would elect every year four or five of the seniors to form a sort of academy, say of 100 in number, each of whom would receive £2,000 a year. This could all be provided for at the cost of £500,000 a year. Much of this money would be met by the value of the copyrights, which the subsidised person would have to surrender. Every year eighteen to twenty authors would have to be selected for the purpose of being added to the list of the subsidised. Mr. Wells suggests that one or two each might be appointed by grouped universities, by the Guild of Authors, by the Academy of History and Philosophy, by the Royal Society, and by the Privy Council. We have only room to quote the words with which Mr. Wells brings his admirable series of papers to a close:

"To know all one can of one's self in relation to the world about one, to think out all one can, to take nothing for granted except by reason of one's unavoidable limitations, to be swift, indeed, but not hasty, to be strong but not violent, to be as watchful of one's self as it is given one to be, is the manifest duty of all who would subserve the New Republic. For the New Republican, as for his fore-runner, the Puritan, conscience and discipline must saturate life. He must be ruled by duties and a certain ritual in life. Every day and every week he must set aside time to read and to think, to commune with others and himself, he must be as jealous of his health and strength as the Levites of old. Can we in this generation make but a few thousands of such men and women, men and women who are not afraid to live, men and women with a common faith and a common understanding, then, indeed, our work will be done. They will in their own time take this world as a sculptor takes his marble, and shape it better than all our dreams."

Vetoing a Pope.

Few people are aware that the heads of four great European nations hold a very important privilege—that of vetoing the election to the Papacy of any given Cardinal. Portugal, Spain, Austria, and France were granted this extraordinary right of veto by Pope John V. The privilege was exercised, it is hinted, at the last Papal Conclave by Austria, that country having reason to doubt the friendship of Cardinal Rampolla. And according to a writer in the "*Nouvelle Revue*" the late Pope nearly fell under the same ban. Yet another interesting point made in this article is the little known fact that only comparatively late in the history of the Papacy was the Pope chosen from among the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals. Till the tenth century simple parish priests were as eligible for the Papacy as were bishops and cardinals.

The Nutritive Value of Sugar.

In the first August number of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" M. Dastre writes an interesting article on the physiological effect of sugar. He shows that instead of being, as is generally supposed, a kind of relish making other foods palatable, sugar, on the contrary, performs an important function in making good the losses caused by muscular exertion and in maintaining the human body in health and vigour. M. Dastre shows in detail the extent to which sugar has contributed from the year 1664 to the revenue of France. France manufactures about 1,200,000 tons annually, of which it only consumes rather less than one-half. The application of the Brussels Convention, which came into operation last month (September), will, he sees clearly, affect injuriously the French export trade in sugar. Consequently we have not only sugar refiners and agriculturists interested in beetroot cultivation, but also economists and experts in health and physiology, all uniting in demanding the removal of the imposts on this real necessary of life in order to promote its increased use by the French people themselves. These efforts have already had considerable effect. By a law passed in January last the duty was reduced by a good deal more than half, though even now it is actually more than the real value of the article. M. Dastre gives us some highly technical pages, the upshot of which is that the processes of life in the higher vertebrate animals must be carried on in a sugary solution of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1,000. Glucose, which is supplied to the body by means of sugar, is now believed to be the source of muscular energy. The whole subject, it will be seen, is one of great interest, and its practical importance may be illustrated by a remark of M. Dastre to the effect that molasses might be employed with advantage in the food of French cavalry and artillery horses.

Cost of the Uganda Railway.

In the August number of "*Public Works*" is given the second part of a well-illustrated article on the "*Uganda Railway*." The writer, Mr. H. B. Molesworth, assumes a friendly attitude towards this undertaking which has received so much blame. Amongst other things, he points out that the railway, with a gauge of 3ft. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., was laid at the rate of over 100 miles per annum, and cost £9,500 per mile, as compared with the following:

"£9,500 per mile does not appear by any means excessive for a line which passes over two summits of 7,800 ft. and 8,300 ft. elevation respectively, and where the difficulties of construction were so unusual and numerous. The Uganda Railway has been laid at the rate of 109 miles a year, the length of 584 miles having been laid in five years and five months. When the substantial character of the line, the unusual difficulties encountered, and the extremely broken and mountainous country which it traverses are considered, the cost certainly does not appear excessive, and the speed of construction compares well with other similar railways. The Congo Railway, of 241 miles, rises to a height of 2,444 ft., and was laid in seven years, or rather more than thirty-one miles per annum. Cost £10,000 per mile. Gauge 2 ft. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Natal Railways—Gauge 3 ft. 6 in. Cost about £11,000 per mile. Rhodesian Railway (between Umtali and Salisbury), in easy country. Gauge 3 ft. 6 in. Cost about £8,500 per mile."

An American-Indian Composer.

In "Harper's Magazine" Natalie Curtis relates charmingly the finding, among the Indians making roads for the American Government, a composer named Koianimptiwa. Of him, she says:

"His slanting eyes had a dreamy charm, his face was thoughtful almost to gravity; the easy good nature and ready joke of the Hopi seemed foreign to him. His cheeks were hollow, his shoulders high, and his whole appearance delicate and spiritual. He was dressed in American clothing, but for all that he was a picturesque figure as he took his seat upon an upturned box before the phonograph. His thick hair was parted in the middle, and hung on either side. It was not long enough to tie up behind in true Hopi fashion, for Koianimptiwa worked at road-making, and the Government employs only those Indians who are willing to cut their hair. But he was still beautiful in spite of the Government's decree, for his black locks, instead of being sheared off short, like those of so many Indians, hung below his ears in a glossy sweep, making an oval frame for his thin face. He was a study in black and white for an artist. His high, broad shoulders, lithe frame, and slim, sinewy muscles were sharply outlined beneath a tight-fitting black jersey. He wore duck overalls and a broad black felt hat, which fastened under his chin with a cord. He resembled more a study by Velasquez than our common idea of an American Indian."

He sang his song into a phonograph, and the writer gives of it the following translation:

"Yellow butterflies
With pollen-painted faces
Chase one another in brilliant throng
Over the blossoming virgin corn.
"Blue butterflies
With pollen-painted faces
Chase one another in brilliant streams
Over the blossoming virgin beans.
"Over the blossoming virgin corn
The wild bees hum:
Over the blossoming virgin beans
The wild bees hum.
"Over your field of growing corn
All day shall come the thunder-cloud;
Over your field of growing corn
All day shall come the rushing rain."

This poem the composer explained, when requested, in the most charming, simple way:

"My song," he began, "is about the butterflies flying over the corn-fields and over the beans. They are blue and they are yellow; their faces are bright; and I cannot explain in English how that is. One butterfly is running after the other like the hunt, and there are many. But I cannot say that just in English, either. The second part is about the bees. They are flying over the corn, and over the beans, and singing. And I must explain: it is not the big corn and the big beans; my song is about the corn and beans when they are little. Then comes the thunder in the cloud, and that is hanging over the corn-field. Then comes the rain; and I cannot tell you just how that is in English. It first comes afar off, a little bit—drops—then lots of them falling very fast. That is what the song means, but I cannot say it right."

Asked how he made his song, the young Indian replied, simply:

"It was like this," he answered. "Yesterday I go all day with my burro to load wood, and while I load my wood I make my song."

Then he added:

"I do not make first words, then music. I make a song. My song has words and music."

Tuna-Fishing in America.

"Ten feet in air, hovering over the clear blue waters of the Santa Catalina channel, a brilliant living meteor, scintillating with light, the tuna is the embodiment of life, activity, power, and the peculiar vigour that makes a game fish."

Thus Mr. C. F. Holder describes the tuna in "Badminton's Magazine," to which he contributes an interesting article on the catching of these huge fishes, which sometimes turn the scale at 250 lbs. This is the record for rod and reel, but the fish caught by nets sometimes weigh over 1,000 lbs.:

"Tuna-fishing has evolved a boat for the purpose—a broad, wide-sterned launch, with a four-horse-power gasoline engine. Two comfortable seats are rigged in the stern, where the anglers sit, one fishing to the right, the other to the left, the boatman being at once gaffer and engineer. At the strike he stops the boat and backs her if necessary, and while the angler is playing the fish turns her about with an oar, keeping the stern to the fish. Casting with a bait (the flying fish) which weighs five or six pounds, is somewhat of an art in itself, and the tyro requires a 'city lot' for his experiments. The method is to reel the bait to the rod-tip and cast with both hands, when the bait can be hurled a long distance, and, falling with a crash, is assumed by the tuna to be a flying fish at the end of its flight, which is usually terminated with a splash."

But the mere hooking of the fish is nothing, and is only the overture, so to say, to an hour-long struggle for the mastery between the man and the fish, joined by only a slender line as thin as fine piano wire. It is a contest demanding all the skill and all the art of the man; it is no mere butchery:

"There is a vast difference in tunas. Some can be taken in twenty minutes, others in half-an-hour, but these are probably weakened at the breeding season. One fish at its prime is a hard fighter, an uncompromising foe to the angler, and the accounts of the struggles with fishes in their best condition would make a volume which would rank with the tales of the experiences of great game hunters on land. The great physical power of the tuna is beyond question. I fought one for four hours, during which it towed the boat slowly but steadily ten miles. At one time we were out to sea, again inshore, always fighting, and the boatman holding his oars against the fish; and when it is remembered that the line is not much larger than that used by many persons as an eyeglass cord, the wonder deepens. The longest contest on record was fourteen hours.

"Probably not over one hundred and fifty tunas of over a hundred pounds weight have been taken with a rod in the few years they have been fished for."

"The Coming Man" in the "Sunday Strand" is the Rev. G. H. R. Garcia, B.A., of Union Congregational Church, Sunderland, whose speciality has been social work among the working people of that seaport. Mr. W. L. Williams, who writes the sketch, questions whether the ministry will keep Mr. Garcia. "He is too unconventional to be attracted by what he calls the 'comfortable church club' of the suburbs. His ideal is a forward movement in a big town."

The Muse of the Music-Hall.

Mr. Michael MacDonagh contributes to the "Nineteenth Century" for September a very amusing article, built up mainly of specimens of music-hall lyricism. The people, he says, care more for low comedy in their ballads than for sentiment, and the specimens of the Music Hall Muse, whether comedy or not, are beyond all question sufficiently low. The people, according to Mr. MacDonagh, will not have good literature at any price:

"The low humour and vulgarity of these ballads, their mawkish sentimentality, their tawdry patriotism, stir the great heart of the people, when songs expressing the thoughts of master minds, and glowing with passion and poetry, or even music-hall songs of a better class, truly depicting the real pathos and the true comedy of their own lives, would leave them cold."

The writers of music-hall ballads are mostly almost illiterate men, whose success springs from their powers of observation and real knowledge of lower-class customs and modes of thought. The ordinary price of a song appears to be a guinea. Women do not write music-hall songs—perhaps that accounts for their badness. The singing right costs the singer a guinea. Enormous sums are netted by publishers from successful songs. The publisher of "Tommy Atkins" bought that song for the customary guinea, and made in a year between £4,000 and £5,000.

But Mr. MacDonagh's text, though good, is cast into the shade by his quotations. Some of his choruses are masterpieces. The following is one from a song on the joys of matrimony:

"Yes, she takes them to your nearest uncle's,
And she'll pledge them as a wife should do,
And she comes home tight, about twelve o'clock at night,
And she'll mop the blessed floor with you!"

Volunteering is evidently despised by those who enjoy the companionship of the Regular, as the following indicates:

"I thought he was a soldier all the day,
Because for everything he let me pay;
I took him home and gave him grub and beer,
And then he said he was a Volunteer.
I thought he was a scamp, and told him so,
And as I cried, 'You villain! you must go!'
In came the boss and missus on our track,
They threw him out and then gave me the sack.

Chorus.

"And to think that I've walked with a Grenadier,
And a 'Cold-cream' guard as well;
With a 'colour bloke' in the Infanterie,
And every rank of Artilleree,
To think that a sergeant of Dragoons
Has whispered, 'I love to hold yer!'
And then to be squeezed and fondled by
A bandy-legged Saturday soldier!"

However, the music-hall song-writer seldom (except when he gets on to drink) departs from the felicities of domestic life:

"I was never a chap to make trouble, d'ye see,
I always take things calm and cool as can be;
But yesterday when I went home after tea
I was startled by my youngster Teddy,
Who said, 'O to-day, dad, we have had a game,
For to see ma this morning my new uncle came.'
'New uncle,' said I, 'and pray what was his name?'
The youngster replied, 'Uncle Freddy,

And he's coming again by and by,
So to get home and see him do try.
He will make you laugh when he comes, now, you see.'
So I said, 'Oh, will he?'
'He'll sit on the couch and take ma on his knee.'
So I said, 'Oh, will he?'
'Nice fairy stories to me he will tell,
First he'll kiss mamma and then baby Nell,
And if you're at home perhaps he'll kiss you as well.
So I said, 'Oh, will he?'"

The hire-purchase system is hardly recommended in the following refrain:

Chorus.

"For a beautiful rickety table,
Beautiful bandy chairs,
Beautiful bedstead that won't stand up,
So we're sleeping on the stairs.
Chest of drawers walked out of doors
As soon as we lit the fire—
Beautiful Home, Beautiful Home,
Beautiful Home on Hire."

This gentleman's reason for not getting married is quite equal to M^{onsieur} Romain Daurignac's:

"My pals all ask me why I ain't
Been married up till now;
I tell 'em it's not good for me—
I ain't got the pluck, somehow;
Go buying rings and wedding things,
And riding to church in state;
What! take on fourteen stone of wife,
When the landlady's only eight!
She always cooks me all my meals,
And lets me sit by the fire;
So, while he's got his landlady,
What more can a chap require?"

The music-hall song-writer is sometimes sentimental. On the whole we prefer his humour to his sentiment:

Chorus.

"For the children's sake
She toils on day by day,
Working her fingers to the bone,
Wearing her young life away.
So it will be till she falls asleep,
Never again to wake;
For she bears her cross like a mother true,
For the children's sake."

The Casualties of British Industry.

Mr. W. J. Gordon writes in the "Leisure Hour" on the killed and wounded in industry. He reports that the numbers for 1901 in the United Kingdom were 4,627 killed and 107,290 wounded. 1,524 of the deaths were on board British merchant vessels, leaving 3,103 for the home record. Of these 1,229 died in mines and quarries, 565 in railways, and 769 in factories. The death rate for factories was 1 in 5,000 persons employed, in metal mines 4.6 in 5,000, in coal mines 6.8. Accidents work out at 18 per thousand in factories. As many are killed in coal mining as in 1851, but there are four times as many coal miners; so the danger is reduced to one-fourth. One inspector reports that "eliminating purely accidental injuries, the most prolific cause is the carelessness of the worker; next in order comes the remissness of the machine-maker; and lastly, failure on the part of occupiers to provide guards." It is suggestive to compare Mr. Gordon's figures with those of the War Commission. Killed in action during the whole South African War, 5,774. Killed in British industry in 1901, 4,627.

Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P.

By One Who Knows Him.

A very interesting sketch of Mr. Winston Churchill as a "master-worker" is contributed by Mr. Harold Begbie to the September "Pall Mall Magazine." "The Boy," whom a year or two ago Lord Rosebery quizzed—somewhat unmercifully—when his guest at Dalmeny, has always been supposed to have a very old head on young shoulders. But:

"The shoulders are growing old now, and certainly in appearance there is nothing of 'the Boy' left in the white, nervous, washed-out face of the member for Oldham. He walks with a stoop, the head thrust forward. His mouth expresses bitterness, the light eyes strained watchfulness. It is a tired face: white, worn, harassed. He talks as a man of fifty talks—a little cruelly, slowly, measuring his words, the hand for ever tilting the hat backwards and forwards, or brushing itself roughly across the tired eyes. Essentially a tired face, the expression one of intellectual energy which has to be wound up by a rebellious consciousness. There is, indeed, little of youth left to the member for Oldham, if we except a waning vanity—common enough among grey heads. There is in his talk nothing of that rush and carelessness and eagerness and enthusiasm which we expect in youth, and for which in these grim days we are becoming even grateful. Thoreau, I think, might have cited Mr. Churchill as a witness against empire, civilisation, and business."

And yet, Mr. Begbie reminds us that it is only ten years since Mr. Winston Churchill left Harrow for Sandhurst:

"He is twenty-nine—separated from his boyhood by five campaigns, a Parliamentary election, and a budget of speeches. He is not a good illustration of Mr. John Burns' 'gilded popinjays.' Five years of fighting in Cuba, in the Himalayas, in the Sudan, and on the veldt; and three years in Parliament as the fighting representative of a great working-class constituency in Lancashire."

His Future.

It is, however, of Mr. Churchill's future, more than of his short and crowded past, that Mr. Begbie writes—always with an unexpressed doubt, clearly present in his mind, as to whether it may not all come to be summed up in the word "overworked."

Whatever happens, he prophesies—and quotes Mr. Churchill in support—the son of Lord Randolph will never call himself a Radical, never lead the Liberal Party, as a Radical journalist once predicted:

"Few people realise the intensity of his devotion to Toryism—the Radical journalist aforementioned least of all. And yet this is one of the most striking characteristics of the member for Oldham. He is a Tory by birth and inheritance. Toryism possesses him. He will fight to the last for this Toryism, even if the whole party follows Mr. Chamberlain and the result of the inquest of the nation is a triumphant return to Protection."

He is a devoted admirer of his father; and his convictions "are based in no small measure upon a profound and extraordinarily thorough study of his father's speeches." "To understand Mr. Churchill's Toryism, one must have a student's knowledge of the speeches and career of Lord Randolph Churchill."

His Attitude to the General Election.

Talking to Mr. Begbie on the Terrace one recent day, Mr. Churchill confessed that this time "it almost

looks as if there will be no room for anybody on one side or the other who is not prepared to swallow either Mr. Chamberlain as he is, or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as he is—or, rather, as he isn't. This is wrong. There ought to be room for the play of individual opinion; and the domination of political principles by personalities is bad—very bad."

"A Tory Democrat—and Free-trader," whatever the Unionist Government decide, is Mr. Churchill's emphatic pronouncement as to his policy:

"You don't think," he said to Mr. Begbie, "that the men in the Party who are firmly convinced that Free-trade is one of the cardinal principles of Toryism are going to surrender and sit quietly with folded hands because a Liberal Unionist wants to return to Protection? We shall fight for the faith, and we shall win, clean through."

A sweeping victory for Free-trade and the worst collapse of the Tory Party since 1832—this is the prospect which the young Tory Democrat anticipates, and one which he cannot view without some misgiving.

What He Has Done in Politics—

In merely worrying a committee of inquiry into national expenditure out of a reluctant Government, Mr. Churchill has done much; he has done still more in getting people to take a serious interest in the question: while, if the results of the committee are really greater economy and better administration of the public money, he will have done more than enough to satisfy a statesman of much more than twenty-nine.

—and What He Means to Do.

"No young man, if we except the extraordinary instance of Mr. Parnell, ever entered upon a political career with a more certain knowledge of his route than the member for Oldham." A non-jingo, intelligent Tory democracy—that is, has ever been, and ever will be his ideal. He is no "headstrong youth, fighting for notoriety and sensation, but a far-seeing politician, a most earnest student of affairs, and the champion of a principle which he believes to be absolutely essential to the safety, honour, and welfare of the King's dominions"—an encomium which is qualified by the frank admission that "Mr. Churchill mapped out his future with as much concern for the future of Mr. Churchill as for the future of the British Empire."

What He Is and May Become.

Lord Rosebery's words, "Pray do not let us come to any conclusion"—on any the most widely differing subjects—"until we have asked the Boy," may come to be said in another tone. Mr. Churchill is already "in the first rank of political speakers, and not very far behind the first rank of contemporary men of letters." He has made, it is true, some powerful political enemies, but he is already better understood than he was:

"The House realises that here is a brilliant young man who 'thanks whatever gods may be' for his 'unconquerable soul,' and, having a definite object in view, is undeterred by minor considerations in its attainment."

In the "Strand Magazine," Emory James tells how a famous German sculptor spends his seaside holidays in making beautiful models in the sand, giving his first exhibition for the benefit of the family of a drowned sailor. Professor Bormel continues to amuse himself in this way. His only tools are a piece of wood and his own brains. The results, as shown by the photographs, are wonderful, and should stimulate holiday-seekers to like efforts

An American Diplomat's Reminiscences.

By the Hon. A. D. White.

In the "Century Illustrated Monthly" for September the Hon. Andrew D. White, formerly United States Ambassador at Berlin, contributes some "Chapters from My Diplomatic Life." The reminiscences concern many well-known characters of several nationalities. Professor Hermann Grimm's transcendentalism did not prevent his minute attention to prosaic realities:

"Anyone inviting him to dine was likely to receive an answer, asking how the dining-room was lighted, whether by gas, oil, or wax; also how the lights were placed, whether high or low; and what the principal dishes were to be: and on the answer depended his acceptance or declination."

Another anecdote concerns Hoffmann:

"He had arrived in Glasgow late on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning went to call on Professor Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin. The door-bell was answered by a woman servant, of whom Hoffmann asked if Sir William was at home. To this the servant answered, 'Sir, he most certainly is not.' Hoffmann then asked, 'Could you tell me where I could find him?' She answered, 'Sir, you will find him at church, where you ought to be.'"

Concerning French statesmen, Mr. White has much to say. President Grevy only complained reproachfully to him that "*Vous nous inondez de vos produits*," and altogether failed greatly to impress the American diplomatist. M. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, he found far more interesting:

"He said that Bismarck was very kind personally to Thiers during the terrible negotiations—that if Bismarck could have had his way he would have asked a larger indemnity, say seven milliards, and would have left Alsace-Lorraine to France; that France would gladly have paid a much larger sum than five milliards if she could have retained Alsace-Lorraine; that Bismarck would have made concessions, but that 'Molkt' would not. He added that Bismarck told 'Molkt' that he (the latter), by insisting on territory, had made peace too difficult."

He was most of all pleased with M. Ribot:

"Like every French statesman, author, professor, or artist whom I met, he won my respect. It is a thousand pities that a country possessing such men is so widely known to the world, not by them, but by novelists and dramatists largely retailing filth, journalists largely given to the invention of sensational lies, politicians largely obeying either atheistic demagogues or clerical intriguers, and all together acting like a swarm of obscene, tricky, mangy monkeys, chattering, squealing, and tweaking one another's tails in a cage. Some of these monkeys I saw performing their antics in the National Assembly, then sitting at Versailles, and it saddened me to see the nobler element in that assemblage neutralised by such feather-brained creatures."

M. de Lesseps Mr. White believes to be "still a great and true man, despite the cloud of fraud which the misdeeds of others drew over the latter days."

Of both William I. and Frederick III. of Germany Mr. White cannot speak too kindly. "The latter was especially winning." Indeed, of his stay in Germany and of his manner of leaving it, Mr. White's memories seem uniformly agreeable.

In the "Young Woman" Miss Brook-Alder gives a conversational account of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., his work and his art school at Newlyn. He finds the Cornishmen splendid models.

Will Crooks: Character and Career.

The "Young Man" for September gives a racy sketch of the Labour member for Woolwich. It begins by describing Mr. Crooks' home in Poplar. It tells how, when a street fight gets serious, or a drain goes wrong, or a roof lets in rain, or a boy wants boots to get to work, or a poor fellow is "stony-broke" for want of a job, or the neighbourhood is in trouble of any sort, the cry is always "Go to Mr. Crooks." He seems, in short, to be a general Poplar providence personified. Here is an illuminating incident:

"Mr. Crooks tells the story of another caller, who knocked him up one night. It was a Dock labourer. 'Oh, Bill, I'm that bad wiv the spasms, I can 'ardly work,' he groaned to Mr. Crooks. 'Then why don't you go and see the doctor?' 'Oh, I've bin to 'im, and 'e ain't done me no good. I thought if you'd come wiv me, 'e'd be sure to give me the right stuff!'"

A Believer in Women and Children.

After recalling his early days in the workhouse, Mr. Crooks expressed great indignation at the way the Poor Law system breaks up the families committed to its care. His ideal is that "by no working of the system shall the family be broken up." Then follows a remark which shows how genuine a Woman's Rights man is Mr. Crooks, and how shrewd his insight into the needs of the case:

"The President of the Local Government Board ought to be a woman, then the reforms would come more quickly."

It is a remark which one has a right to expect from the son of his mother and from the husband of his wife.

Remembering his own boyish experiences, the Chairman of the Poplar Guardians "is a great hand with the youngsters":

"'Whenever I feel worn out and out of sorts,' he told me, 'I look in at the workhouse schools, and have half an hour with the youngsters. It is a certain cure.'"

Precocious Agitator and Husband.

His career as Trade Unionist began when he was fourteen years old; and his zeal in the cause lost him many a berth. Eventually he settled down as a cooper. Readers who are ignorant of working-class necessities, and apply only their own middle-class standards, will not be pleased to know that Mr. Crooks married when he was only a youth of nineteen. But,—

"'Are you surprised,' he asks, 'that the children of the poor marry young, when it means the comfort of a room for two, instead of two rooms for six or seven?'"

Mrs. Crooks "still does the marketing, and personally attends to the front door step."

Out-of-Work and Wage-Raiser.

Mr. Crooks has known what it is to walk all over London seeking work, and seeking it in vain. He has also tramped to Liverpool on the same heart-sickening errand; and in one time of bitter distress he lost one of his children. The great Dock strike brought him out to public notice. In 1892 he was elected to the London County Council, where he has since had the adjustment of the rates of wages and a great share in the arrangement of the Blackwall and Rotherhithe tunnels:

"So this man, who only a few years earlier had tramped the streets of London, an almost hopeless out-of-work, apportioned to the satisfaction of the Council many thousands of pounds to his fellow-workmen in his wages schedule, under which the workers received

£27,500 more during their employment than they would have done at the customary rates of pay."

His Views of Coronation Robes.

Here is a thoroughly characteristic incident:

"He was Mayor of Poplar last year. As Mayor, he witnessed the Coronation ceremony last August in Westminster Abbey, and by special permission was allowed to attend without Court costume. Somebody asked him afterwards what was his impression of the historic event. 'What struck me most,' he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, 'was the get-up of the Peers. It was interesting to think that one of those men spent as much on his robes and coronet to make himself look ugly, as would have given Poplar free breakfasts for a week.'"

His Religious Activity.

Mr. Crooks would evidently in Holland be a member of "The Christian Labour Party," for, says his interviewer:

"It must be mentioned that Mr. Crooks has been a teetotaler all his life; and he is a Congregationalist, with a most broad and tolerant creed, even for a Congregationalist. He was a great friend of the late Father Dolling, who frequently worked with him, and whose church is in the same street; and he is equally ready to co-operate with the minister of a Wesleyan mission or a Baptist pastor—always provided that the work done is in the interests of the people and for their well-being. Every Sunday morning he holds an open-air Conference at the Dock gates; it is an interesting feature of East End meeting life; men of all shades of opinions meet, and thresh out the questions of the day; and before now there has been the refreshing spectacle of a Dock labourer engaged in friendly open-air argument with a Dock director! Mr. Crooks goes home from this conference to dinner, and then is off again in the afternoon to his P.S.A. at the Poplar Town Hall, to which he has already invited the men in his morning audience."

J. McNeill Whistler.

The "Idler" contains an article on the dead painter, by Elbert Hubbard, the American philosopher. Although written before Mr. Whistler's death, it is still acceptable:

"There are two Whistlers. One tender as a woman, sensitive as a child—thirsting for love, friendship and appreciation—a dreamer of dreams, seeing visions and mounting to the heavens on the wings of his soaring fancy. This is the real Whistler. And there has always been a small Mutual Admiration Society that has appreciated, applauded and loved this Whistler; to whom he has always been 'Jimmy.'"

"The other Whistler is the jaunty little man in the funny, straight-brimmed high hat—cousin to the hat John D. Long wore for twenty years. This man in the long black coat, carrying a bamboo wand, who adjusts his monocle and throws off an epigram, who confounds the critics, befools the lawyers, affronts millionaires from Colorado, and plays pitch and toss with words, is the Whistler known to newspaperdom. And Grub Street calls him 'Jimmy,' too; but the voice of Grub Street is guttural, and in it is no tender cadence—it is tone that tells, not the mere word: I have been addressed by an endearing phrase when the words stabbed. Grub Street sees only the one man, and goes straightway after him with a snickersneer. Whistler is a fool. The fools were the wisest men at Court.

Shakespeare, who dearly loved a fool, belonged to the breed himself, placed his wisest sayings into the mouths of men who wore the motley. When he adorned a man with cap and bells, it was as though he had given bonds for both that man's humanity and intelligence. Neither Shakespeare nor any other writer of good books ever dared depart so violently from truth as to picture a fool whose heart was filled with pretence and perfidy. The fool is not malicious."

Mr. John Burns on London's Future.

The current number of the "Magazine of Commerce" contains an "interview" with Mr. John Burns. Mr. Burns is asked what London will be like twenty-five years hence, and he replies: "It will be worth a lease of life to see London emerge in its new glory twenty-five years hence. But the evolution—as evolution should ever be—will be in slow, if delicate, detail. We shall haply be witness to most of it. It is going on to-day. It is all about us. No need, I say, to mortgage our future to be in at the finish. There's the greatness of it—the expansion that I love—the progress towards the green fields and the crisp air. The East End will disappear as a home of miserable industry. It will become the true seat of industry, but the pallid dwellers of to-day will have gone to the light. The Isle of Dogs will have passed, in a sense, on to the high ground of Kent. The Blackwall Tunnel—which, I thank God, I did something to promote—will help this grand Armageddon over foul air and the Calibans of rack-rented rookeries. Seven Dials will have become a mere name in the Chamber of Horrors of history. It will crop up in the wicked chapters of the reproving novelist. Soho will have become an anachronism in an up-to-date drama. It will be as remote from the living present of twenty-five years hence as we are to-day from the ugly, squalid realism of the Tyburn road and the flaunts of Edgware Bess. We shall live in cleaner air—ourselves clean. The power to breathe will be one of the supreme physical characteristics of London's emancipation. A new system of fire extinction, adaptable to cleansing the streets by hydraulic pressure, will be adopted, and thus save the Chief of the Brigade from many of the worries that the appliance-monger knows so well how to inflict. Electrification will be our goal. The 'growler' will have disappeared; the street-omnibus of to-day will be a comic oddment of the past. Its place will be taken by the electric cab and the electric road-car. We shall be electrically trammed up to the Sally-ports of Windsor Castle. We shall have 1,500 miles of electric roadways in London. Epping Forest will be as near, in point of time, to the Hyde Parkist as Rotten Row is to-day to the denizens of Whitechapel. The hansom cab? No; it will survive, as a sort of pet stage-dore cabriolet, to carry the last of the vanishing Verisophts and Sir Mulberry Hawks who will hobble to the memory of an improved aristocracy. The 'Tube' will become a storm-overflow conduit, a sewage wash-out, aided by the Thames, which also will participate in the general improvement now going on. Everyone will ride in the open air. The rationale of open-air enjoyment is being learned. We shall have established a magnificent service of river steamboats. Cannon Street and Charing Cross railway bridges, with their red oxide abominations, will give way to 100 ft. wide viaducts, with the front of the stations on the other side. We shall, in twenty-five years, have in London one hundred and fifty parks and open spaces, as against one hundred to-day and fifty fourteen years

ago. And education will be less mental and more moral and physical. Finally, we shall have dealt the liquor trade of London a smashing blow by means of new entertainments and counter-attractions. We shall have a House of Commons filled with men of youth, energy, purpose. No 'palsied mashers' to direct us, and no electioneering adventurers to try their cranks upon the life of the nation. But I am solely for a great, clean, honest, beautiful and livable London every day out of the calendar's round of three hundred and sixty-five of 'em."

The New Boss of Tammany Hall.

In the "World's Work" Mr. Maurice Low writes of Mr. Charles Francis Murphy, who has succeeded Mr. Richard Croker as Boss of Tammany Hall in New York. Of this organisation Mr. Low says:

"Tammany Hall is the most powerful piece of political machinery the world has ever known. When the Democrats are in control in New York City the power of Tammany is almost unlimited, and even in those years when the Republicans are on top, the influence of Tammany is great enough to make itself felt; and the power of Tammany centres in one man, the so-called leader, who, elected by the votes of his fellows, is practically absolute master. There is no man in any English-speaking country who exercises such absolute domination over his followers as the leader of Tammany. There is nothing resembling this political organisation in any other part of the world; nothing has ever approached it, with the possible exception of the Italian Camorra, and Tammany, like its Italian imitator, is organised for plunder, and lives on the results of its predatory excursions.

"The importance of Tammany cannot be over-estimated in the politics of the United States. The State of New York, exclusive of the City of New York, is Republican, but the vote of the city is so overwhelmingly Democratic that it is frequently able to overturn the Republican majority in the State, and make the net majority Democratic.

The New Boss and His Career.

"The present leader of Tammany Hall is Mr. Charles Francis Murphy, who came into power when Boss Croker abdicated to become an 'English gentleman.' He is forty-five years old, a New Yorker by birth, the son of an Irish immigrant, who died a year ago at the age of eighty-eight, boasting that he had never been idle a day in his long life. Charles Francis is the second son of a family of eight. Dennis Murphy, the father, was a poor and illiterate man, but he realised the value of an education, and he sent his children to the public schools, where they acquired the rudiments. As soon as the boys were old enough they were put to work. Charles began life in a ship-yard. He was a strapping youngster, with an ambition to become a first-class ship-caulker. The work was hard, but young Murphy thrived upon it, his muscles hardened into steel, his chest expanded, and he became quick on his feet. He worked with rough boys, and the new apprentice had to fight his way into the fellowship of the craft. He not only knew how to use his fists, but he had no fear. In two years he was the acknowledged Boss of the boys in the shipyard; he had literally fought his way into leadership.

"He early displayed a marked ability for organising and leading his associates, the same qualities that for many years made him a prominent figure in New York City politics, and have now made him the leader of Tammany Hall. When he was only seventeen years

old he organised the Sylvan Social Club, the members of which were boys from fifteen to twenty years old, and was elected, as a matter of course, its president. When he was about twenty years old he was given a place as a driver on a tramcar. Those were the days before the invention of devices to register the fares. It has been said that conductors took whatever they wanted of the receipts, handed over half to the driver, and gave what was left to the company."

The Growth of His Prosperity.

Whether this is true or not, in two years Murphy had accumulated £100. With this he opened a saloon in a very humble way, serving a glass of fresh beer and a large bowl of soup for five cents. So successful was this saloon that in three years' time Murphy opened a gorgeous palace of a saloon, and began to make money fast. Now he is known to own four large saloons, and is a very wealthy man:

"Although the owner of saloons, and constantly mixing with men who drank deep and hard, he seldom touched liquor, and no one ever saw him intoxicated. He did not smoke, and he was never known to swear or to lose his temper. Most men of his class are either gamblers or devoted to the race-track. Murphy is neither. He never gambles, unless speculation in stocks can be called gambling; but unlike most speculators he makes money out of his ventures on the Stock Exchange. A silent, reserved, calculating man, and yet neither cold nor heartless. In his rise from poverty to affluence he carried his family with him, although none of them has shown even a trace of his ability. One brother he put on the police force, another he made an alderman, and still another was elected a councilman."

Mr. Murphy showed no desire for political office, but once accepted the position of dock commissioner under a Democratic mayor:

"At that time he was said to be worth about £80,000, the bulk of his money being safely invested, yielding him a good income. He remained in office as dock commissioner for four years, and when he retired, owing to a change of administration, he was believed to have accumulated a fortune of not less than £200,000. He has been leader of Tammany Hall for a year. It would be surprising if his fortune were not considerably larger now than it was at the time when he was elected to leadership."

Gossip about the King.

Much is loyally recorded in the September magazine about King Edward VII. The "Quiver" tells of "The King's Churches," his favourite being his church at Sandringham. There, we learn, "the Royal party makes a point of walking to church whenever possible." This was the custom of a wealthy and devout Hindu, who felt that reverence required him to walk to the house of worship; but, worship being over, he drove back. Another motive rules at Sandringham, for Sunday being there a day of rest, "no unnecessary labour of any kind is imposed." It is a Royal requirement that attendance at church must be rigorously punctual.

"With Love from Alix and Bertie."

Marie Belloc, writing on "beautiful miniatures" in the "Woman at Home," gives a picture of the miniature of Queen Victoria's two pet dogs, Marco and Turi, to which a pathetic interest attaches. For "the little group was painted by Mrs. Massey to the then Prince and Princess of Wales' order, so that it might form

their 1900 Christmas present to their venerated mother. Below it runs the inscription, 'To dearest Mamma, with love from Alix and Bertie. Christmas, 1900.' Turi, the little terrier, whose wistful face peers out from the painting, actually lay on the late Sovereign's bed when she died."

Slamming the Door in the King's Face!

Many are the stories in olden times about monarchs isolated from their hunting parties; but here, in "Casell's Magazine," in a paper by Mr. A. Wallis Myers on "the King's country visits," is a modern variant:

"It is said that the King became separated from the other members of the party. About lunch time he found himself alone, near Berkhamstead, feeling very hungry, and without the immediate prospect of getting any food. Recollecting, however, that the seat of an intimate friend was somewhere within easy reach, he sought for the house, and, finding it, rang the front-door bell. A footman appeared. 'Will you kindly tell your master that the Prince of Wales is outside, and would like some lunch?' he said. 'Walker!' answered the man, and banged the door in his face."

The Creator of New Ireland.

Sir Horace Plunkett and his Work.

The "Fortnightly Review" contains a very interesting article by Katharine Tynan on "Sir Horace Plunkett and His Work." Sir Horace, "the most unselfish man we have ever known," as his friends characterise him, is practically the creator of New Ireland, and is undoubtedly the most remarkable and most effective figure which the Irish Revival has produced. What sort of a man he is, is told by Miss Tynan:

"The thing that made so huge an enterprise possible to him was as much a matter of the heart as of the head; it was his untiring, his boundless sympathy. He loves the country and he loves the people; that fact is at the root of it. It explains how intolerance, impatience with the things and the people who are the stones in the path of his great work, are impossible to him. He is a good fighter; and yet so gentle are his methods that they are easily mistaken. In the matter of that Galway election which now is ancient history, the crowds were unused to the chivalry of a man who refused to take an advantage of the enemy, as when Sir Horace declared that he would not take the seat if 'Colonel' Lynch's election were declared void. Sir Horace Plunkett is, of course, a Protestant; but he has probably done more to close the sectarian gulf between Protestants and Catholics in Ireland than any other man. His humour plays about this grave subject, as when he said, at a meeting in Belfast, where he tried to coax the Orangemen out of their sectarian cave: 'We all know that those who differ from us in matters of religion will be adequately punished hereafter. So why harbour bad feeling now?'"

And, in fact, so effective has been his unifying influence that "a society in the north, composed of equal numbers of Catholics, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians, nominated a priest as its president, and is one of the most flourishing of the many hundred societies."

An Orator, Not Born but Made.

Sir Horace, like Mr. Parnell, is an orator, not born, but made:

"In each case the man became an orator because he had something of vital importance to say, and said it directly to the hearts of his listeners with passion,

because he felt it, with self-forgetfulness, with ease, because the message was insistent, and would be delivered. Sir Horace's speeches read easily and delightfully when he is in a light vein; they carry conviction even to a hostile audience when his vein is a serious one; and instances of sudden conversions are by no means uncommon among those who listen to him.

"His sympathy for the people places him on the level of the simplest peasant. In a Long Vacation, when other men are on the moors or the sea, or taking the latest fashionable cure, he may be found visiting the congested districts, tramping day after day from one wretched collection of cabins to another, stooping to enter at their low doors into the dense reek of turf smoke, sitting there among the hens and the children, while the pig, if the family be rich enough to possess one, wanders in and out of his own sweet will, encouraging, advising, striving to give hope where there was only apathy and despair."

The poverty of these districts may be gathered from the fact that the average Poor Law valuation of the inhabitants is only 10s. 6d. a year.

Libraries and Banks.

The starting of village libraries is one of Sir Horace's schemes. He has a paper, the "Irish Homestead," which carries on a propaganda for making the Irish countryside lighter and less desolate. The Irish Co-operative societies now number 60,000 members. The Co-operative banks have proved a great success, and, as is usual with such experiments, it has been found that the loans are invariably repaid. The banks have killed the "gombeen man;" they are managed by the people themselves, and this brings great opportunities for business training and responsibility:

"They are very proud of their participation in the management of the banks and kindred societies. The Resident Magistrate at Belmullet had a car-driver who was a director of the Belmullet bank. 'I'd be obliged to you, sir,' the car-driver would say on Mondays, 'if you'd hurry up the business of the court to-day, for there's a bank meeting to-night, an' a power of important work to be got through.'"

"Sometimes the banks have odd applications for loans. It is understood, of course, that loans are only given for reproductive purposes, such as for buying a pig, or seeds or manure or farm implements. One evening a young man came before the committee of a bank in the co. Mayo, and requested a loan of £2. He was asked for what purpose he required it, and answered that it was to buy a suit of clothes. The committee demurred at first that they had no money to lend for this purpose. 'Well,' said the applicant, 'the case is this. I'm fond of Nora Carty, and she has a nice little farm as well. I'm going to ask her tomorrow, and if she says no to me, I'll be off to America. Now, I'd have twice as good a chance with her if I had a decent suit of clothes to my back, instead of these rags.' The committee reconsidered the matter, advanced the money, and the boy won Nora Carty and her farm."

The progress of temperance is reviewed in "Macmillan's" by Mr. R. E. Macnaghten, hon. sec. to the Tasmanian Public-house Trust Association. He believes that the elimination of private profit from the drink traffic will cause drunkenness to die a natural death. He urges as the two most important objects of immediate endeavour the abolition of the tied-house system and a time-limit scheme of compensation. He thinks the temperance outlook more hopeful now than it has been for twenty years.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth's Conversion.

How She Came to Join the Army.

The woman-worker of to-day whom Mr. David Williamson describes in the September "Sunday at Home" is Mrs. Bramwell Booth. As she says she has rarely spoken so much about herself as in this interview, her story will be read with the more interest. She was the daughter of a doctor living quietly in South Wales, but was being educated in London. She says:

"I was at school in Sydenham, when my aunts, who keep the school, took me one day to Steinway Hall, where Mrs. Booth was speaking every afternoon. It was in the holidays after the spring term had ended, and I was spending a fortnight in London seeing the sights. I had gone, I remember, one evening to the Lyceum Theatre, and was planning to go to other places of amusement with my sister. At that time I had never even heard of the Salvation Army, for it was in the early days of the Army, and you know the ignorance of schoolgirls about public matters. Well, I was much impressed with what I heard Mrs. Booth say, and I was even more impressed by the bright, happy face of her daughter who accompanied her. It was a new idea to me that religious people, especially young people, should look happy!"

She had only recently been confirmed, but when the vow came to renounce "the world, the flesh, and the devil," she sat down perplexed. But now she could not get away from what Mrs. Booth said, and resolved to hear her again:

"So, to the astonishment of my friends, I accompanied them to Steinway Hall on another afternoon, and this time she spoke to Christian workers, taking for granted that all in the audience were Christians. Afterwards Mrs. Booth asked for any testimony as to any new decision to serve God more entirely, and a few people rose and told us of the good which they had received at the meetings. With great nervousness, for some of my friends were sitting by my side, I rose and said that I felt that I had never understood what conversion meant, but that I had determined that afternoon to give myself to God. When I got home in the evening I prayed for hours that God would direct me into full salvation, and before day broke there came a marvellous sense of peace and a new faith, filling my heart with joy. It was as though a bright light had illumined the room with its radiance."

She went to the Army hall in Whitechapel, and heard General Booth for the first time; but though much interested, she had then no idea of joining the Army.

The next step was shown her by an advertisement in the "Christian" from Mrs. Booth asking for a companion to one of her daughters just going to France. She went to Mrs. Booth, and the way seemed clear but for the want of her father's consent. Miss Booth went down to Wales and saw him, and his final acquiescence appeared to them a signal answer to prayer. So "I went to Paris, and remained there for two years, during which period I became engaged to marry Mr. Bramwell Booth, eldest son of the General. Returning home to England, I was married, and have been ever since closely connected with the Salvation Army."

The once reluctant father now most cordially appreciates her work, "and all his children are now members of the Army," not excepting a son who was first a Church of England clergyman.

The Late W. E. Henley.

As a re-incarnate Pan—that is how Mr. Sidney Low, in "Cornhill," declares the late W. E. Henley impressed him. The passage is worth quoting:

"To me he was the startling image of Pan come on earth and clothed—the great god Pan, down in the reeds by the river, with halting foot and flaming, shaggy hair, and arms and shoulders huge and threatening, like those of some Faun or Satyr of the ancient woods, and the brow and eyes of the Olympians. Well-nigh captive to his chair, with the crutch never far from his elbow, dragging himself when he moved, with slow effort, he yet seemed instinct with the life of the germinating elemental earth, when gods and men were vital with the force that throbbed in beast and flower and wandering breeze. The large heart and the large frame, the broad tolerant smile, the inexhaustible interest in nature and mankind, the brave, unquenchable cheerfulness under afflictions and adversities, the frank appreciation and apology for the animal side of things, all helped to maintain the impression of a kind of Pagan strength and simplicity. . . . Chained, as he was for the most of his days, to a few rooms, he rioted in the open air, in the sunshine, the wind, and the stars."

Mr. Low remarks on the surprising contrast between the abounding robustness and virility of the man and the texture of his literary work. Mr. Low says:

"Henley was the painter of miniatures, the maker of cameos. There are some rough, and even brutal, passages in his poems; but his art, taken as a whole, was delicate, precise, and finished. When he set to work, the violence that one noticed in his talk, the over-emphasis of his intellectual temper, died away; in his best passages he has the subtle restraint, the economy of material, and the careful manipulation, of the artist-workman. He will live through his lyric passages and his vignettes in prose and verse. No man of our time has expressed a mood of the emotions with more absolute appropriateness and verbal harmony, and that is lyric poetry in its essence. Some of his songs are gems of almost faultless expression."

A Hospital and Creche for Birds.

"A Woman's Novel Profession" is the title which Miss Lena Shepstone gives in the "Girl's Realm" to the work of Miss Virginia Pope:

"In the very centre and heart of her busy city she has established a hospital and boarding-house for birds. At the time of writing the hospital contains over 600 patients and the boarding-house some 4,000 feathered pets. The latter are sent to the home by their owners while on their holidays. The charge made is from one shilling to half-a-crown per week, which includes board and lodging and all attendance. The most interesting department of this novel and fascinating institution is the hospital. It comprises several wards: large, light rooms for the convalescents, and small, darkened compartments for the contagious cases and the patients requiring rest and quietude. Among the main wards are arranged the private wards: airy cages, with lofty perches, and dark boxes with hot-water bottles, mattresses, cotton pillows and warm flannel coverings."

The medical diagnosis is surprisingly like what is observed with human patients. The bird's tongue is examined; its digestion and appetite are watched. Pills are given in grapes or mixed with food. In surgical cases "the birds are usually operated upon without chloroform"; only in very serious cases is it used.

"In nine cases out of ten," according to the bird specialist, "a broken wing or leg can be saved." Miss Pope has taken courses in homeopathy and in allopathy; she has doctored and cured several thousands of birds. She has sat up all night with a Mexican parrot originally worth £50 which was dangerously ill. Besides keeping a birds' boarding-house and school Miss Pope trains backward or untidy birds.

The Story of Robert Emmet Re-told.

The celebration of the centenary of Emmet's abortive rebellion and his execution in 1803 leads Mr. Michael MacDonagh to tell the story of his tragic career in "Cornhill." He uses the "private and confidential" correspondence of Lord Hardwicke, the then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, which has just been made accessible in the British Museum. Emmet was born of an English and Cromwellian family. On the morning of his death he received the communion from Protestant clergymen. He was a dreamy youth with patriotic passion running in his blood. He was expelled from college for participation in the rebellion of 1798.

His Plot.

In April, 1803—a mere boy of twenty-six—he was left £3,000 by his father, and with this sum as his "sinews of war" he prepared his plot to seize Dublin Castle by surprise, and proclaim the Revolution from its walls. His great aim was to get the arms and ammunition ready; once he had the weapons he felt sure of his following. He kept his plans profoundly secret, though storing his arsenals in the very heart of Dublin. Only a very few persons were in the secret. On July 16 an explosion occurred at one of his depots, which led to the discovery and confiscation of the military stores there. Still the authorities had no idea of what was brewing.

His Munitions of War.

On his fellow-conspirators from the country arriving, they were mightily disgusted at finding their self-appointed leader a mere strip of a boy. He showed them his store of arms, piles of pikes, an immense number of ball cartridges, but only eighteen blunderbusses and four muskets and one sword, wooden cannon loaded with stones, and quart-bottles filled with gunpowder to serve as hand-grenades! With this equipment he was to overpower the Dublin garrison. The countrymen shook their heads and departed.

The Fiasco.

The hour fixed for his coup, 9 p.m., Saturday, July 23, arrived:

"But what a disappointing consummation of his hopes and ambitions, of his months of feverish preparation for the great revolution! The Dublin men refusing to rise, the Kildare farmers gone home in disgust! But Emmet was determined that, whoever might be wanting, he, at least, should not fail. He put on his grand uniform as Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of the Irish Republic."

He sallied forth, with two generals—a bricklayer and a cotton spinner—with him, in green uniforms. One hundred men followed them, which soon swelled to 300. He counted his men: found them insufficient to seize the Castle: bade them follow him to the Wicklow mountains. They preferred to stay for the plunder and the fun. A few officials were killed. Then the Castle woke up, the soldiers came out, and the rioters dispersed.

The Love Episode.

Emmet had escaped when his men refused to follow him. But—

"Here the glamour of a sweet and romantic love episode is flung around the story of this madcap insurrection. It was as a lover, not as a rebel, that Robert Emmet lingered in Dublin, while the sleuth-hounds of the outraged law were eagerly searching to run him down. On the Monday night after the insurrection, the boy and his companions fled from the house in Butterfield Lane to the Dublin mountains."

In August he returned to the outskirts of Dublin, and contrived to meet his sweetheart, Sarah Curran, "a sweet, sly girl" of 21, with rippling silky hair, and dark, glowing eyes. Information reached the authorities of someone in hiding at his cottage, and he was arrested. Intercepted letters revealed Sarah as his accomplice. She was arrested, and straightway lost her reason, but was given her liberty. Her father was to have defended Emmet as counsel in court, all unaware till then of the girl's connection with the rebel. He indignantly but inevitably flung up his brief.

His Trial.

Tried and convicted, Emmet spoke for an hour—in "one of the noblest speeches that have ever been delivered under the shadow of the scaffold." Mr. MacDonagh proceeds:

"Emmet looked death in the face with a fortitude and serenity that would have been astounding if we did not know that he was only twenty-five. He was young, and therefore indifferent to death. He was young, and therefore vain. He desired to play to the end the part of the hero of romance; to leave the world grandly, with flying colours. He had, therefore, in his mind a magnificent speech—a speech that would thrill the country—the preparation of which had filled with delight many an otherwise dreary hour in his prison cell. It was now half-past nine o'clock at night. The trial had begun at half-past nine o'clock in the morning. For ten hours Emmet had stood in the dock. There was no interruption for refreshment; no interval for rest. The proceedings had been pushed on pitilessly by the judges to their grim and gruesome finish. . . . With exalted spirits Emmet delivered in vindication of his policy a deathless oration, which alone would have preserved his memory green in Ireland for all time."

His End.

The judge burst into tears as he sentenced the eloquent youth. The prisoner's counsel kissed him in rapture. This same counsel, who posed as a great Nationalist all his life, was found, after his death, to have been, throughout, an informer in the pay of the British Government. So, with this Judas kiss on his lips, Emmet passed from the dock. "He stayed up most of the night writing." His letters are models of lucidity, courage, and magnanimity. In the morning he was met by the news of his mother's death, "killed by the news of the doom of her son."

Unflinching and unretreating, he was hanged in the afternoon. Sarah Curran, two years later, having meantime recovered her reason, married a captain in the British Army! In conclusion, the writer observes:

"In Ireland the tragic story of this youth of stainless life—martyr, surely, to a high aspiration and noble purpose—will endure for ever. He is the dearest saint in the calendar of Irish political martyrology. In the humblest cabins of the land may be seen—with the pictures of the Blessed Virgin and St. Patrick—rude portraits of Robert Emmet."

The Philosophy of Play.

The "Contemporary Review" for September contains an extremely interesting article by Dr. Woods Hutchinson on "Play as an Education," which only considerations of space prevent our dealing with at length. Not very long ago, play, and amusements generally, were looked at, at best, as idle waste of time, at worst as immoral and even irreligious. But the desire to play is a natural instinct common to the young of all the higher animals; and modern science demands the study of all natural instincts.

Play the Forerunner of Development.

Play distinguishes the higher from the lower animals, and it signifies possibility of education. Fishes do not play at all; the lower mammals can hardly be taught to play, and birds are entirely devoid of the instinct. But the kitten and the lamb are essentially playing animals. The human young, however, are the true players, and in reality it is play that develops them into manhood. "Children," says Dr. Hutchinson, "are born little amorphous bundles of possibilities, and are played into shape."

The Play-stages of Children.

Dr. Hutchinson divides the child's life into six play-stages, corresponding to primitive civilisation, which he calls the "Root-and-Grub, the Hunting, the Pastoral, the Agricultural and the Commercial." The root-and-grub stage is the first, when the infant chiefly shows its interest in life by clutching at bright objects. A little later the rolling spool or ball attracts him exactly as it attracts the kitten. From this he passes into the hunting stage, where he hides himself, jumps out at people from behind doors, and peoples his environment with imaginary wild-beasts. Last he emerges into the commercial stage, when he trades in marbles, and fills his pockets with schoolboy merchandise:

"In short, the School of Play in fifteen short years has brought him from the root-digging cave-man to the 'Bear' of the Stock Exchange, the modern Captain of Industry."

The Organisation of Playing.

When the child plays, it is literally organising its brain; and we should recognise the fact that the boy or girl engaged in vigorous, joyous play is carrying out an important part of the actual work or education and preparation for life. Dr. Hutchinson claims, therefore, that play should be organised, and that for every pound spent on a school-building, ten shillings should be spent on the playground:

"Let there be organised, as an auxiliary department of the Kindergarten and primary grades, a class of play-mistresses and play-masters, who shall be so distributed throughout the school district that each will have charge of from twenty to forty children. Then for each division of the district, let playgrounds be provided; or, in geographically small, densely-populated districts, one for each age-group of the children.

"The equipment of the grounds should be of the simplest. A rough shed-roof covering part of the space, for use in wet weather, and movable wind-breaks, either board or canvas, which could be put up on the north and west sides in winter, would be advisable. With the assistance of these, the number of days in the year on which healthy children would not be much better off playing vigorously out-of-doors than cooped up in the house would be reduced to a very small minimum.

"For the younger children a capacious sand-pit, where they can grub and dig to their hearts' content, a load

of 'tailings,' blocks, and short boards of all sizes from a saw-mill or carpenter's shop, for building purposes, a few cheap accessories for the Robinson Crusoe and 'Indians' play, would suffice. For the larger youngsters, plain, strong swings, bars, ring-trapezes, vaulting-horses, see-saws, etc., could be constructed, and, of course, large spaces kept always clear, levelled, and free from mud or standing water, for hockey, football, rounders, prisoners' base, and all the running games."

What the Gain Would Be.

Dr. Hutchinson says that this organisation of play, though it would cost something, would result in a diminution of the staff of inside teachers, and would get rid of the difficulty which is at present met with through young children being kept too long at school, owing to the fact that there is no one to care for them at home:

"The playground would completely relieve our school-rooms of this nursery-duty, and with its powerful educational influence utilised as an ally, it would not be too much to hope that school hours could be reduced to at least one-half, if not one-third, of their present length. That is to say, children need not enter the schoolroom at all before six or seven years of age; from six to nine, one to two hours a day would be sufficient; from nine to twelve, two to three hours; from twelve to fifteen, three to four hours."

Prospects of the Motor-Car.

Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., writes very intelligently in the "World's Work" upon the new Act controlling motor-cars, and throws some interesting side-lights upon the why and the wherefore of the measure. He strongly deprecates any outcry that the Act will be the ruin of the motor industry, and gives the following advice to motorists, with an example of how the advice should be carried out:

"What motorists have to do is to adapt themselves for the time to the new law, to endeavour to extirpate the anti-social motorist who has done them so much harm, to avoid recrimination and panic, to remember that they are yet an extremely small minority of the community, and to educate their friends and acquaintances to a knowledge of the capacities, the importance and the delights of the car. Since Parliament rose I have already converted one Parliamentary friend. A run of fifty miles in a powerful car convinced him, to his amazement, that it is the rarest thing for a horse to shy, that high speed at proper times and places may be allowed with perfect safety and propriety, and that a motor-car is the most controllable and the safest of vehicles. 'If I had known in the House what I know now,' he said, 'I should not have voted as I did.' If every motorist will make himself a missionary in this sense, we shall be in a very different position three years hence, when the present Act expires."

No Motor-Cars in the New Jerusalem!

Rev. F. B. Meyer's Question-drawer in the "Sunday Magazine" contains this question: "Will there be motor-cars in the millennium?" to which Mr. Meyer returns this answer:

"It is impossible to suppose it. Such selfishness as is manifest in the way that motor-drivers rush through the country, destroying the sweet flowers by their awful stench, covering every living thing with hurricanes of dust, to say nothing of endangering

human life, will be impossible in the new heavens and earth. Besides, it is said the children shall play in the streets of the New Jerusalem, which proves there can be no motor-cars there."

Motorists, apparently, will have to avoid the way to the New Jerusalem and make for some other destination. Poor Mr. Balfour!

Linguistic Laziness.

"It has long been recognised," writes Mr. Herbert W. Horwill, "that the laziness of human nature is an important factor in linguistic changes." Many instances of change, due in the past to this cause, have been recognised by students of the history of words. Mr. Horwill cites illustration of the same tendency from contemporary speech and literatures, and shows how again and again the desire to speak easily overcomes the ambition to speak correctly. From his paper in the September "Critic" (New York) we quote as follows:

"Our intellectual indolence is indeed so general that examples of it even permit of classification. One of the most frequent of the corruptions of the English language in our own day is due to a forgetfulness of the difference between transitive and intransitive verbs. Here are a few specimens: 'As this auditorium is lighted by the rays of the sun that sift through these rich glasses.' 'It is a great mistake to collapse the lovable little self-conceits of men.' 'It can be used without the slightest danger of fading the goods.' The transitive use of 'retire' has by this time established itself so securely as to be beyond the reach of protest.

"Sheer dislike of taking pains is again responsible for the practice of putting nouns to uses which ought to be reserved for verbs. Why does a man say, 'This is an era thresholding a more marvellous period'? Simply because life is too short to allow him time enough to hunt for a verb that is a verb. 'I have never had my articles featured,' 'I do not fellowship that idea,' 'He did not sense the situation,' are further instances. 'Motive,' 'list,' 'loan,' 'grade,' and 'voice,' are other words whose use as verbs indicates that our civilisation is in the hustling stage.

"But the laziest of all laziness is the practice of coining unnecessary new words. It might have been supposed that, when there is already in existence a word which exactly denotes the idea to be expressed, it would be easier to fall back upon this word than to invent another. In fact, however, it often requires less effort to construct a linguistic monstrosity than to find the term that has been consecrated by good usage. Take, for instance, such words as 'extinguishment,' 'revelment,' 'withdrawment,' 'devotement,' 'denotement,' and 'startlement.' It is not difficult to trace the mental process. The word 'extinguish' was in the speaker's mind. He wanted a noun, and to stick 'ment' on to the verb was an expedient nearer to hand than the search for 'extinction.' Occasionally the quick change is from the noun to the verb. When a man says 'to administrate,' we may be sure that he first thought of 'administration,' and that he was then in too great a hurry to notice that the analogy with such pairs as 'celebrate' and 'celebration' would mislead him. If one were making a collection of linguistic curios, one might add to it such exhibits as 'propellation,' 'affirmance,' 'clientage,' 'reminiscential,' 'moveless,' 'traditionary,' 'leisureistic,' 'unsympathy,' and 'bishoply.' In the mind of the offender there seems almost to be lurking a kind of predatory false analogy

which grabs at his expressions and distorts them before he can help himself.

"Is it too late to purify our speech from these mischievous tendencies, or must we be content to see a great language turned into shoddy? Certainly the effectiveness of English as an organ of thought is weakened by the careless use of its vocabulary. The creation of redundant words really adds nothing to the resources of a tongue, and the overworking of some words, combined with the underworking of others, means actual impoverishment. Only a pedant would object to the gradual expansion of the dictionary by means of the adoption of new idioms and terms. When our ancient metaphors have lost their edge, we may be pardoned if we turn even to colloquialisms for pointed expressions to take their place. But there is no progress through confusion."

A Vanishing World.

The hydra-headed monster of Depopulation is beginning to greatly agitate the imagination of thoughtful Frenchmen, as, indeed, it is already troubling that of Anglo-Saxon thinkers. M. Laut begins his paper in the "Nouvelle Revue" by an allusion to the enormous sums—something like a half-million sterling—left by an eccentric Norman gentleman, with the object of providing a large annual money prize to be given to the tallest, handsomest, and healthiest married couple in the town of Rouen, with a view to improving the race! He goes on to blame England and Holland for the active spread of Malthusian doctrines, but he admits that these doctrines have hitherto been far more practised in France than elsewhere. As to the reason why this is so, love of material comfort, fear of poverty, affection even for the one or two children who might be injured, in pocket at least, by the birth of numerous brothers and sisters—these are among the obvious causes of French depopulation. Curiously enough, M. Laut makes no reference to Zola's powerful and terrible novel-pamphlet "Fecondite," which deals with the whole subject very exhaustively. At the present time a number of laws, greatly benefiting the married men who are fathers of families, are being drawn up. The most practical of these deals with the law of succession. It is suggested that in future the fortune of any given man is to be divided among *all* his living descendants; thus, if there are two brothers, one married with four children, and the other single, the latter will only receive a sixth part of his father's estate. Such an alteration in the Code Napoleon would do more to increase the population of France than thousands of articles and hundreds of books.

In "Munsey's Magazine" Mr. Harvey Sutherland describes "The War Against the Mosquito" carried on in those parts of the United States hitherto rendered useless by this pest. Spraying the meadows with oil, and coating with oil the small stagnant pools beloved of mosquitoes, are some of the remedies employed. The Americans are now setting themselves systematically to reclaim a great deal of the marshy land along their coasts, now nothing but a breeding-ground for mosquitoes, which infest the surrounding country. Once get the salt out of this land, it is highly fertile. The Dutch have done something the same with their country; England has reclaimed the Fens; and America is not going to be beaten by either Dutchman or Englishman.

How the Blind Avoid Obstacles.

Do the blind possess a special sense, or an unusual ability to utilise some ordinary sense, that enables them to steer clear of obstacles in their daily walks? This question is discussed in "Cosmos" by M. Laverune, who relates some interesting anecdotes of this peculiar faculty. He says:

"The senses of hearing and touch supply in great measure the place of the sense of sight in blind persons. One is often struck with the rapidity with which they decipher with their fingers characters in relief, and with the way in which they recognise the voices and the steps of persons whom they know. By practice they finally become able, if not to sharpen their senses, at least to know how to utilise more completely than those who see, the impressions transmitted by those senses.

"It has been remarked that numbers of them possess a certain aptitude in guiding themselves and in avoiding obstacles without using the sense of touch, or apparently that of hearing: this has been called by certain authors the sense of obstacles. Thus a blind person walking through a house will tell without hesitation whether a door is open or shut. Young blind persons may be seen moving about in a playground without striking against the trees.

"Some facts relating to this subject have been cited by Dr. Javal in his book 'Among the Blind':

"M. G—, professor of history in the National Institution of Paris, lost his sight about the age of four years by atrophy of the optic nerve. There is complete absence of odour. He can just distinguish light from darkness, and occasionally can vaguely perceive large objects. . . . M. G—, who is an observer of the first order, undoubtedly possesses the sense of obstacles, which enables him, for instance, when walking along a street to avoid with certainty the trees and the lamp-posts. He even avoids in the country great piles of stones on the roadside. He feels the presence of a wall at more than two yards' distance. In my presence he recognised in the middle of a room the existence of a large piece of furniture, which he correctly guessed to be a billiard-table. We have proved that the mass of the obstacle influences his perception; a leaf of paper does not produce the same effect as a thick book of the same size. He affirms that his sense of obstacles is much more sharp in complete darkness; there is thus no possibility that his perception of objects is due to his sense of light. With him, as with many others, the sense of obstacles disappears almost entirely amid noisy surroundings."

Another anecdote of similar import runs as follows:

"I know in my neighbourhood a young man of twenty-seven years, blind since the age of two years, very intelligent, who is just about to end his education and his apprenticeship to the trade of rope-making. He guides himself alone along the roads. His village is four kilometres [$2\frac{1}{2}$ miles] from my home; when he comes to see me, he walks very quickly, and without hesitation, turns at a right angle when he reaches the road to my house. It is by the sense of hearing that he is able to avoid obstacles.

"When there is a strong wind that shakes the leaves of the trees along the road, it sometimes happens that he will run against an obstacle that he avoids in calm weather. The confused noise of the foliage masks the sound of his footsteps.

"In like manner, when snow is on the ground, he hears no longer the echoes against the trees by the roadside, and he is obliged to strike his thigh with his

hand, to make a noise whose echo will indicate the neighbourhood of the obstacle."

This example, the writer notes, illustrates the part played by audition in many of these cases. But some seem to be altogether independent of it. The author next cites a case, quoted by Professor William James, in which a blind man who possessed this "obstacle-sense" in an unusual degree, states distinctly that hearing has nothing to do with it, because it is more distinct when snow is on the ground, and also when the ears are stopped. It disappears entirely, however, when the face is covered with a thick cloth, and hence the possessor of this sense believes that it resides in the skin, although no part of the body but the face shows it. The author of the article goes on to say:

"Some blind people say that they detect obstacles by means of a peculiar sensation in the forehead. Can it be that the skin of this region is specially sensitive to the invisible radiations of the spectrum? It would be interesting, says Javal, to investigate whether obscure radiations do not play some part in the perception of obstacles by the blind. The experiments attempted in this direction are not conclusive."

The sense of obstacles is not, it appears, confined entirely to the blind. James relates that a friend of his can with closed eyes detect the presence of objects, and describe their size and shape. He ascribes this to variations of pressure on the ear-drum, too slight to cause sound, but regards the sensation as rather tactile than acoustic. In concluding, M. Laverune says:

"We do not think that the blind have any special sense of orientation. It is probable that they utilise better than those who see impressions that are less useful to the latter."

Mystic Powers in the Rustic Mind.

"Witches in 1903" is the challenging title under which Mr. James Blyth recounts in "Cassell's" some Norfolk superstitions of to-day. After reciting much that is grotesque, and even worse than grotesque, the writer confesses to a doubt whether, after all, the country bumpkin is not wiser than the town sceptic. He says:

"But sometimes the accounts of marvellous happenings are so earnest, the fear so real, and the facts indubitably so curious, that an open mind may be pardoned for wondering if common-sense is the only reliable sense. One doubts if all the laws of Nature are really best known to our scientists, or if the people of the marsh, resting in Nature's lap, far from the materialism of towns, continually under the influence of the sky, the wind, the rustle of leaves, reeds, and sedge, the splash of water and the cries of wild life, may not still possess some mystic powers which have been said to exist as far back as history or tradition can take us. We may wonder whether, in the cultivation of the intellect, some mysterious aura, some occult sense, is lost which is preserved amongst these children of the fens."

Ruskin's handwriting is the subject of an interesting paper by Mr. W. G. Collingwood in "Good Words." Facsimiles are given of his writing at various stages of his career. He had in early days, it appears, one hand for his father, another for his mother, and for his friends and himself an assortment of varying scribbles. But "the model upon which Ruskin's usual handwriting was at last formed was his mother's."

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The National Review.

The "National Review" for September is a phenomenal number, being nearly double its usual size. This is explained by the long special supplement on "The Economics of Empire," written, we are told, by the "Assistant Editor," which fills 106 pages.

Pan-Germanism in Hungary.

Mr. Ferencz Herczeg, member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, has an article under this heading. M. Herczeg begins by saying there is no such thing as a Pan-German movement in Hungary, but an unsuccessful attempt has been made to create one, the object being to endow the two million German-speaking Hungarians with some kind of cultural and economic organisation under the moral supremacy of Germany. The movement has been a complete failure. Hungary is now wide-awake in opposition to Pan-Germanic ideals.

A Gift-Horse's Mouth.

"Glasgow" plays the devil's advocate with a vengeance in regard to Mr. Carnegie's gift to the Scottish Universities. In an article asking the question, "Will Mr. Carnegie Corrupt Scotland?" he answers emphatically, he will. Scotland, says "Glasgow," in effect, is in danger of losing all her independence and becoming Mr. Carnegie's humble servant, and turning her laborious sons into loafers and idlers. The gift is, in short, humiliating; and the provision that the successful man may return to the Trust what he has been given as a student shackles his sense of independence. The universities will be so much under the control of the Carnegie Committee that they cannot modify a Leyden jar without permission. Rich men will abuse Mr. Carnegie's liberality.

Finally, all Scotland will be so learned that there will be no tradesmen or working men left:

"We may find Scotland beginning to suffer from the natural consequences of Mr. Carnegie's whimsical vagaries, and infested with gangs of unpractical scientists, theologians sadly down at heel, and spasmodic men of letters that are no better than dumb dogs."

Sunday in the Village.

Mr. H. F. Abell writes an interesting paper on "The Problem of the Village Sunday." The villager suffers much more than the townsman from Sunday stagnation. He contrasts the Continental with the British Sunday, by no means to the advantage of the latter:

"We are prone to prate proudly about the sanctity and beauty of our English home life, and no doubt on week days there is some sanctity and beauty about it. But when we come to Sunday and think of the brake-loads of husbands and fathers who on pleasure bent swarm along our highways, passing no public-houses, filling the air with their hideous songs, their women folk left behind in the holy and beautiful homes, and contrast it with the essentially family character of the Continental Sunday as exemplified in the pleasant scenes to be witnessed wherever trees and grass are green, and river banks invite rest and refreshment, we do not feel quite so sure about the soundness of our grounds for crowing."

The Nineteenth Century.

The September "Nineteenth Century" is a good number, opening with an excellent Free Trade paper by Lord Avebury, which is noticed elsewhere, together with the other articles on the fiscal controversy. We quote at length from Mr. MacDonagh's collection of music-hall lyrics. The fiscal articles are followed by two papers on South African questions worth reading.

South Africa's Resources.

The first is by General Sir E. Brabant, who writes on "The Resources of South Africa." As regards mineral wealth, he says, it is perhaps the richest in the world, but exhaustible; and the real advantage of this mineral wealth lies in the development it may give to agriculture. There is no difficulty at all for a man of health and strength to make a living in the country. General Brabant warns agricultural immigrants against investing their money too soon; they must either take service with a skilled farmer and learn local conditions, or buy at first only a few acres, not too far from a market, put up a couple of Kaffir huts, and at first grow only such vegetables as can be readily sold.

The Restriction of Families.

Miss F. A. Doughty, an American contributor, writes on "The Small Family and American Society," a topic recently discussed at length in the "North American Review." As the result of restricted reproduction the English type is disappearing in many parts of America, particularly in the South:

"Apparently our more recently adopted citizens, the ever-landing Celt, Teuton, Slav and Latin, are not discouraged by difficulties in rearing large families on slender incomes, hence the ultimate passing of the Anglo-Saxon as a ruling factor in this government is confidently predicted. The framers of our Constitution, in their spirit of boundless hospitality, paved the way for the displacement of their own descendants, and, in doing their utmost to prevent the monopoly of power by an oligarchy or an aristocracy, the decline of family prestige and influence became a foregone conclusion."

The Anglo-Saxon stamp will be retained on American laws, customs, literature and language. Everything else is being transmuted through the superior fecundity of the immigrant.

The Canadian Ice Carnival.

Mr. Bradley Martin, jun., describes the Canadian Ice Carnival at Quebec. He mentions that the building of ice palaces had been discontinued owing to the Canadian Pacific Railway's fear that such an edifice, with its icy associations, checked immigration. Races on snowshoes, curling and hockey, skating, tobogganing were the chief ice-sports. Mr. Martin was disillusioned by Quebec, and also by the habitant:

"The difference in looks between the small, clever, sunny-dispositioned Frenchman, and the big, bestial, morose habitant, whose ugliness even a Dutchman cannot equal, of course must be attributed to the climate. The difference in character may be similarly accounted for, especially as such an authority as Mr. Louis Park-

man describes the Canadians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as gay, tuneful, and thoughtless. But the real reason seems to me to be that Canada was colonised by Normans, who to this day have a morose, miserly character, and none of the qualities generally associated with a Frenchman. And this also explains why the habitant does not grow rich, although most economical and industrious himself, and although he makes his children aid in the family support at a very youthful age. The French Canadians thus have inherited the frugality of the Normans, but sadly lack the artistic temperament and divine spark which make so many modern Frenchmen geniuses, and also the energy and initiative necessary to compete successfully with Anglo-Saxons."

Other Articles.

There are several other articles of interest. Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe in a paper on "The Alien and the Empire" expresses the belief that anti-Semitism will arise in England if the Jews do not cease their exclusiveness. Mr. Dicey tells "The Story of Gray's Inn." Mr. J. H. Longford writes on "The Growth of the Japanese Navy," and Mrs. Maxwell-Scott begins an article on "Joan of Arc."

The Fortnightly Review.

The "Fortnightly Review" for September is a good number, somewhat marred by the editor's too great consideration for the Zollverein controversy. The papers on this subject are all dealt with together. A good article by Mr. H. N. Brailsford on "The Macedonian Revolt," and an appreciation by Miss Tynan of Sir Horace Plunkett's work in Ireland, are cited among the Leading Articles, and leave little to be dealt with in this section.

Man's Place in the Universe.

Dr. Russel Wallace replies to his critics. He announces that he has been preparing a book on the subject, which is nearly ready. Dr. Wallace sticks to his argument that observation tends to prove that the stellar system is not infinite. As for the argument raised by his critics, that as the sun is moving rapidly through space, it did not always, even if it now does, occupy a central position, Dr. Wallace replies that we have no evidence whatever to show that the solar system is moving in a straight line. The motion of our system is purely relative to certain specified groups of stars. Dr. Wallace concludes by saying that such delicate adjustments, and such numerous combinations of physical and chemical conditions, are required for the development and maintenance of life as to render it in the highest degree improbable that they should all be again found combined in any planet, which leads him to the provisional conclusion that our earth is the only inhabited planet in the whole stellar universe.

The Good Old Times.

Mr. G. J. Holyoake has an interesting paper entitled "Did Things Go Better Before Our Time?" His answer he sums up in the words of Sydney Smith:

"For olden times let others prate
I deem it lucky I was born so late."

Mr. Holyoake mentions one curious fact, that before matches came into common use the average working man wasted ninety hours a year in kindling fires with the tinder-box. Seventy years ago the working-class household lived in gloom after sundown. Mr. Holyoake remembers a time when "only four men in Bir-

mingham had the courage to wear beards," and only military officers were allowed to wear a moustache. In the good old days one pump in a yard had to serve several working-class families. In the days of wooden bedsteads the working man was eaten alive by insects. Food to-day is purer—health is surer—life itself is safer and lasts longer.

The American Husband.

Gertrude Atherton writes on "The American Husband," the type of which she insists is not to be found among the wealthy visitors to Europe, but among the great middle class:

"Beyond a doubt, it is in the huge bulk of the middle class, both in and out of the strenuous cities, that not only the 'typical' husband is to be found, but the largest measure of domestic contentment. In these millions of respectable homes, just above the grind and pinch of poverty, many a man is common, overbearing, selfish, dull, but the mass of him lives an even and amiable life, moderately indulgent to his family, and repaying the unintermittent sacrifices of his wife with much consideration, even while accepting them as inevitable. He loves his home and takes a deep interest in his children, being not above walking the floor with them at night, nor wheeling them in the perambulator. If he works unceasingly it is to educate them properly, and leave his family provided for at his death. There may be an occasional scene when bills come in, for the American man expects the impossible of the American wife more in the matter of economics than is in the power of mortal woman outside of France."

Mr. W. S. Lilly makes a rather lame explanation on the subject of a statement made by him, to the effect that the late Lord Grey declared to him that Mr. Gladstone was "congenitally incapable of speaking the truth."

The Pall Mall Magazine.

The September "Pall Mall Magazine" is excellent, from the sketch of Mr. Winston Churchill, noticed separately, to Mr. William Archer's appreciation of W. E. Henley; and Mr. William Sharp's "literary geographical" paper on "The Country of R. L. Stevenson."

Mr. Arthur Henry, writing on "The Pilgrim's Way," describes the old highway still so known in parts by which pilgrims journeyed from London to Becket's shrine at Canterbury. Signor Cortesi describes in detail how the Pope is elected; and Major Powell-Cotton writes on the cave-dwellers of Mount Eglon, some ninety miles north-east of Victoria Nyanza. Already there are very few of these primitive folks left; and soon they will all have migrated to the plains. Interesting illustrations accompany the article.

The Count de Soissons' article on "The Austrian Emperor and the Family" gives an interesting theory of his own as to the real cause of Prince Rudolph's tragic end—a secret known only to the Emperor, Count Goluchowski, and one other. The article is unlike most of those about Royalty; it is not "mostly slush."

Mr. Frederic Lees has an article on the author of "Mon Frere Yves," to which every reader of Loti will eagerly turn. It is curious to learn that a son of non-Bible reading France (though Loti was of a Protestant family) should confess that the Bible, as read aloud by his father, was perhaps the only book that has influenced his style. Flaubert and Alphonse Daudet he has read; otherwise he writes more books than he reads.

The Contemporary Review.

The "Contemporary Review" for September is a very good number, and some of its articles are quoted among the Leading Articles.

France, England, and Peace.

M. Jean Finot, editor of "La Revue," contributes an excellent paper entitled "France, England, and the Anarchy of Europe," in which the whole history of progress towards internationalism is summed up. M. Finot regards the victory of international law in Anglo-French relations as practically assured. He thinks that by such means, and not by demanding general disarmament, the peace of Europe will be finally attained:

"The European atmosphere is favourable to the success of the idea of peace. Governments and the diplomatic routine offer but a feeble opposition to the will of the peoples and their Parliaments. Success will be all the nearer if the converts to the cause will abandon their old impracticable visions. All efforts should be concentrated on a programme not difficult to realise: compulsory arbitration for all. Instead of trying to bring 'universal peace' upon a world as yet too young to accept it, or preaching 'general disarmament,' a project so much at variance with the distrust sown by the representatives of monarchical and warlike Europe, the friends of peace should have but one purpose, to bring about a state of law among the nations. This method of providing against war will soon become the general rule. It involves no premiums to pay, no sacrifices to undergo."

"The Real Carlyle."

There is an interesting paper under this heading, compiled by his daughter from notes left by the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Sir Charles evidently did not take an extremist view on either side of the Froude controversy. He denies that Mrs. Carlyle ever underwent any exceptional hardships at Craigenputtock; but he says that if Carlyle had "sweetened their leisure with habitual tokens of tenderness and fondness, she would have got more pleasure out of life; but he was apt to be silent and self-absorbed even in the intervals of repose." Carlyle had faults which, under a social microscope, loom large. Sir Charles, however, criticises Froude for exposing the details of Carlyle's domestic life. Of Carlyle as a teacher, he says:

"There are no symptoms discernible of Carlyle being forgotten, and quite as few of his being accepted as one of the small exceptional class of beings appointed to expound the will of God to mankind. His opinions have not spread and strengthened with time as divine teachings have always done; on the contrary, they exercise less influence over men than during his lifetime. His contempt for aims and methods of modern liberty is considered as paradoxical as Rousseau's onslaught on civilisation, and his remedies are like the fiascos in the Patent Office, which are marvellously ingenious, but somehow won't work. A whole generation has passed away since he declared that nothing was to be expected from reforming Parliament. The world shows no inclination to accept his opinion on negro slavery, or Jewish emancipation. In truth he did not make any immediate addition to the stock of human knowledge, but he recalled and vivified the sense of human duties and obligations, and will take his place with great teachers who serve and enlighten mankind like Milton, Burke, and Johnson."

Thiers.

Mrs. Emily Crawford contributes an extremely interesting anecdotal article of "Recollections of M. Thiers," written, of course, apropos of M. Hanotaux's recent book. Speaking of Thiers just before his death, Mrs. Crawford says:

"A more extraordinary thing never lived than M. Thiers. He had deliciously endearing qualities. His mind had searchlight luminosity. Like radium it kept burning bright without consuming itself, and remained active to the end. I saw him in bed, a bed no longer than a child's, with his nightcap on his head, resting after his conference with Gambetta, and had from his lips his view of the situation of MacMahon, of Republican France, and of France in relation to Italy and Germany. I called late in the afternoon, and should have been told to come again had he not overheard my voice in the hall. He got up, came out into the lobby, and called me up. I found him in a long nightshirt, with his wife and her sister trying to keep him quiet. Finally he went back to bed, but insisted on sitting up and talking. He looked dying and, as George Fox said of Cromwell, 'a whiff of death passed over him.' His translucent face struck me as phenomenally beautiful in an extraordinary way. We knew little then of electric light. In looking back Thiers appears to me to have contained an arc light. The flesh was the colour of old white wax; the lines and wrinkles were deeply graven, but the black eyes were lambent and expressive. His mind was never more fit, but he showed childish petulance when the ladies with him betrayed fear for his health. This did not arise from senile decay; he had, as long as I remember him, the petulance of childhood. It added a grace the more to his many captivating qualities; the mind kept its childish freshness to the very last, and his interests, which ran in so many directions, remained vivid as in early life."

Other Articles.

Madame Mary Duclaux begins a series of papers on "The French Peasant Before and After the Revolution," dealing this month with the part "Before." Professor Armitage writes on "The Indian Missionary."

The Cornhill Magazine.

There is plenty of good matter in the September number of "Cornhill." The "doggerel ditties" of "Dogberry," the tragedy of Robert Emmet, and Mr. Sidney Low's appreciation of the late W. E. Henley have claimed separate notice. Mr. W. W. Gibson contributes a short drama in verse on three kings left by sea rovers naked and bound on a lone rock in mid-ocean. There is not a little to remind one of the "Prometheus Unbound." The purport seems to be to show that glory is futile, but that love is uppermost even in death. Mr. Frederic Harrison gives reminiscences of the Century Club, begun in 1866 by himself and Mr. Lyulph Stanley, and ultimately merged in the National Liberal Club. Mr. George Bourne writes on rural techniques, and shows how much skill has gone to the making and using of scythe and spade and hoe. It is a chivalrous vindication of the skill of the agricultural labourer. Mrs. Woods contributes a travel paper on her tour through the Basque provinces. Professor Brandin appreciates the work of Gaston Paris in reconstructing mediæval history through its literature. The discovery of new stars gives Mr. F. W. Dyson the thread for a varied astronomic story.

The New Liberal Review.

The "New Liberal Review" continues to render excellent service to the cause of Free Trade. We have dealt with the articles on this subject elsewhere. Mr. Humbert Beaumont writes on "The Labour Representation Committee and the Liberal Party," protesting against the pretence that the Labour Representation Committee is in any sense a wing of the Liberal Party. He denies that the new Labour Party has anything in common with Liberalism, and denounces it as reactionary and illiberal:

"What, then, is to be our attitude as Liberals when at the next General Election we are face to face with this new reactionary party? There are only two courses open to us. We can—as the weak-kneed would have us do—retire more or less gracefully whenever we are attacked by the Labour Representation Committee and practically throw up the sponge. Or we can do as the Liberal Party has done in the past, and as I hope it will do in the future—we can fight it out. If the Liberal Party has done anything at all for the good of the community—and it is well that this should sometimes be remembered—it is that it has always set its face dead against class interests and class tyranny: it fought the reactionary forces of Toryism and beat them, and it can, if it chooses, equally fight the reactionary forces of this new Labourism and beat them too."

Education in France.

Mr. A. L. Jerrold writes an interesting article on Education in France, from which we quote his summary:

"It is admitted, for example, that education as distinct from instruction (which is probably more thorough in France) is more efficient in our own country. Most men of eminence deplore, too, the excessive centralisation that obtains in the educational as well as in all the other departments of French administration. Professors Lavis and Seailles have pointed out how the uniformity of all lycées is not only seriously harmful to the interests of each lycée separately, but also a little laughable. 'I know,' says someone, 'that at this moment all the boys of such an age are doing such and such a part of their time-table all over France and Algeria.' Naturally this uniformity must not be understood as absolute, though it may be described as extreme. Further comes the bane of red-tapeism and fonctionnairisme, which term designates a product that may be considered as peculiarly French—the force that turns everyone into a place-hunter through obliging him to consider constantly the possibility of being promoted a step higher, and to direct his energies towards obtaining it at the earliest opportunity. Owing to this fact, a yearly 'movement' of lycée teachers, of *proviseurs* (managers of the same), of directors of various grades takes place; and all the far-reaching evils of such instability can readily be imagined."

To Reform the Merchant Service.

Mr. Arthur Bles writes on "The Need of Reform in the Merchant Service." He complains of the drifting of our merchant ships, as far as officers and crews are concerned, into the hands of foreigners, and demands that all masters and officers aspiring to British certificates should be original or naturalised Britishers. He says that the food of the men as laid down by the Board of Trade rules would be hardly enough to satisfy a boy of fifteen:

"In 1894 I made a voyage as apprentice in a Liverpool 'limejuicer' round Cape Horn to Portland, Ore-

gon. Our food during the entire voyage consisted of pea-soup three times a week, fresh (?) bread three times a week, hard bread (*pantiles*) ad libitum, salt beef (from cows which greatly resembled veteran cab-horses, I should imagine), a pound and a half three times a week, salt pork three times a week, tinned beef on Sundays—sometimes—half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, and two ounces of marmalade per week, a plum pudding on Christmas Day, porridge for about three weeks, if I remember rightly, while off Cape Horn, and three-quarters of a bucket of water a day to serve amongst six boys for washing and drinking."

He has known cases of the stewards of ships passing off on the men tea made with salt water. Coffee is sometimes boiled in the same tin in which salt beef has been boiled. Mr. Bles suggests that the stores of every ship should be examined by a Government inspector, for while the quality is always inferior, the quantity is often not sufficient for the voyage. He deals with several other questions of importance, such as undermanning.

The Monthly Review.

The "Monthly Review" for September opens with an editorial entitled "Naval Intelligence and the Russian Programme," in which the Admiralty is severely condemned for its lack of candour in publishing the facts about foreign shipbuilding programmes. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach contributes "A View of the Fiscal Controversy," which we have quoted from elsewhere. There is an article by Dr. Goldwin Smith on "The Royal Visit to Ireland," which, however, deals chiefly with past Irish history. Dr. Smith declares that there is no alternative between independence and legislative union for Ireland. He declares that Ireland will never be made a country of peasant proprietors, as its climate makes it a grazing country, and grazing farms must be large.

The Tipster.

In an article on "The Tipster and his Trade" Lieutenant D. C. Pedder draws a melancholy picture of the prevalence of the betting evil. Of betting among working-class women he says:

"To trace the effects of betting among women of the wage-earning class, which is, we must remember, the great reservoir of England's strength, is a task almost too painful for an honest pen. Drink and unchastity almost inevitably follow in its train. Transpose recent high-life scandals into lower surroundings, with every suggestion of evil writ large and plain, and you will have a faint idea of the moral tone of a working man's home in which the wife has taken to following the example set her by her aristocratic sisters."

Examining of Examiners.

Mr. R. F. Cholmeley contributes an amusing paper, entitled "A Critical Paper in Education," in which he draws up an amusing suggestion for an examination-paper for prospective schoolmasters:

"1. How would you deal with the following cases?—

"An Impressionist painter, who has himself educated his son up to the age of sixteen and a half in the intervals of painting, wishes him prepared for a Balliol scholarship. He has perfect confidence in the boy's ability, but no exact knowledge of the conditions of success, having himself been brought up on a canal-barge, where the splendours of sunset awakened his genius and opened the door to fortune."

"A retired sausage-seller of enormous wealth proposes to send you his two sons on condition that you can assure him that you will turn them out gentlemen.

"A distinguished poet calls upon you to inform you that his son (whom you have just flogged for a peculiarly atrocious offence) wishes to become a school-master.

"A country clergyman writes to you that as his son is going into the Diplomatic Service he will be glad to have him placed in a form where he will learn colloquial German, Spanish, American, and Japanese: at the same time he expresses a profound belief in the value of a sound training in Classics and Mathematics, and a hope that his boy's pursuit of those studies will not be interrupted.

"2. Write an essay on one of the following subjects:
The limits of the personal interview.
The classification of correspondence.
Some applications of the term 'cantankerous.'"

Page's Magazine.

The reconstruction of the Spanish Navy is discussed by Lieut.-Colonel L. Cubillo, of the Royal Spanish Artillery. He has to start from an assumption which may or may not occur—namely, that a naval programme will be decided upon. Spain, he says, has cause to lament the misfortunes of the late war, and has applied herself seriously to a consideration of the grounds of defeat. He very strongly urges that when ships are to be built, they should be constructed in Spain. Except for the manufacture of armour-plate, the internal resources of Spain are, he says, entirely adequate for the purpose. Skilled labour and machinery would have to be introduced, but that was done in the United States and for the same purpose. Foremen were brought over from Scotland and England—especially the former—and they taught the Americans so well that an English engineer visiting Cramp's yards said the only tongue he could hear spoken there was the Scotch dialect. In view of the sacrifice which Spain would have to impose upon herself in order to build a navy, care should be taken that the greater part of the money expended remains in the country, developing her riches and increasing her metallurgical industries. Much is said concerning the defects of Spanish arsenals; but, says the writer, these defects exist in the arsenals in every country, and manifest themselves clearly when there is a slackness of employment.

The St. Louis World's Fair.

A Chicago correspondent contributes a further description of the chief buildings at the World's Fair. He says:

"One of the finest buildings of the Exposition group is the Palace of Machinery, which has a prominent place upon the western arm of the main transverse avenue of the Exposition, opposite the Palace of Transportation. The structure is 1,000 feet long by 525 feet upon the eastern half, and 300 feet upon the western part. The interior is arranged in five east and west aisles, each 100 feet wide. Three of the aisles extend the entire length of the building. The remaining two are 460 feet long."

The total power generated and used by the Exposition will be in the neighbourhood of 50,000 h.p. The following comparisons are interesting:

"The largest steam engine in the Chicago Exposition was rated at 2,500 h.p., and the largest gas engine in

that Exposition at 10 h.p. The largest steam engine in the Paris Exposition of 1900 (which, by the way, was the largest steam engine ever exhibited in any Exposition up to that time) was rated at 4,000 h.p. At St. Louis will be shown a steam engine of over three times the power of the largest shown in the Chicago Exposition, and over twice the power of any shown in the Paris Exposition; or, in fact, in any Exposition prior to this time."

The article is illustrated by interesting photographs of buildings in course of erection.

A Gigantic Gun.

Mr. Herbert C. Fyfe describes the new 16-in. United States Coast Defence Gun. It is the first of a series of similar gigantic weapons. The total length is 49 ft. 2.9 in. The diameter of the rear portion is 60 in., of the muzzle 28 in. The projectile weighs 2,370 lbs., and the charge is 1,176 lbs. of old black powder or 576 lbs. of smokeless powder:

"Undoubtedly, the most spectacular feature in connection with this gun is its enormous range, which is estimated at about twenty-one miles, or, to be exact, 20.978. The trajectory of the projectile shows that in ranging to 20.978 miles the shell would reach the maximum elevation of 30,516 ft. This is enormously greater than the maximum range hitherto obtained by any other gun."

It would be interesting to know the life of such a gun. Photos of the enormous monster illustrate the article.

Other Articles.

The new ropeway for conveying chalk at Dorking is briefly described. There is a double-page photograph of the mechanical engineers taken on the steps of the Town Hall when they met at Leeds, and an account of the meeting is given. An instructive article on the laying-out of engineers' workshops is contributed by Joseph Horner, and Edward Butler writes on large power gas engines.

The Engineering Magazine.

Mr. W. P. Stephens contributes a lively article upon the modern racing yacht. He contends that this has now become an engineering proposition. Originally yachts were designed by men who were merely ship-builders, and worked by rule-o'-thumb. Then came the professional yacht-designer, who worked out every detail of design in advance on his drawing board, but required no engineering skill. That the present-day designer must be an engineer is well demonstrated by the capture of the Seawanhaka Cup. Mr. Stephens says:

"There is nothing in modern yachting more remarkable than the capture of an international trophy, the Seawanhaka Cup, in 1896, by two amateur designers and builders located on an isolated lake, and the successful defence of the cup in eight successive matches; but both of these men are by profession engineers—bridge builders—and it is the successful application of their professional knowledge to yacht designing and practical match sailing which has put them at the very top among modern designers of small craft, professional as well as amateur."

Mr. Stephens gives plans of the different types of yachts, tracing their development from the "Puritan" to the "Reliance." The "Puritan" had a speed of about twelve knots, and the "Reliance" can do fifteen knots an hour. To attain this increased three knots

the sail area has been increased nearly 120 per cent., but the length of the water-line is only increased 11 per cent. and the displacement 40 per cent. The cost of the "Puritan" was less than one-tenth that of the "Reliance," but she is in use to-day as a cruising schooner, whilst the value of the "Reliance" in a few years will be only that of scrap metal.

A Capitalised Labour Organisation.

Mr. Casper L. Redfield propounds an ingenious scheme by which he hopes industrial peace could be assured between capital and labour. He says that the working-man feels that in any business transaction the trained business man is the shrewder individual of the two, hence the working-man looks with suspicion upon any proposition the aim of which is to tie him to his employer by making him a small stockholder in his employer's business. The plan of selling or of giving small blocks of stock to employes, and the plan of profit sharing are palliative, not curative measures. Mr. Redfield outlines what he calls a capitalised labour organisation, the main object of which is for the organisation as an organisation to own good-sized blocks of stock in corporations employing labour of the kind which constitutes the organisation. The stockholders would, of course, all be workmen, and they would be represented by a titular stockholder. This individual would have great influence—rather too much to be safe, it might be contended. Mr. Redfield maintains that such an organisation would tend largely to prevent strikes and lock-outs. The scheme may be all right, but there appears little chance of its realisation as yet.

Other Articles.

Professor Henry M. Horne has allowed portions of his book on alloys to appear in advance, and they occupy the first place in the magazine. Enrico Bignami writes upon the great electric installations of Italy, dealing chiefly with the Rome-Tivoli power plant and transmission. The article is well illustrated.

The Empire Review.

The "special article" of the September number of the "Empire Review" is a strongly-worded appreciation of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposal entitled "The Free Trade Faith," by C. de Thierry.

Dr. T. J. Tonkin concludes his very interesting account of the lepers in Northern Nigeria; the main point of his contention being that the frequency of leprosy is largely due not only to utter lack of the most ordinary cleanliness and sanitary precautions, but to the monotonous vegetable diet of the natives, which contains nothing like enough nitrogen properly to equip their constitutions for the resistance of disease.

Mr. Eric Lewis, writing on the usurious exactions of the Indian village money-lender, and the extent to which he has got the people in his clutches, insists that "recent famines have been famines of credit rather than of food; it has not been so much that food was insufficient as that the people had neither cash nor credit wherewith to buy it."

A vivid picture of Falkland's death-battle at Newbury, a plea for a humaner view of the affectionate and fairly harmless badger, and an assertion from a tour through Canada in the sixties that 80 per cent. of French Canadians have made up their minds to repudiate the British connection, are the principal features in "Longman's" for September.

The World's Work.

(English Edition.)

The September number is full of interesting matter, and, as usual, the illustrations are excellent in the extreme. Two of the special articles have been noticed elsewhere. A well-written article on the Atlantic Agreements goes very fully into the action of the Government with regard to the Cunard Company, with the result that "regard the two agreements in any way one will, it is impossible, from a shipping point of view, to come to any other conclusion than that a combination of ignorance and fear has caused the British Government to make a huge blunder in the first place, and to act unjustly to the shipping community as a whole in the second."

The Food Tax and Eggs.

In a short article, Mr. Edward Brown shows that the Food Tax would have a remarkable effect upon the egg and poultry trade, causing the consumers to pay £2,133,204, while the Colonies would benefit only by £25,000. Interesting statistics are given of the sources from which we import these articles of food to a value of £7,358,994 per annum. Miss Schlesinger describes the recent researches of Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt in the electrical field, and includes some remarks upon wireless telegraphy. From Mr. Edward Charles' article on balloons many people will be surprised to find that balloons can be procured so cheaply:

"The size generally favoured by 'sportsmen' ranges from 27,000 to 45,000 cubic feet, costing, the former, in 'coton caoutchoute' £120, in Chinese silk £192, and in French silk £252; and the latter, £220, £316, and £384, according to the material used. These prices include the balloon complete and ready to be filled with gas."

Lest any of his readers should be tempted to rush rashly into making the purchase of a balloon, Mr. Charles adds that "the initial outlay is small compared with the amount that must be continually expended."

Mortimer Menpes.

There is an extremely eulogistic article on Mortimer Menpes and his house in Cadogan Gardens. The frontispiece of the magazine is also one of this artist's pictures in colours. The writer notes the many-sidedness of the artist:

"He might be just as good at a dozen other things; his many experiences and clear point of view would fit him peculiarly for journalism; he was long known as one of the crack rifle shots of England; a large circle of people in many quarters of the globe know him as a most entertaining raconteur; it is said that in Japan he left records in wrestling which are still remembered."

A comparison of British and American advertising by an American writer is much more favourable to the former than might be expected. Mr. Houston concludes his article:

"But comparisons or contrasts only serve to show, after all, that open-minded business men both in Great Britain and America are working, in their own way, for better advertising. And with the men who dominate the commercial life of the two greatest commercial countries in the world working to a common end this result is sure—advertising will become the most potent business force of the century."

(American Edition.)

Mr. John Albert Macy explains, in the September "World's Work," the perfection of modern teaching of

the deaf, the recitations in gesture, and the simplicity of the modern manual alphabet. He shows what the parents of deaf children may do, and says a proper beginning is to write to the superintendent of one of the State-schools. "He may help her, or he may not be able to do anything. His power to assist depends on how liberally the Legislature has provided him with means and equipment to look after the deaf children of the State." But the mother can do something else, too. "Learn the manual alphabet and let every member of the family learn it, and as many of the child's playmates as can be induced to try this interesting play of the fingers. Talk to it at table, and the child is almost sure to pick up a word or two at a time and make them on its fingers, just as the hearing child begins to babble."

Making Big Guns at Washington.

Under the title of "Making Big Guns," Lieutenant-Commander Albert Gleaves sketches the great advance in naval equipment and describes how the great twelve-inch guns are made, and especially the work at the Government factory at Washington. Here, twelve hundred and ten big guns of various calibres have been completed since 1887, and two hundred and eighty-one are now in process of manufacture. Nearly four thousand men are employed, the annual expenditure for labour having increased tenfold in less than twenty years. In discussing the life of a great gun, this writer says that whereas the very heaviest guns, such as the twelve-inch, have a maximum limit of about three hundred firings, six-inch guns have been fired more than two thousand times without injury.

Whistler's Method.

An excellent piece of critical writing by F. J. Mather, jun., deals with "The Art of Mr. Whistler": "His manner of painting is best described by one of his distinguished sitters, Count Robert de Montesquiou. The full-length figure was brushed hurriedly in at a single short sitting. Then followed sixteen agonising sittings. It would be long, anxious minutes before the poised brush descended and the stroke was made. So by some fifty strokes a sitting the portrait advanced. Nothing was done until the artist had concentrated hand and eye upon the stroke, and the finished work consisted of some hundred accents, of which none were corrected or painted out. At the end the slender figure of a nobleman stood as if seen in the dusk, and yet absolutely crisp. The innumerable distinct strokes had fused into an apparently simple whole—a simplicity laboriously attained, and only a certain aggressive firmness of pose, sober harmony of colour, and aristocratic aloofness of expression told that it was a Whistler."

Mr. Israel Zangwill writes a characteristic essay on "Zionism and the Future of the Jews;" Henry H. Lewis describes the various "Feats of Modern Railroad Engineering;" Edward Lowry sums up the reform results of Mayor Low's administration in New York, and there is an interesting essay on the question "Are Riches Demoralising American Life?" We have quoted in another department from the sketch of "Charles Francis Murphy—Tammany's New Ruler," by Franklin Matthews.

Perhaps the most attractive feature in the "Sunday Strand" is Miss Lydia Chatterton's suggestions for the Harvest Festival, which are accompanied by most pleasing illustrations of designs by the writer. It is a study in the fine art of church decoration.

The American Review of Reviews.

In the "American Review of Reviews" Dr. Shaw, commenting on the fiscal issue, predicts that the outcome of the discussion will be that every British Colony will continue to make its own fiscal arrangements, and that the United Kingdom will "remain on its safe, solid, and always defensible basis of universal Free Trade," imposing import duties only for revenue purposes. He says that the logic of a man believing in the duty and advantage of national development would make the American Protectionist a Free Trader if he went to live in England, and the English Free Trader a high Protectionist if he came to live in the United States. The special articles begin with a character sketch of the new Pope by Mr. W. T. Stead. There is a long illustrated article on "The Cotton Crop of To-day," by Mr. R. H. Edmonds, who points out that during the last ten years the number of spindles in the United States has increased by forty per cent., whereas the increase in the rest of the world was only fourteen per cent. America ships to Europe over sixty per cent. of her raw cotton, but Mr. Edmonds foresees a time when all this product will be manufactured at home. As that time comes he estimates the annual value of the industry to the Southern States will be about £450,000,000. Mr. L. S. Rowe writes a brief article on President Diaz, who has been nominated for the Mexican Presidency for the seventh time. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in a paper on "The Race Problem," insists that the negro must be allowed full liberty of development and equality before the law.

The Atlantic Monthly.

The most important article in the "Atlantic Monthly" for August is Mr. Henry James' very readable essay on Emile Zola. There is an important paper by C. J. Bullock on the "Concentration of Banking Interests in the United States;" a letter from the Philippines by an American journalist who holds that the Filipino is a very impudent and impertinent child who needs to be sternly disciplined; but the civilisation of the Filipino is clean mentally towards women; his evil side is not nasty. This is the more remarkable because before the advent of the Spaniards virginity was regarded as such a disgrace that it was sufficient in itself to prevent a woman from going to heaven.

There is a very interesting, enthusiastic paper upon lawn tennis, by Mr. A. S. Pier. He examines all the games in turn, and comes to the conclusion that lawn tennis, of all others, is entitled to supremacy among games, "for that game on the whole is the best, and most completely fulfils its purpose which best satisfies the contentious spirit of a human being." From this point of view no other game can be compared to lawn tennis. From the first stroke of the game to the last, you are in constant opposition to another player. The game enables you to feel your power over your antagonist. You paralyse him by a stroke, you experience a moment of omnipotence. Even to be beaten gives you the fierce joy of the Old Guard, "which dies but never surrenders." A match between old men deeply in earnest is a spectacle more inspiring to one's humanity than a tournament of champions.

Dr. Lyman Abbott begins the September "Atlantic Monthly" with a discussion of "Why Women Do Not Wish the Suffrage." A negative reason Dr. Abbott

finds in the fact that women suffrage divides the functions of government. He does not believe that we can have the women make the laws and have the men enforce them. But he finds a stronger and more positive reason in the distraction of feminine energies from her real work. Woman, he says, must choose. "She may give her time and thought and energy in building a State and engaging in that warfare of wills which politics involves; or she may give her time and thought to the building of men on whose education and training Church, State, industry, society, all depend. She has made her choice and made it wisely."

Is Bible Study Declining?

Prof. Herbert W. Horwill, writing on "The Bible in State-schools," thinks that the prevailing impression as to a general indifference to the Bible is somewhat exaggerated. "The very novels of the circulating library can give evidence that a certain familiarity with the Bible is still a point of contact between author and reader. Glancing at random through a catalogue of fiction, we come across such titles as 'Unleavened Bread,' 'In Kedar's Tents,' 'The Mantle of Elijah,' 'A Book of Remembrance,' 'When the Gates Lift up Their Heads,' 'The Hosts of the Lord,' 'By the Waters of Babylon,' 'A Damsel or Two,' 'Vengeance Is Mine,' 'They That Took the Sword,' 'They That Walk in Darkness.' And how, on the theory of hopeless decadence, are we to account for the large and constant sale, not only of Bibles, but Bible dictionaries, commentaries, and other works of exegesis? There never was a time when the issue of scholarly books of this class, whether at high prices or low, was so good a commercial investment for a publisher."

Other Articles.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe, writing on "The Literary Centre," reviews the luxuriant period of Boston literary history which made the town so worthy of that phrase. The whole list of American writers, says this essayist, whose work had stood the test of half a century with a few notable exceptions belong to Boston and its neighbourhood. There is an essay by Christopher North, by William A. Bradley, and an account of the experience of "An Educated Wage-Earner" by Jocelyn Lewis; there is an attractive treatise "Of Girls in a Canadian College," by Archibald MacMechan, and the usual complement of fiction, verse, and capable book reviews.

Harper's Magazine.

An interesting scientific article appears in the September "Harper's," from Dr. Allan Macfadyen, on the "Effects of Low Temperatures Upon Organic Life." Plant life is much more tolerant than animal life of extremes of temperature, growth having been observed, in some instances, as low as zero, and in other instances as high as 72 deg. Centigrade. It is perfectly true that a freezing process does not destroy life. A fish or frog will be frozen solid, and on thawing become quite lively again. The seeds of plants can actually undergo for hours a temperature of liquid hydrogen, and yet retain their germinative power. Professor Dewar has recently submitted living bacteria to the temperature of liquid hydrogen, about -250 deg. Centigrade, and about as near absolute zero as we can get, and after an immersion for ten hours there was no appreciable effect on the vitality of the organisms. Again, these organisms were immersed directly in liquid air, and were kept at a temperature of -190 deg. Centigrade for six months without impairing their vi-

talidity. "It is difficult to form a conception of living matter under this novel condition, which is neither life nor death; or, to select a term which will adequately describe it, it represents living matter in a new and hitherto unobtained third condition, and constitutes perhaps the most ultimate realisation of the laws of suspended animation."

Charles Lamb's Romance.

John Hollingshead recalls "Charles Lamb's One Romance," the affair of Elia with the versatile and sympathetic actress, Frances M. Kelly. Charles Lamb dreamed of a household in which his sister and his wife and he could live together, joined by a link of congenial literary taste. He made Miss Kelly a written offer of marriage, which is printed in the reminiscent article, together with the frank declination of the object of his affections.

The Century.

Mr. Ray Stannard Baker's opening article in the September "Century," "The Day of the Run," gives a graphic description of the rush over the boundary to the newly opened lands of an Indian reservation. Where there are unusually choice pieces of land there are pretty sure to be men who do not make a fair start, who slip over the line in the dark, and are hastening to the coveted territory while honest settlers are still waiting beyond the boundary. There are guards to prevent this dishonesty, but thirty-five Indian police, protecting four hundred and eighteen thousand acres (six hundred and fifty square miles), leave plenty of room for fraud. Such a body of land would have a hundred miles of boundary. "Yet the United States Government is conducting this game, seeing that it is honestly played!"

Population and Manufactures.

Among the points made by the Hon. W. R. Merriam in "Noteworthy Results of the Twelfth Census" is the rapidity of population growth. In 1890, the United States had a population of 62,979,766; in 1900, the population, including the 7,000,000 people of the Philippines, the 1,000,000 of Porto Rico, and the 15,000 of Guam and Samoa, had increased to 84,233,069. The only countries surpassing the United States in number of inhabitants are the Chinese Empire, the British Empire, the Russian Empire, and probably France, if its African possessions are included. Mr. Merriam thinks one of the most remarkable results of the census is the showing made by manufactures. The products of the factory and shop in the United States now exceed in value those of the farm. Simply the value added to the raw materials by the manufacturing processes amounts to \$5,678,286,148, exceeding by almost \$2,000,000,000 the reported net value of agricultural products. Prior to 1890, manufactures, as measured by the value of products reported at each census, were secondary in importance to agriculture.

Cardinal Gibbons on the Late Pontiff.

An appreciation of "The Character of Leo XIII." is contributed by Cardinal Gibbons, who considers it certain that Leo XIII. will rank among the few Pontiffs who were great theologians and philosophers, like Innocent III. and Benedict XIV. Leo's love of Latin letters would have made him, the cardinal says, a great Mæneas to the scholars that surrounded the Papal throne if he had lived in the time of the Renaissance. His lack of means did not permit of vast literary enterprises, but many excellent works were carried on at his expense, or furthered by his subsidies.

McClure's Magazine.

Under the title of "Capital and Labour Hunt Together," Mr. Ray Stannard Baker tells, in the September "McClure's," how Chicago has become the victim of "the new industrial conspiracy." Mr. Baker is chiefly occupied in describing how the two organisations, the Coal Teamsters' Union and the Coal Team Owners' Association, came together and formed a close compact, offensive and defensive—a sort of monopoly new to American life. "Instead of fighting each other, to the profit and peace of the onlooking public, they now turned, united, and attacked that public. The teamster salved his sores with a large increase in wages, the coal dealer and the team-owner fattened their bank accounts with a large increase in profits, and the defenceless, unorganised public paid the bill." After a very specific recital of just how this thing was done, Mr. Baker remarks: "We have been sighing for capital and labour to get together; we have been telling them that they are brothers, that the interest of one is the interest of the other; here they are together; are we any better off?"

The Triumph of the Pasteur Institutes.

In "The Conquest of Five Great Ills," Mr. Cleveland Moffett outlines the great work of the Pasteur Institutes throughout the world. Within twenty years, five great foes of the human race have been shorn of their worst terrors by the processes of Pasteur. These five ills are hydrophobia, diphtheria, lockjaw, snake poison, and the bubonic plague. In the case of hydrophobia, the Pasteur treatment now removes all chance of harm,—or, to be exact, all but one-fifth of one chance in a hundred. In diphtheria, the average mortality has been reduced from 45 to 50 per cent. to 12 to 14 per cent. In lockjaw, the antitoxin serum is, to be sure, only preventive, and not curative; but this is usually sufficient, since the danger is plainly indicated in advance. The proudest victory of the Pasteur school is in the treatment of bubonic plague, which in times of great epidemics used to carry off 85 per cent. of all who contracted it. Dr. Calmette has succeeded in reducing the mortality of those treated by him and his assistants to less than 15 per cent., as against a mortality of over 63 per cent., in the same epidemic, of those not treated.

There is a pleasant sketch of Alesandro Salvini by Clara Morris, and stories by Mary Moss, Henry Harland, George Barr McCutcheon, H. W. Wallis, and Norman Duncan.

The Cosmopolitan.

Sir Thomas Lipton's Crew.

Sir Thomas Lipton himself tells of his yacht-racing ambitions in "My Efforts to Win the America's Cup." Describing the organisation of his invading force, he says that everything is under the control of Mr. William Fife, the designer. He is confident that Capt. Robert Wringe, the skipper of "Shamrock III.," and Capt. Charles Bevis, master of "Shamrock I.," are the two best skippers in Great Britain. In the crew of the challenger there are numerous men who were racing skippers in England, men of rare intelligence and attainment, who have been willing to ship under Sir Thomas as mere members of his crew. In short, the baronet can say with confidence that "Shamrock III." was sailed by the best crew ever gathered together in the United Kingdom.

The Architect's Long Apprenticeship.

In treating of "Architecture," in the series on "Making a Choice of a Profession," Mr. John M. Carrere shows what a long, tedious road the young architect must travel. He must possess a good general education before touching architecture especially, and will then probably enter a school of architecture and after graduating spend a number of years in study and practice in an architect's office, eventually drifting to Paris, and ending his education by a period of travel. Altogether, an architect is supposed to devote eight or ten years of his life to study and preparation before he can think of entering upon the independent practice of his profession with justice to himself or to his work.

Continental Magazines.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

The leading French review maintains even in August its high standard of interest. We have noticed elsewhere M. Dastre's article on the physiological value of sugar, and some observations by M. Charnes on the new Pope.

Southern Madagascar.

To the first August number M. Charles-Roux contributes an interesting paper on the southern part of Madagascar. Much of this portion has never been explored, and it was so recently as October, 1900, that the task of pacifying and organising it was entrusted to Colonel Lyautey. He did his work remarkably well, and avoided as far as he possibly could both the red-tape and the militarism which were formerly characteristic of French Colonial administration. All over the island medical assistance for the natives has been systematically organised, and will no doubt do much to check the appalling infant mortality. The Malagasy women are good mothers, but ignorant of the simplest rules of health, and it is no wonder that many of the children who do survive grow up sickly or idiotic. The adult population, too, is devastated by tuberculosis, leprosy, small-pox, and alcoholism, and wholesale vaccination has been resorted to.

A French View of Burns.

M. Roz, in a long study of Burns, agrees with Lord Rosebery in thinking that the secret of the poet's extraordinary fame and of his incomparable genius is that, unlike other Scottish writers, he set Scotland on her feet in a literary sense, and reasserted her claims to a national existence. Scotland is only an ideal nation; all her reality is in her past, to which she pays fervent honour, and in her spiritual life, which expresses the genius of certain men—John Knox, Walter Scott, and above all, Robert Burns. That is why she is so prodigal of her admiration and her love. In no other country, perhaps, does the expression "national poet" bear so full and strong a meaning.

The Youth of Mirabeau.

M. Doumic, in a paper which reflects the increased attention which is now being paid to the great figures of the Revolution, deals with the intrigues of Mirabeau with Sophie de Monnier and Julie Dauvers. It is a sordid story, especially Mirabeau's pretence in the "Letters to Julie" that he enjoyed the favours of the Princesse de Lamballe.

Naval Manœuvres.

An anonymous article in the second August number deals in an expert manner with squadron evolutions

and the tactics of modern fleets. The writer comes to certain conclusions, which may be thus stated. The difficulties and dangers of squadron manœuvres of the traditional type could only increase because of the inevitable growth of tonnage, while the most modern conception of naval tactics, derived from the progress effected in speed and in offensive armament, rendered less and less justifiable the value attached to compact formations and evolutions in close order. A special individual importance is to be assigned to fighting units which are intended to act, not in isolation, but separately, while at the same time combining their efforts. Officers must consequently have not only the highest technical training and personal bravery, but something which is yet more important still—the power of imagination to conceive decisive movements, the intuition which perceives the golden moment, and that courage of the mind which undertakes such movements. In a word, the writer says that the great need in the French Navy is the restoration of individual initiative.

Other Articles.

Among other articles may be mentioned one on engineering by M. Benoist, and a study of the ethics of anarchy (with special reference to Ibsen) by M. Soares.

La Revue de Paris.

This review for August is very readable. M. Berthelemy contributes to the first August number a clever defence of indirect taxation. He explains the grave danger of a democracy laying all its financial burdens on the small group of wealthy people, and he shows, or thinks he shows, that it is often the poor who really pay in the end the taxes intended to be levied on the rich. Indirect taxation he recommends because its productivity is enormous, and can be easily borne, and it is just in its incidence. Altogether, it produces the maximum of revenue with the minimum of discontent. Incidentally it may be noted that M. Berthelemy advocates a State monopoly of the drink traffic in France on the same lines as the tobacco monopoly.

Military Life in Italy.

M. Tissot describes military life in Italy as portrayed in the novels of Captain Sangiacomo, a distinguished Italian officer, whose works, one gathers, are more to be commended as documents than for their literary merit. The Italian army seems to suffer quite as much as ours from the absurdities of the military tailor, with his affectation for the minutiae of gold-lace and dolmans. But the serious side of the matter is that the moral influence of the Army on the national side is so bad; indeed, M. Tissot declares that in Italy, as in all the countries of Western Europe, the position of standing armies is seriously threatened by the spirit of modern progress.

Cattle-Breeding in the Argentine.

M. Daireaux describes the remarkable work which has been done in the Argentine Republic by cattle-breeders and agriculturists generally from England, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany. France alone is almost unrepresented, and he adjures his countrymen to take a hand in this profitable game.

Other Articles.

Among other articles may be mentioned a travel-article on the Narbonne country, by Mr. W. Morton Fullerton, and an account of a visit to Bismarck, by Theophile Gautier *fls.*

The Italian Reviews.

On the Late Pope.

The death of Leo XIII. and the election of a successor form, naturally enough, the subject of several articles in the August issues, notably in the "Civiltà Cattolica," the "Rassegna Nazionale," and the "Nuova Antologia." The tenour of all is the same—admiration for the acknowledged powers of one of the last of the Grand Old Men of Europe, and grief at his death. The first-named review, having dealt lengthily with Leo's Pontificate on the occasion of his jubilee, considers that it has little to add, but nevertheless publishes several pages of eulogy. The "Nuova Antologia" thinks it somewhat difficult to judge his work fairly. He had to encounter many difficulties, face many severe struggles, and he undoubtedly had many successes. At times he ventured boldly into the future: at others he appeared to be hiding timorously in the past. In another article this review speaks of Leo having died too soon, and being still in his youth, despite his great age, which metaphorical remark is indicative of the high opinion in which Leo was held. The "Rassegna Nazionale" quotes Dante, and says that the late Pontiff possessed the three qualities mentioned in those lines, namely, intellectual light full of love, love in full gladness, and gladness superior to all sorrow. He was a human creature who was almost celestial.

In the second article of the "Nuova Antologia" we have a sketch of the popes of Leo's century. Beginning with some remarks on Pius VI., who died in 1799 after having been dethroned by Bonaparte, and who was carried to his grave not by priests, but by soldiers, the article goes through the occupants of the Holy See and ends with Leo, who is, to use the words of another writer "the noblest Roman of them all."

The "Rassegna Nazionale," speaking briefly of the new Pontiff, thinks that he will be a worthy Vicar of Christ, and declares that the name (Pius X.) is of good augury. The "Civiltà Cattolica" is also very hopeful.

Agriculture and Education.

The "Civiltà," among its other contributions (August 15) has an article on Agriculture and Agriculturists in Italy, which is really a review of a German book. Italy's resources are very great, and in former times these resources were developed; she was called the "Garden of Europe," and even Virgil termed her "the great mother of cereals." This condition of things existed till 1848, since which time the decadence has been astounding. The preponderance of secular education and the propagation of Socialistic ideas is largely the assigned cause. There is also an article on the Index of Prohibited Books, in which we are informed that many persons confuse the legislation on the general subject with the catalogue itself.

"Nuova Antologia" (August 1) has an article on Popular Education in Italy revealing a state of things decidedly unsatisfactory. According to the latest statistics, there were rather less than 51,000 schools in the country, of which about 87 per cent. were of inferior grades. This is quite insufficient for the population; many outlying villages (those in the mountain districts, for instance) with 500 inhabitants are not reached by any school.

The same review contains an interesting account of a Chinese book on the cultivation of silkworms, poetically described as "rods of silk." This great work, which runs into twenty-four volumes, was compiled by the order of Emperor Koung, and its compilation was

effected by doctors and other learned men of the Flowery Land. It contains practical notions, traditions and laws on the subject, most of which date back to pre-Christian times. It tells of species which many European entomologists refused at first to believe in, but the general accuracy of the statements is now conceded.

The Future of the Latin Race.

Among the contents of the "Rassegna Nazionale" is an interesting article on the "Future of the Latin Race," in which a comparison is made between a new book and certain articles on the same subject previously published in the "Rassegna Nazionale." The future of the race is decidedly bad, according to the book, unless some great change comes about; the present is certainly bad. The conclusion is that physical, moral, and religious changes are needed, the word "religion" being used in a broad sense. The author of the book thinks that Romanism is the cause of the present deplorable condition, and would get rid of religion in the main; whereas the writer of the article says that we have only to look back at the former greatness of the Latin race to see a refutation of the attack on Romanism. More religion, not less, is what is required. There are also deeply interesting articles on the conversion of George Henry Newman and the Catholic Renaissance in England, and on Verdi.

La Nouvelle Revue.

The energetic editors of the "Nouvelle Revue" have secured a number of letters written by Charles Baudelaire to his mother and to a number of friends. They show how this unfortunate man of genius was worried by money matters much as was his greater compatriot, Balzac. Each and all of his long epistles deal with money, the lack of it, the urgent necessity for procuring an advance of a few pounds, the story of how and where these same few pounds were spent, etc., etc. In some ways Baudelaire's career greatly resembled that of the American poet whom he so admired and translated, Edgar Allan Poe.

A Great Chinese Reformer.

In days to come the civilised world may become as familiar with the name of Kang-Yon-Wei as it is now with that of Plato or of Confucius. This great Chinese reformer is now living in exile at Tokio, banished from his native country and from the college he founded at Peking, by the Dowager Empress, who both fears and hates him. Kang-Yon-Wei is a constructive philosopher. He has published a most remarkable pamphlet, a kind of confession of faith, in which he sets out his views concerning human life and conduct. In many ways this venerable Chinaman is far in advance of many so-called European reformers. Thus he is for absolute equality between the sexes, and he even goes so far as to advocate women being employed in great affairs of State.

Other Articles.

Other articles deal with the St. Louis Exhibition; the strange "Death Dances" which played so great a part in the popular festivals and carnivals of the Middle Ages; the improvements made of late in Paris, and two biographical papers, the one dealing with Charnace, the other with Berlioz.

The Dutch Magazines.

"De Gids" is a decidedly good number. The article on the African Pompeii is full of interest; this is Thimgad, the Thamugadi of the ancients, which the French Government is now digging from the earth that hides it. The tourist goes to Batna, in Algeria, mainly for the purpose of "doing" the ruins of Lambese (the Lambæsis of the Romans) and Markouna (Verecunda) and the excavations and remains of Thimgad, so the writer describes her journey in a victoria, occupying four hours, to these three places. The first was a Roman camp, that of the Third Legion of Augustus. Arrived at Thimgad, the writer takes us in imagination to the far-off days when Thamugadi was as full of life as Pompeii. The article keeps the reader fully interested from the first word to the last. The article on two Javanese fables about animals—fables usually are concerned with members of the animal kingdom—interest as much as fables generally do; they show us once more how widespread are the stories we associate with the nursery. In every land—civilised and uncivilised—we find practically the same stories; they vary a little here and there—the Asiatic "Jack the Giant-Killer" may refer to the sun and moon instead of to a boy and an exaggerated specimen of humanity, but the groundwork is the same. Then Dr. Vurtheim takes us back to the ancient Greeks, to a forgotten spot in Albania and to Thessaly, and shows us how the shepherds and hunters and agriculturists had their harvest thanksgiving, which he describes as a Greek Feast of the Tabernacles. Among those people the moon was a deity, and in her "horned" form was regarded as the protecting goddess of those who had to do with hunting or horned beasts. Sacrifices were offered to her lunar ladyship, who was in most cases more beneficent than the sun, enabling the people to carry on their method of gaining a livelihood when the god of day was frowning. There is an allegorical sketch "The God of the Child," and other entertaining contents.

In "Onze Eeuw" the contribution which first catches the fancy is one with the (to us) curious title "In the Realm of Tunes." At first we are rather disappointed to find that it is not a learned dissertation on the gamut or science of sounds, but we afterwards discover ourselves in the midst of a readable description of the competition of Men's Choirs in Frankfort a short time ago. There were 6,000 throats in combat, as the writer humorously informs us, and the leader of the winning choir, which hailed from Berlin, had the gold chain of victory placed round his neck by the Empress. The writer then sketches the rise of these German Singing Associations: they began with the foregathering of two or three men here and there for musical amusement and practice, and they have gradually developed till they have become quite a power for good in the Fatherland. The love of music is more in-born in the German than in the Britisher, and therefore forms more of a pastime; the Tonic Sol-Fa Societies in Britain never appear to have obtained the same hold on young Britishers as the "Gesangvereine" have secured on the youth of Germany. There are articles on Æschylus and on Old Letters from Florence, these last dealing with the time when the Republic was in the height of its power, namely, in the fifteenth century, and affording an interesting glimpse of old Italy. The account of the ancient Abbey of Rolduc, in the south of the province of Limburg, dating back some eight hundred years, rounds off a good number of this excellent review.

The "Badminton Magazine" contains an excellent article entitled "Hints to Modest Motorists," which will be found of much value to the beginners in this the newest of all sports.

"Elsevier" opens with an article on Graadt van Roggen, the Dutch etcher, whose work is not so well known outside Holland as the writer thinks it should be.

The German Magazines.

The "Deutsche Revue" contains a rather interesting article by E. von Liebert which gives a short history of Anglo-German relations in Africa. He opens with a tribute to Sir Harry Johnston, whose remarkable frankness in recounting Germany's actions in Africa he thinks truly surprising in an Englishman. His book, by the way, has been translated and is appearing in Germany. Von Liebert served with, and is a personal friend of, Herrmann von Wissmann, who, says Sir H. Johnston, has done more for German East Africa than any other man living. No German can look back to the Treaty of Zanzibar in 1890 without regret. Before that time, he recounts how Dr. Peters had persuaded the young King of Uganda to put himself under German protection, how Emin Pasha had renounced his arrangements with Great Britain and had declared that he was proud to serve under the German flag, how the trade of Zanzibar was chiefly in German hands, and how the Arab revolt had been successfully crushed. The treaty lost Germany—says von Liebert—Somaliland, Witu, Uganda, the land west of Lake Nyassa, and the protectorate over Zanzibar. Germany, he explains, had no rights over the latter, but diplomacy should at any rate have prevented the declaration of a British protectorate. He points out that

England has not developed the country round Mombasa, but has merely acquired it, so that she can run a railway to the coast from the more fruitful interior. Germany has worked very differently. In her territory harbours are well built, lighthouses are erected on the coast, towns built, roads made throughout the land, everything that was required, in fact—but unfortunately the expected trade does not appear!

General Stefan Turr contributes an article upon the three great figures who stand forth in Austro-Hungarian relations, namely, Andrassy and Deak, who brought about the union, and Kossuth who opposed it to the death. Georges Claretie writes upon the first stage success of Edmond Rostand, whom he calls a sovereign, a king of poetry.

D. Franke, in the "Deutsche Rundschau," contributes a lengthy paper upon Japan's Asiatic aspirations. He says that after the Chino-Japanese war the hate against China was replaced by an aversion to the white man. The Anglo-Japanese alliance seems to controvert this theory, but he considers this as merely a means to an end, and that the real feeling of the Japanese people is expressed in the memorandum of the recently-formed East Asiatic League of culture. This league has for its object the closer union of the yellow races, and the maintenance of the status quo in the Far East, and always keeps in mind the fact that Asia belongs to the yellow race, and the white should be excluded. Idealism in America forms the subject of an article by Mr. Wilhelm, of New York; and M. von Brandt discusses German colonial politics from the French point of view.

In "Scribner's Magazine" for September there is a very readable chapter of reminiscences of "Some Famous Judges," by Senator George F. Hoar, who gives a number of excellent anecdotes of Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw and other legal lights of Massachusetts. Capt. T. B. Mott describes the "Work and Play of the Military Attaches," especially at the grand manoeuvres of the French army, consisting of the evolutions, practically on a war footing, of from forty-five thousand to one hundred and forty thousand men.

"Blackwood" for September is chiefly notable for "Sigma's" personal reminiscences of illustrious literary men. Mr. Walter B. Harris describes his three weeks' captivity with the Moorish rebels. Mr. R. L. Kenyon narrates his experiences of the annual pilgrimage of tribute from Cashmere to the sacred city of Tibet. His description of Tibetan tea—a compound of tea and butter and salt boiled together and kept simmering until it is of the consistency of cocoa—is enough to make the English tea-drinker shudder. Articles on the food question and the present condition of parties fall to be noticed under the fiscal problem.

In the "Positivist Review" for September, Mrs. Frederic Harrison, in "News from South Africa," calls attention to the suffering caused by the war—receipts not being paid, and by "compensation" being so capricious. "The widows and children are in a sad plight." Mr. J. H. Bridges writes on the newly-formed Society of Sociology, and urges the importance of keeping sociology in close comparison with biology, and of paying most heed, not to social origins so much, as to more

highly developed communities. Professor Beesly exposes the attempts of the French Nationalists to hide their electoral weakness.

The "Leisure Hour" for September is a full number. Mr. Gordon's Casualties of British Industry claims separate mention. Mr. J. M. Bacon gives much interesting information about cipher writing, which will appeal to persons at the secretive age. Rev. John Isabell furnishes illustrations of the co-operative system among animals. Under the heading "A Chat on a Cable-car," Rev. J. P. Hobson supplies much local history concerning Brixton Hill. Lucy M. J. Garnett contributes picturesque photographs of the Tent Dwellers of Turkey, in which Kurds and Circassians appear more like human beings and less like the ghouls reported of by special correspondents.

A very refreshing contrast to the bitter war now waged in so many villages between Anglicans and Non-conformists is recalled in the "Sunday at Home" by Rev. T. A. Gurney. He tells how, in the beginning of the last century, the Rev. J. Collins, Independent minister at Swanage, felt moved to call upon the young rector of the village, and expound to him the way of God more perfectly. The result was a great awakening in the soul and in the preaching of the rector, and a close friendship which lasted for some twenty years, only interrupted by death. The rector even attended the Independent Church on Sunday evenings when there was no service in the parish church, until the bishop intervened and forbade this irregularity while blessing the friendship.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN AUSTRALASIA.

BY "AUSTRALIAN."

Glorious Prospects.

Since our last the weather has been favourable to producers, and the prospects for the coming harvest continue excellent. So far as can be at present judged, the production of Australia in 1903-04 will be the largest ever recorded in all grain, while there will be an advance in the returns from wool, stock, etc. Taking first the wheat harvest, present indications favour a crop of something like 65,250,000 bushels, which we place thus:

	1900-01. Bushels.	1902-03. Bushels.	1903-04. Bushels.
Victoria.....	17,847,321 ..	2,569,364 ..	27,500,000
New South Wales ..	16,173,771 ..	1,589,205 ..	17,500,000
South Australia....	11,253,148 ..	6,354,912 ..	15,000,000
Queensland	1,194,088 ..	6,165 ..	3,000,000
Tasmania and W.A. ..	1,884,597 ..	1,847,411 ..	2,250,000
Totals.....	48,352,925 ..	12,367,057 ..	65,250,000

The increase shown on the disastrous returns for 1902-03 is 52,882,943 bushels. The best previous wheat crop produced in Australia was in 1900-01, the figures being set out above for the purpose of comparison. A wheat crop of the extent we have estimated would leave about 40,000,000 bushels for export, or over 1,000,000 tons. Even cautious exporters regard an exportable surplus of 30,000,000 bushels as certain. Allowing for the high prices, last year's wheat crop was worth about £3,100,000. At the values now indicated for export next season, the crop of 1903-04 will be worth about £11,000,000. In other grain also there will be a large increase in production. The yields of milk are increasing largely, and from dairy produce the returns to farmers will be much greater in the new season than during the past twelve months. Graziers state that the returns from stock are largely expanding, and that the wool clip, though it will only show a slight increase in size, will bring a much better price than last year. Altogether, so far as producers are concerned, the outlook may be considered excellent.

The gold production of the various States continues to advance. The returns for the first nine months of this year are compared in the following:

	1902. Fine oz.	1903. Fine oz.
Western Australia ..	1,371,503 ..	1,561,262
Victoria.....	549,891 ..	547,119
New South Wales....	184,033 ..	203,982
Queensland	441,670 ..	480,100
South Australia and Tasmania....	54,000 ..	44,000
Totals.....	2,601,097 ..	2,836,463

The increase for the nine months is equal to 235,366 ounces fine, valued approximately at £975,000. The only decrease is in Tasmania, where the yield has dropped nearly 10,000 ounces. We expect this year's production in Australia to show an increase of £1,250,000.

It is not surprising that trade and manufacturing show a decided tendency to increase in volume with the improved country prospects. The first branch to feel improved times is always the softgoods trade, and this season has been no exception. The October orders are the best for several years, and the future is very promising. In the wholesale ironmongery trade there has been improvement, and the timber and grocery trades are expected to follow suit in November, December, and following months. Manufacturers state that their orders are coming in much more freely than a year ago, and that there are numerous indications that a large expansion in trade will occur. It will be, indeed, surprising if the commerce of these States in 1904 does not show a gain of £7,000,000 to £10,000,000 over 1903.

The Victorian Conversion Loan.

It is satisfactory to be able to announce that the Victorian conversion loan, which has been hanging like a pall over the State for the last nine months, has been disposed of. But we can neither agree with the terms nor the date fixed for the issue of the stock. The great mistake in delay in dealing with this matter must be laid at Mr. Shiels' door. Instead of approaching the business before the end of last year, and making every arrangement for an issue early in 1903, he allowed himself to be easily led into a corner, and the issue had to be made within three months of the maturing of the 4½ per cent. debentures. Some idea of the different position in January, when the loan should have been converted, and October, when it actually was, may be obtained from the following comparison:

	January.	October.
Price of 3½ per cent. stock in London	£101 ..	£95½
British Consols, 2½ per cent. to April 5, thereafter 2½ per cent.	93½ ..	88

In April or May excellent opportunities presented themselves, and we urged strongly that the conversion should be taken in hand. It must be plain to the merest child that, allowing matters to drift as they were, necessitated the State paying very dearly for the conversion.

The terms of the conversion are approximately as follows: Holders of maturing 4½ per cent. debentures are offered through the underwriters, who receive 1½ per cent. commission, the following options: (a) £108 of 3½ per cent. stock, carrying interest from October 1, for every £100 of 4½ per cent. held. The 3½ per cent. stock matures 1929-49. (b) Four per cent. Treasury Bills at par, plus 25s. cash interest to date from January 1, and to be payable half-yearly. Treasury Bills to fall due July 1, 1906, and up to December, 1905, the holders to have the right to convert into 3½ per cent. stock at £104. (c) Cash from the underwriters.

The most expensive option for the Government is (a), and this is likely to be exercised by nearly every holder of maturing debentures,

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The issue of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock at £108 for every £100 of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. is equal to issuing the stock on the open market at £92 11s. 10d. gross. In addition, a gift of 17s. 6d. per cent. in interest is made to the acceptors. Again, this option will necessitate the issue of £5,400,000 of stock to cover £5,000,000 required to be converted, and the practical cost to the Government will be £3 19s. 4d. per cent., allowing for redemption. The expenses are set out thus:

Free gift of interest	£47,250
Underwriting commission.....	67,500
Other charges, including stamp duty, brokerages, and commissions.....	60,750
Total (at least)	£175,000

After paying these expenses, and adding £400,000 to the capital of the debt, we have managed to satisfy the holders of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. falling due. We think that all who have studied this matter at all will admit that had the conversion been undertaken nine months ago, 5 to 6 per cent. better price would have been obtained for the new $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock.

It is really surprising that this matter has been allowed to pass with so little expert criticism. The cost of the loan per annum will be as follows: Interest, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on £5,400,000, equals £189,000; sinking fund, at 1 per cent., £54,000 (for first year); total, £243,000, against £225,000, the annual cost of the loan previously. Actually, therefore, the State pays £18,000 per annum more for the first year than previously the case, though the loan was raised in 1880 and 1881. But when we come to the sinking fund we find it another of those hollow financial disappointments that have not been uncommon in our history. Speaking in the Legislative Assembly, Mr. Irvine plainly stated that the sinking fund would redeem the loan in fifty years. Now a 1 per cent. sinking fund invested cumulatively in a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan would redeem the entire issue in forty-three and three-quarter years, but allowing for premiums paid on repurchases the time would probably be about fifty years. This coincided with Mr. Irvine's statement. But we now learn that it is not intended to apply the sinking fund cumulatively. It is to be a mere annual reduction of 1 per cent. on the entire issue annually, and the saving of interest is not to be taken to the sinking fund, but absorbed into revenue. Thus it will take 100 years, and not fifty years to repay the loan. As one of the first to urge on the Australian Treasurers the absolute necessity of establishing a substantial sinking fund to preserve our credit, we must take strong objection to this course. The Treasurer has evidently failed to grasp the matter, for he has stated that the loan would be covered by the redemption purchases in fifty years, instead of 100 years. Surely it is time to establish an honest 1 per cent. cumulative sinking fund. Let the fixed debt charge on this loan be £243,000 per annum, and in under fifty years the sinking fund will more than equal the loan. If we wish to re-establish our credit we must adopt a business-like scheme for the repayment of our debt. The haphazard system spasmodically in force does more harm than good, and every time the trust funds are dipped into or the sinking fund payments discontinued, the British investor lowers his opinion of Australian finance, and wants a bigger price to supply our financial necessities.

The last conversion loan (£3,000,000) issued in March, 1901, cost equal to about £3 11s. per cent. This

year's conversion cost nearly 4 per cent. At this rate, what will the conversion of the loans falling due in 1907 and 1908 cost Victoria?

Other Borrowers.

Our prophecy regarding New South Wales has been proved correct. The New South Wales Treasurer has announced an issue of 4 per cent. Treasury Bills locally for four years, interest to start from November 1, and early publication of the prospectus is looked for. New South Wales borrowed about £250,000 privately a couple of months back, and then sought assistance in London, offering 4 per cent. Treasury Bills there at £99. But the underwriters there, in view of the negotiations for the Victorian loan, put off the New South Wales Treasurer.

New Zealand is to come out as a borrower again. The Loan Authorisation Bill is now before the House of Representatives, and the loan will not be issued until late in the year, or in January. It will take the form of 4 per cent. debentures at £99, or par. The Bill gives the Government power to pay up to 5 per cent. interest, but this is not likely to be exercised. In the last six months New Zealand has sold £500,000 of debentures locally. The great prosperity of New Zealand calls for generous criticism, but the debt is being added to too rapidly, the present Government is spending far too freely, and with a lessening of production this year, it is certainly time for a halt to be called, so far as new loans are concerned.

South Australia may shortly issue a small local 4 per cent. loan.

State Budgets.

The Budget of Mr. Irvine can scarcely be regarded as a fine display by an orator. The speech was rather halting, the description of the finances vague, and the proposals in many ways unsatisfactory. While Mr. Irvine dealt with the savings effected in expenditure during the past twelve months he was on safe ground. But his expectations for 1903-04 are of a very debatable character. There is little doubt that the Government made excellent headway with economy in 1902-03, but it is preparing to go back, and the proposed expenditure for 1903-04 shows a considerable increase, and the best part of the £194,000 surplus shown is swallowed by the expected deficit for the now current financial year.

The most serious point in the financial statement is that the surplus is not to be treated in accordance with the law. The law is mandatory, and states that all the surplus of revenue shall be applied to the sinking funds for the purposes of the redemption of the loans. But Mr. Irvine calmly carries the surplus forward, and utilises all but £150,000 in the now current year's revenue.

In proposing to reduce the old age pension fund payment to £150,000 annually (it will not all be done in one year) Mr. Irvine is only bringing the State back to where it started. Sir George Turner left us the old age pensions as a relic of his administration. They were not to cost more than £150,000 per annum. They ran close up to £300,000, and Mr. Irvine is going to bring them back to the original amount which the public were led to believe they would cost.

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The charity vote is to be increased. The increase is wanted; but, then, during the latter half of the financial year the charity expenditure of the general public should largely increase owing to renewal of prosperity. A tax on sports is likely to be proposed by the Government.

The income tax is slightly reduced: 1d. is to be taken off the personal exertion tax, and 2d. off the property tax, and in addition the composite tax on companies, firms, farmers, etc., is to be removed. £80,000 less is expected from the income tax this year than in 1902-03.

The probate duties are to be retained in full force, and notwithstanding the objections in the Lower House, this proposal will probably be carried.

The sum of £20,000 is to be set aside to provide better roads in the country districts, but in this matter there appears to have been undue haste shown. The matter should be carefully inquired into before action is taken.

The Treasurer proposes to reinstate a portion of the trust funds utilised in last year's revenue. The estimated working deficit for 1903-04 is about, approximately, £150,000, and allowing for the surplus forward, the surplus at the end of 1903-04 will be £44,000, of which £40,000 goes back to the trust funds.

The New South Wales Budget speech has been aptly described as an apology mixed with defiance. On scanning the speech we can find little encouraging, except that the loan expenditure is to be reduced to £1,600,000 per annum—a comparatively low figure for Messrs. See and O'Sullivan. The estimates are cut down by a miserable £233,108 per annum. There is to be no lightening of taxation, and rigid economy is not to be practised. The estimated revenue is £11,507,555, and the expenditure £11,474,489, leaving an expected surplus of £33,066, against £300,000 to £400,000 cheerfully predicted by Sir John See a few weeks before. The deficiency of £484,355 brought forward is not to be provided for at the moment. Thus we find Victoria carrying its surplus forward into its next year's revenue, and New South Wales proclaiming against the foolishness of debiting a deficiency existing in the previous year to the new accounts. The New South Wales exhausted surplus is gained by raising the expected revenue from the Customs. Sir George Turner anticipated a drop of £490,000 in this year's New South Wales receipts, but the New South Wales Treasurer only puts the drop at £236,240, or expects to receive

about £254,000 more than Sir George Turner thinks he will. Thus, on his own showing, the deficit for the now current financial year in New South Wales will be £221,000—the surplus of £33,000 is a mere blind.

A Successful Bank.

The Royal Bank of Australia Ltd. (Melbourne) had another very successful half-year, ended September 30 last—so successful, indeed, that the directors are able to recommend another increase in the dividend to 6 per cent. per annum. The net profits were £7,444, and with the balance forward there was £9,539 available. Income tax absorbs £625; a 6 per cent. dividend takes £4,500; and £4,414 is carried forward. A comparison of the accounts is appended:

	Sept., 1900.	Sept., 1901.	Sept., 1902.	Sept., 1903.
Capital	£150,000	£150,000	£150,000	£150,000
Reserve	5,000	15,000	22,500	30,000
Notes and bills	25,410	45,451	36,567	40,900
Deposits	425,342	552,460	612,778	705,471
Liquid assets	185,628	211,300	283,869	326,288
Advances, discounts, etc.	417,474	511,980	527,775	533,450
Real estate	19,679	19,573	19,816	75,910
Gross profits	8,930	9,902	10,564	11,211
Net profits	5,863	6,702	7,096	7,444
Dividend, p.c.	4	5	5	6

The progress shown is very great; and the institution now occupies a very important position in the banking world. The increase in deposits is noteworthy, and the Royal makes a practice of keeping large reserves of coin and liquid assets. About £250,000 of its deposits represent current accounts, and the bank holds £326,288 in immediately liquid assets against them. Few banks can point to so strong a position. The management deserve congratulation for the progress shown.

Softgoods Joint Stock Companies.

A year ago we had occasion to refer to the softgoods companies formed in London to acquire Australian businesses. We then pointed out that a serious diminution of profits must be noted during the then current twelve months; and though our remarks were regarded as rather pessimistic in some quarters, they are borne out by the results cabled from London. To date three balance-sheets and profit and loss accounts have been published in London. A comparison of the net profits is appended:

	1901-02.	1902-03.
Robert Reid & Co.	£38,193	£26,376
Paterson, Laing and Bruce (1901) Ltd.	46,852	23,832
D. and W. Murray Ltd.	64,453	40,149
Totals	£149,498	£90,357

The total profits of the three companies fell to £90,357 from £149,498 in the previous year, and 1902 it must be remembered showed a fall from 1901. As the companies were capitalised on the basis of profits prior to 1898 and 1899, their present position is not too sound. The goodwill is in all cases considerable, and it is rather regrettable that the companies were formed on such high valuations of assets. The distributions of the three companies compare thus:

ROBERT REID & CO. LTD.

	1901-02.	1902-3.
Debenture interest	£6,750	£6,750
Preference dividend	11,000	11,000
Ordinary dividend	15,000	8,362
To reserve fund	5,443	nil

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PATERSON, LAING & BRUCE (1901) LTD.

	1901-02.	1902-3.
Debenture interest	£6,375	£6,375
Preference dividend	20,126	21,000
Ordinary dividend	10,000	nil
Reserve fund	6,601	nil

D. & W. MURRAY LTD.

	1901-02.	1902-3.
Debenture interest	£4,500	£4,500
Preference dividend	19,250	19,250
Ordinary dividend	30,000	18,000
Reserve fund	10,000	nil

The last concern appears to have the best business of the three quoted. We would not be surprised if adjustments of capital accounts of Australian softgoods companies had to be made ere long, but a run of good seasons would, of course, greatly benefit these concerns.

Improving Banking Profits.

Notwithstanding dearer money and shorter production the banks of Australia are making excellent headway, and in nearly every instance the earnings show a considerable advance. The Bank of Australasia, Union Bank of Australia, Bank of New South Wales, and Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, are earning very large profits. The Australasia's last half-year's balance-sheet showed a record total, and the dividend was increased to 12 per cent. The Union now pays 8 per cent.; an increase to 9 or even 10 per cent. is confidently expected this year. The New South Wales, with improved seasons, is doubtless in a position to declare a higher dividend if it so wish, and the same may apply to the Commercial of Sydney. The Royal Bank of Australia, though confined to Melbourne, has been able to again raise its dividend from 5 to 6 per cent., and there are fair hopes of an improvement in the dividends paid by the National Bank and the Bank of Victoria, during the current twelve months. At the same time we will be much surprised if the Colonial Bank of Australasia does not declare an increased ordinary dividend, either this half-year or in March next. The capital is small, and the business growing steadily. The Commercial Bank of Australia is making good headway with the clearing off of old accounts. The London Bank of Australia has adjusted its capital account, and the way is now clear for ordinary dividends, while the English, Scottish and Australian Bank is making good headway. Altogether, we regard the banking position in these States as very sound, and the shares of most institutions present a good opportunity for profitable investment.

Dearer Money.

During the month rates for deposits were advanced $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in New South Wales and Queensland by the Bank of Australasia, Union Bank of Australia, Bank of New South Wales, and Commercial Bank of Sydney. The other institutions made the advance previously. The rates now ruling in N.S.W. and Queensland are 3 per cent. for six months, $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for twelve months, and 4 per cent. for two years and upwards. While there is undoubtedly a good deal of Government borrowing at 4 per cent. going on, which has a hardening effect on deposit rates, the demand for money does not appear great enough to warrant any further hardening of rates at the moment. Unless the Victorian Government borrows locally at 4 per cent., a similar advance by the Bank of Australasia, Union Bank, and

Bank of New South Wales is not anticipated in Victoria. But will not the gathering of an enormous harvest have a tendency to increase the capital seeking investment? We believe it will, and six months hence money may be cheaper instead of dearer.

Insurance News and Notes.

A Marine Insurance Law Consolidation Bill has been drafted for consideration by the British Parliament. The First Lord of the Treasury was recently asked if he was aware of the desire of the commercial community that the Bill should become law this session, and if so, whether he would take the necessary steps to secure this end. Mr. Balfour replied that he would be most glad to see it pass, but as the Bill was a long one, and opposition had been threatened, he could not entertain much hope that the necessary time for its passage could be found during the session.

✱

Daughter: "Jack says he's dying for me."

Father: "Then let him die."

Daughter: "But he's insured in your company."

Father: "Then marry him, and keep up the premiums."—"The Sun."

✱

The results attained by the British Fire Insurance companies for 1902 have been very favourable, but the underwriting profits have shown the biggest percentage to premiums of any year since 1896. The premium receipts of forty-two companies amounted to £22,291,386, as against £20,852,084 for 1901, thus showing an increase of nearly one and a half millions. The losses were £11,850,320 for 1902, as against £13,445,041 for 1901, equal to about the same decrease for the year as the

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Miss Ellaline Terriss wrote as follows, on receiving a copy of "Cinderella": "I think it is excellent; just what is wanted."

Miss Lily Hanbury wrote: "Your little edition of 'Cinderella' I consider charming for children's parties, etc."

Miss Violet Vanbrugh wrote: "I have read your little play, 'Cinderella,' with pleasure. I think that it is just the thing for children."

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increase in premium amounted to. The underwriting profit for 1902 amounted to £2,851,114—a percentage of 12.7 of the premiums received, as against £313,164 for 1901—the percentage to premiums for that year being 1.5. The percentage of profit for 1900 was 5.5; for 1899, 3.2; 1898, 5.4; and 1897, 8.3; while that of 1896 was 15.3. Perhaps the fairly long lane of small profits is now turning, and the companies trust that the next few years will prove as profitable as 1902.

✱

One of the men of the Melbourne Metropolitan Fire Brigade has invented a new style of quick-hitching hames, which is expected to be capable of being fastened up with lightning rapidity. The Fire Brigades Board passed a resolution expressing its appreciation of the ingenuity displayed by the fireman, and voted him a gratuity of £10.

✱

An action has been brought by Joseph Webster on behalf of certain policy-holders in the life branch of the Australian Alliance Assurance Company, against George Shaw, as chairman of directors of the Australian Alliance and Australasian Insurance Company. He seeks to prove that sums of money were illegally transferred from the life branch of the Alliance Company, that the policy-holders were debited with an unfair proportion of working expenses, and that a reinsurance of Australasian policies by the Alliance Company was effected on a basis unfair to the existing life policy-holders.

✱

American returns for the first six months of 1903 show that the Liverpool, London and Globe Company

have a good lead on the premiums received in the city of New York, where they amounted to 441,832 dollars, as against 370,908 dollars for the same period of 1902. The Royal are next on the list, with 302,523 dollars; then the North British, with 281,106 dollars, and the Phoenix, with 167,765 dollars.

✱

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.
Little yearly premiums,
Paid when they are due,
Keep your wife from starving
When you're lost to view.

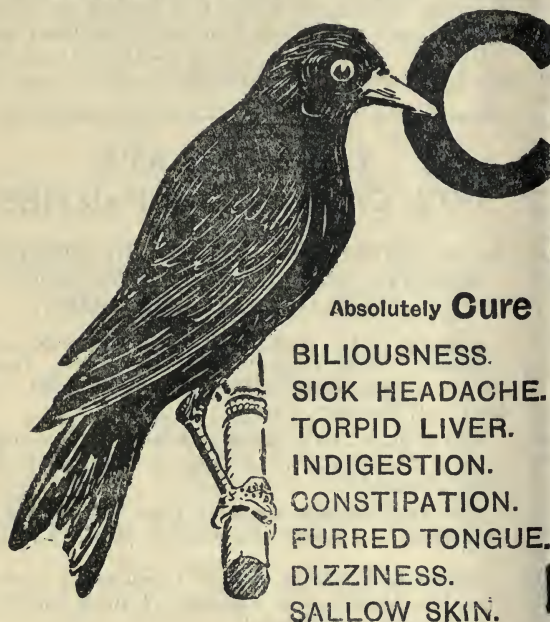
✱

—“Equitable Record.”

Canadian fire insurance rates are still on the increase. In Ottawa, dwelling rates have been raised 5s. per cent. for a three year term. The rate previously charged on a brick dwelling was about 4s. 3d. per cent. per annum, and it is now raised to 6s. per cent.

✱

From the returns furnished by the insurance companies to the London Metropolitan Fire Brigade, of the gross amounts insured in 1901 in the metropolitan area, upon which the contributions to the brigade payable for 1903 are based, it is seen that the following six companies had the greatest amount at risk during that period, viz.: Sun, £102,184,169; Alliance, £77,371,257; Phoenix, £71,770,027; Royal, £71,541,285; Law Fire, £62,947,027; and County, £60,674,823.



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This is the most comprehensive and helpful poultry book ever got out, for in addition to the vast amount of valuable information covered in its seventeen chapters, there are sixteen beautiful coloured plates, showing, true to colour and shape, twenty-three varieties of poultry. Chickens, ducks, turkeys, and geese are all shown in their proper plumage, and with comb, beak, and shanks as true to nature as it is possible to produce. Also forty-two handsome engravings in half-tone, and sixty-one other helpful illustrations of houses, nests, drinking vessels, etc. The chapters on the use of incubators and brooders, on the care of young chicks, on eggs and early brooders, are practical and instructive. Pigeons for market are also treated fully.

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The Biggle Cow Book is elaborately and beautifully illustrated in wood-engraving, in half-tone, and in colour work.

Eight of the principal breeds are shown in colours.

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